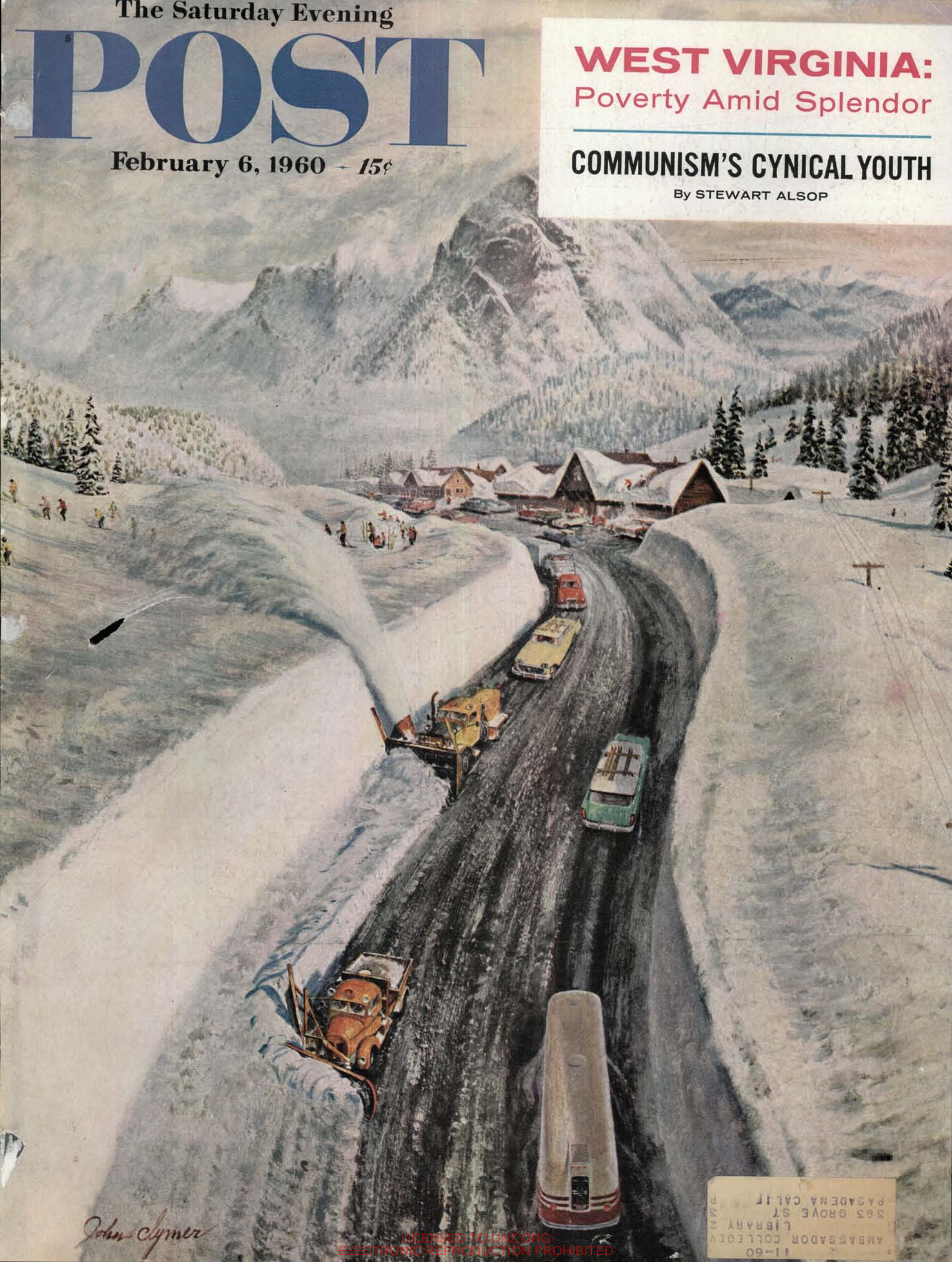
The Saturday Evening
POST
February 6, 1960 – 15¢

WEST VIRGINIA:
Poverty Amid Splendor

COMMUNISM'S CYNICAL YOUTH
By STEWART ALSOP



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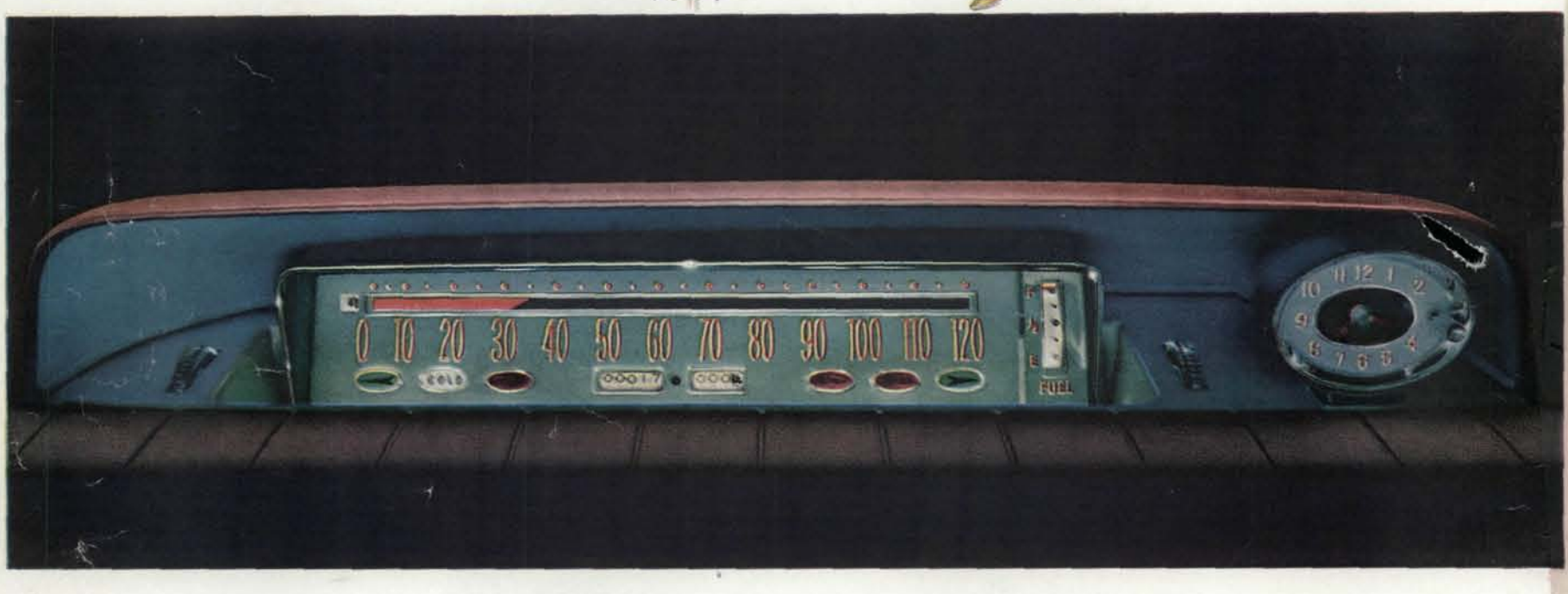

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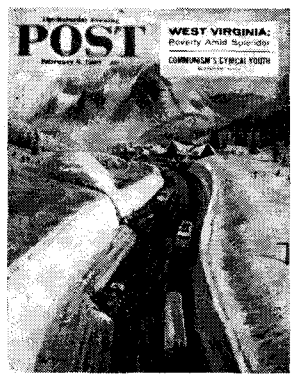

THE COVER

Artist John Clymer takes you to the summit of Washington state's Snoqualmie Pass, where they seem to have had a few snow flurries lately. Up there the moist westerly winds bump against sky-reaching peaks of the Cascade Range, with the result that the winds spill their contents before whistling dryly on down across the eastern slopes. Thus residents of places like Seattle, living in a relatively balmy clime beside the Pacific's mild Japan current, can drive in an hour or two up to where skiing material is sometimes twenty feet thick if it's an inch. Indeed, when seasons overlap, a downlander might conceivably pick a rose and go skiing with it in his buttonhole. All of which, thanks to highway crews who blow off the blizzards, is a very felicitous geographic arrangement.

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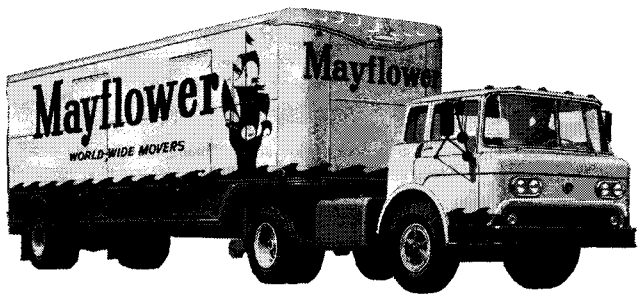

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Letters

Head Spinners

Dear Sirs:

After looking at your BEST CARTOONS FROM THE POST [Jan. 2] my sides ache, my head spins, and I've had one helluva good laugh.

AL RATHMANN
Manitowoc, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

We've always enjoyed the cartoons, but when one has fifty-seven of them tossed his way at one and the same time it is time to give you a real hand.

EDWARD A. BUTLER
Summit, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

You overlooked one important entry—LITTLE LULU. Her spot is now occupied by HAZEL.

BETTY SANDS
Brookfield Center, Conn.

● *Herewith one Lulu (vintage 1941).* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

What a disappointment for me! Not one cartoon by Mort Walker.

ELLA BELL
Davenport, Iowa

● *Below, a 1948 Walker, one of his first for* The Post. —*ED.*

"O.K., Spider, heads we join the Army, tails we go on studying for final exams."

Giesler's Gun

Dear Sirs:

In the concluding part of the interesting JERRY GIESLER STORY [by Jerry Giesler, as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 14–Jan. 2] he states: "I am unalterably opposed to keeping a gun in the house. I've never had a gun in mine, even for protection." Could a statement be more conclusive? Further along, in explaining an experiment, he states: "At home with Mrs. Giesler, I tried to re-enact that scene. . . . I placed my wife by a door, took a gun, pointed it at her. . . ."

All right, Mr. Giesler, let's see you extricate yourself from that one.

ALLEN F. BELL
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Mr. Giesler keeps a water pistol in his home—unloaded, of course.

M/SGT. AUBREY L. HEMBY, USA
Fort Myer, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Will Mr. Giesler rise in his own defense?

MRS. FRED SCHWARZ
Davenport, Iowa

● *Giesler pleads not quite guilty. He wasn't* keeping *a gun at home. He had merely borrowed one to use there in re-enacting a crime.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

As a criminal lawyer Mr. Giesler certainly should have learned that the great majority of accidental shootings involve "unloaded" guns.

C. GARDNER SHAW
Pullman, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Giesler states that an "immense mountain of grief would be avoided" if no one kept a gun in the house. Perhaps there is some foundation for this belief. However, I will state categorically that an "immense mountain of grief" has been avoided by people who *do* keep guns in their homes and avoided only because these people did have the guns when they were so desperately needed. . . . How much greater would be the crime deterrent if all qualified American citizens exercised their right to keep and bear arms?

CAPT. THOMAS W. W. ATWOOD, USA
Advanced Marksmanship Unit
Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

After reading [the articles] I am reminded of a quotation from the Book of Job (9:20): "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me."

HUGH ROBERTSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Thank heaven THE JERRY GIESLER STORY has finally come to an end.

W. C. FRIED
Leesburg, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Love the Giesler story.

KATHLEEN AND CLARK GABLE
Encino, Calif.

Magdalen to Magdalene

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the stimulating article by C. S. Lewis in the Dec. 19 issue [SCREWTAPE PROPOSES A TOAST]. He is an exciting choice for the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series.

You stated that Lewis is professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Oxford. He held [a similar] post for many years at Magdalen College, Oxford. However, about six years ago he

(Continued on Page 6)

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

assumed [his present] position at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

KAY LINDSKOOG
Santa Ana, Calif.

● *Correct. We got our "Maudlins" mixed.* —ED.

How Now, Wowse?

It was with that deep distress which the Englishman feels when there has been a violation of those things nearest and dearest to his heart that I read that your reader from Akron, Ohio [LETTERS, Dec. 5] has been for many years mispronouncing the common English name Featherstonehaugh.

May I say, sir, that I knew no good would come of the War of Independence?

VICTOR WHITE
London, England

Dear Sirs:

Since reading Arthur Gosling's letter I am much disturbed. If [the name of] Mr. Wodehouse's character Featherstonehaugh is pronounced "Fanshaw," how about Wodehouse's own name? Would it perhaps be called "Wouse," or something like that?

JESSIE W. MCTAGGART
Seattle, Wash.

● *"Actually, my name is pronounced Wood-house," says author P. G. Wodehouse, "but I think it quite probable that in England any number of infant lips are being taught to lisp 'Wowse' when they refer to me. Good luck to them, say I, and may they have a fine day for it."* —ED.

Fidel: Friend or Foe?

Dear Sirs:

My congratulations to *The Post* on the splendid editorial appearing in the Dec. 19 issue, FIDEL LOOKS LESS LIKE A FRIEND OF THE U.S.A. ALL THE TIME. Time has proved that "the powers that be" were overly anxious in their attempt to be among the first in granting recognition to Cuba under the new government of Fidel Castro.

EARL E. T. SMITH
Palm Beach, Fla.

● *Reader Smith was U.S. Ambassador to Cuba when Dictator Castro ousted Dictator Batista.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . is the most irrelevant, disrespectful and mendacious article written against our humanist and free country. . . . Cubans hate Communism and love American people but repudiate American policy against us.

We've got the right to be free. *Viva Cuba libre!*

OMADO VALDÉS PUMARIEGO
Varadero, Cuba

Dear Sirs:

I have waited a long time for some influential and responsible journal to make a statement on Fidel Castro which really reflects the situation as it is. I was astonished when he took control in Cuba that everyone seemed to assume that he was the answer to all our prayers . . . Therefore, I am pleased and delighted with your editorial. . . .

Incidentally, may I say I am a faithful reader of *The Saturday Evening Post.* I wouldn't miss it.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
Marble Collegiate Church
New York, N.Y.

Right Is Wrong

Dear Sirs:

Is the lady dismounting with such agility on page 44 of your Jan. 2 issue a noncomformist or part Indian?

LESLIE PEARSON
Pasadena, Calif.

"You wouldn't think anything filled with hay could be so hard."

Dear Sirs:

I was taught to dismount on the left.

MARY E. KELLY
Pinckney, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

She'll never make the Hunt Club.

LEE DAVIS
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

● *Not soon, anyway. The lady is a novice.* —ED.

New Kind of Care

Dear Sirs:

I want to tell you how much I appreciate your fine article THE PATIENT GETS A BREAK [by Alice Lake, Jan. 2]. . . . You have done a wonderful service in helping promote this splendid idea of Progressive Patient Care. . . . We badly need modern management in our hospitals.

WILLIAM H. WOLFF
Springfield, Pa.

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Reading across pages, then down:

19, 20, 21–Farrell Grehan. • 22, 23–Lynn Buckham. • 24, 25–Rowland Evans. • 26, 27–Joe DeMers. • 28, 29–Ray Atkeson. • 30–Earl Mayan. • 31–Karsh (Pix). • 32–Two by John Burns; George Burns. • 33–Martin Brown; John Burns. • 34, 35–Austin Briggs. • 36–Ollie Atkins. • 37–Robert Jones. • 39–Philippe Halsman. • 43–Sam Bates. • 69–Anonymous; Two by Larry Fried. • 104–Philip Boileau; U. S. Army; anonymous; Larry Fried.

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Parisian interior

You notice little things that make a big difference. The seats seem extra-restful. The color scheme is gay as a Paris night. In fact, you feel you're in France the very moment you step aboard. For everything you see, everything you touch is French. The Paris-inspired lounge is in the *middle* of the plane, not in the end. (It's called the Promenade Bar because it is a bar and lounge.) Windows seem to be everywhere. You even have an unobstructed view outside from an aisle seat.

Two galleys

The galleys (there are two) are magnificent. They'd put the latest "dream" kitchens you've seen to shame. And the food? Voilà! This *is* France.

French cuisine

In Economy Class you enjoy superbly prepared French cold meals. De Luxe Class meals are served course by course. (That's a De Luxe entree—duck à l'orange—you see before the gentleman at the left.) A silver cart rolls down the aisle with a white-jacketed steward at the helm. You choose what you want. The cut you want. As much as your appetite desires. Course after course after course. No wonder you fly 1600 miles from cocktails to coffee.

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Editorials

Why Must Business Leaders in Politics Be So Neutral?

By CHARLES W. WHITE

Among other excitements of the late lamented year was the coast-to-coast blow about businessmen participating in politics. Starting exuberantly before the spring primaries, this movement became one of those "significant trends" favored by political commentators and headline writers.

As one who has been active in typical big-city political campaigns in Indiana, this writer can report that so far as our 1959 elections were concerned the new movement didn't amount to a hill of beans on either side of the political fence. The Republican Party took a shellacking in Indiana just as it did in most states. Our businessmen-in-politics weren't there on Election Day or before. Moreover, I predict that unless this national effort on the part of our corporate leadership becomes more realistic—and more honest with itself—there won't be much change.

The present philosophy and alleged motivation of the business-in-politics movement would hardly inspire many corporations to donate to party funds even if they were allowed to do so. This is because the entire movement seems to have been placed on a ludicrously altruistic, hands-off-the-voter basis. Corporations and businessmen and employees are urged to vote for "the party of your choice"—but nobody dares suggest to anybody what that choice should be. Voting is supposed to be a patriotic duty, even if you vote for crooks and half-wits.

As an example of this beautifully noncommittal expenditure of energy, one corporate statesman, whose publicity release I have before me, declares it would be very unfortunate if people should get the impression that businessmen are out to beat *labor* at the polls. What business wants, he insists, is for all groups to be fairly represented.

The truth is that American business and corporate enterprise *does* have a legitimate ax to grind concerning labor political domination. In Indiana at least, C.O.P.E., the AFL-CIO's "political education" unit, makes no bones about fighting the corporations. C.O.P.E. regularly endorses Democratic candidates, contributes to their campaign funds and supplies cars and workers at the polls. Should corporations and businessmen do any less? On the contrary, it seems that if these business fellows were frank about what they stand for and why, they could persuade many workingmen and women to come along.

Some corporations do attempt to stimulate political activity among their employees without pulling punches. General Electric, for instance, uses its house organs and open advertising to support or oppose legislative measures. Republic Steel trains middle-management men as public speakers to tell people what the company thinks on controversial issues. Gulf Oil Corporation has adopted a mature and courageously frank political program.

"Gulf's management believes that if it tells the story of what is happening to this corporation in national and local legislative halls to its shareholders, employees, dealers and friends, and at the same time encourages them to take a more active part in politics, the result can only be good for the interests of the individuals and the corporation," says Archie D. Gray, senior vice president. All this seems like a far more sensible and effective approach than stirring up the junior executives about politics and patriotism, and then failing to suggest which side their bread is buttered on. Is any board of directors ashamed of being against wasteful government spending and bureaucratic meddling?

In fairness to our corporate politicos, it must be admitted they're making progress where education is concerned. Ford Motor Company, for instance, not only encourages employees to get into politics—albeit on either side—but also allows leaves of absence with full benefits, pension-program provisions, and so on, to those who get elected. All this is to the good. But I don't think our system will work if one side fails to present its case.

If Khrushchev Wants Trade, It's Strictly for Political Advantage

One of the heaviest and most effective blockbusters planted by Chairman Khrushchev since returning from his "peace mission" is the lure of trade with the Soviet bloc.

However, experience in trade with the Communists has seldom been profitable except to them. When Mikoyan was in this country, he had several talks with Under Secretary of State Dillon on the possibility of better trade relations between the two countries. Mr. Dillon reported that Mikoyan "evinced not the slightest interest in any increase in trade except on his own terms, which would require . . . the repeal of the congressional prohibitions on most-favored-nation treatment for the Soviet Union."

If the U.S.S.R. were accorded "most-favored-nation" treatment, it would be entitled to receive any materials we ship to any other nation, including military supplies now embargoed to Russia. Mr. Dillon observed also that "we cannot be expected, as a country or as a people, to provide the Soviet Union with the sinews of war while its policies menace our own and other free-world countries with whom our security is linked."

Experience proves that we would do well to confine the trading to individual transactions and avoid the type of blanket agreement which has cost many other countries dearly. Appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* recently was an article by David L. Cohn in which the disastrous consequences of scores of optimistic efforts to trade with the Soviet Union are chronicled. For example, Colonel Nasser received a consignment of obsolete Soviet weapons in exchange for Egyptian cotton, which was promptly dumped at a discount on the market in France and other countries which normally buy cotton from Egypt. The Soviet satellites have had similar experiences.

Khrushchev's visit seems not to have changed the picture greatly. Mr. Dillon did state that if the U.S.S.R. would agree to settle its lend-lease obligation and if a Berlin settlement could be arrived at, some relaxation of our restrictions on trade with Russia might be possible. All this seems too "iffy," as the late F.D.R. used to put it, to justify counting profits from Russian trade. Just as the Soviet purpose in dealing with satellite countries is political and military, so it would be with us.

Those Free Chinese Students Can't Bear to Leave the U.S.A.!

Perhaps the West should be flattered by the news that students from Free China don't want to go home.

Of 4651 Formosans who have come here since 1950, only 351 have returned to that island. The Taipei Ministry of Education reveals that of those who have finished their studies and have acquired all kinds of degrees, 1124 are employed by 186 colleges and universities in forty-three states. Twenty of these American-college employees are deans or heads of departments. One hundred and twenty-three are full professors, 103 are associate professors, 310 are assistants, 173 are lecturers, 337 are engaged in research and fifty-six are in administrative jobs.

All this is a tribute to Chinese competence, but why don't these students go home, where there is acute need for them? Taipei's English-language *China Post* suggests a variety of reasons. For example—the majority of those who came to the United States before the debacle in 1949 have never seen the island of Taiwan, and find it hard to think of it as their homeland. They want to go home, but to the provinces from which they are exiles.

Others, we may be sure, simply want to go on studying. Almost any Chinese in government service would trade his prospects for the subsidized privilege of going to school for the rest of his life. That makes it easier to understand why these ever-hungry hounds after learning hate to leave our rich facilities for study and research.

That this is at Taiwan's expense is too bad, but Taipei is working hard to provide the facilities which students need. Meanwhile its students are not wasting their time.

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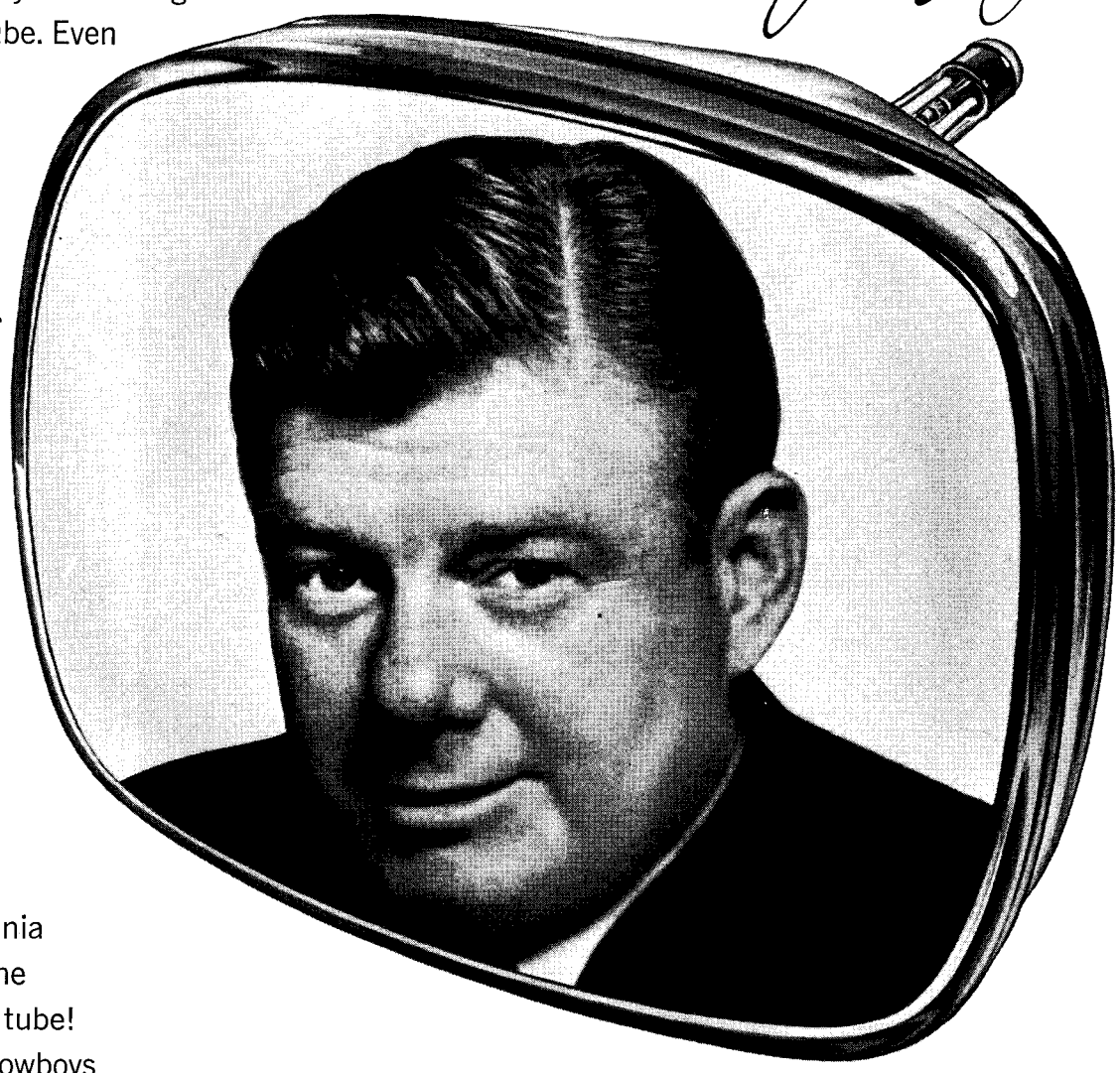
says *Arthur Godfrey*



When you turn your TV set on today, take a good look at that picture. Are the cowboys a little fuzzy? Do they look like they're standing in the shade all the time? It may be that picture tube. Even the finest TV picture tubes get tired after a while. Oh, they get so tired. Now, it could be time for you to replace your old tube with a Sylvania Silver Screen 85.

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So, if he says you need a picture tube, the thing for you to do is get a Sylvania Silver Screen 85. There is no better picture tube in the market. Sylvania Silver Screen 85. That'd make a good present for the whole house. You enjoy your TV? Get a new picture tube! A Sylvania Silver Screen 85. And you'll be seeing cowboys that are cowboys! Not to mention all the other good things on TV.

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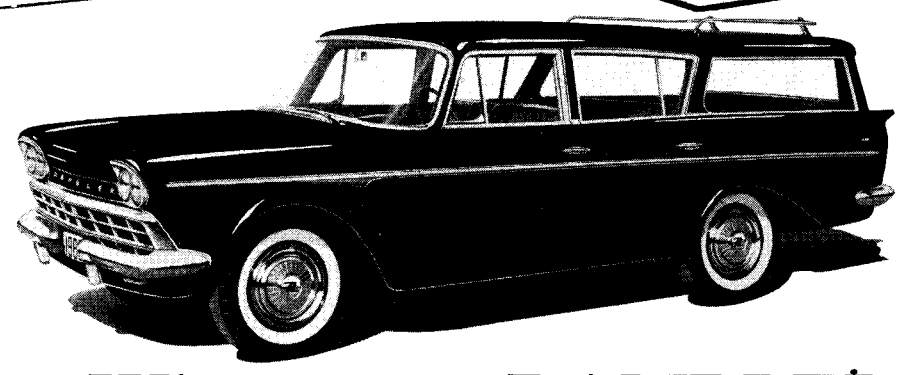

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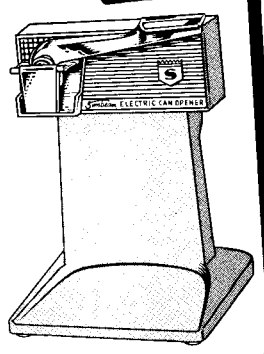

Opens any can in seconds! Exclusive fingertip one-control action. All-new flip-up magnetic lid holder. Stainless steel cutting wheel. Abundant power and compact size! Regular retail value $25.95.

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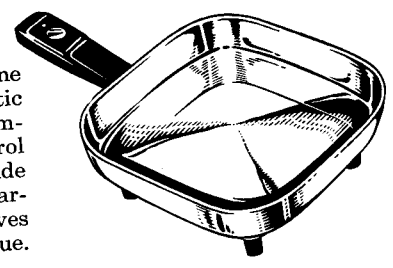

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Just complete this sentence (in 25 words or less):

Heinz Ketchup is Red Magic because . . .

_____

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PLEASE PRINT

Mail with neckband from regular Heinz Ketchup (14-oz. or Family-size), Heinz Hot Ketchup or Heinz Chili Sauce to: Heinz Red Magic Contest, Box 157B, Mt. Vernon 10, N.Y.

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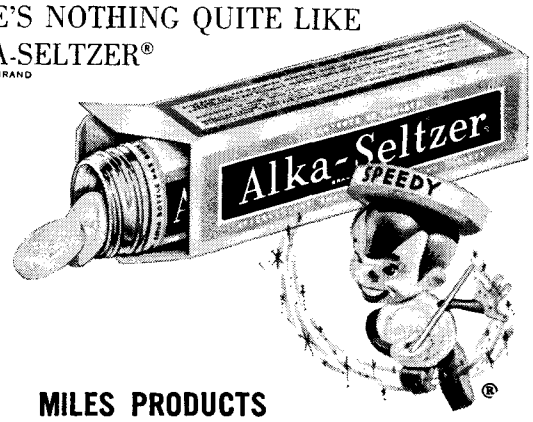

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Brilliant accents, but not too many . . . dignity, but not too much to be a little rakish. Even its luxury isn't the kind that tries to overpower you.

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A woman never forgets the man who remembers.

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"In view of the natural warmth of most West Virginians, the paradox of want and plenty living side by side is all the more baffling." Here, at Shady Spring, are truck driver Bob Wright and six of his seven children.

The Strange Case of West Virginia

Although rich in resources and natural beauty, the Mountain State suffers from chronic, grinding poverty. A report on an American paradox.

By Roul Tunley

Below: The Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs is one of the nation's most famous resorts. Not many miles away, in the hills of the Alleghenies, mountaineer families live in squalor, with little hope of bettering their lot.

West Virginia, a scenically radiant mountain state which likes to call itself the Switzerland of America, received a blow across the face not long ago when one of its native sons declared, "Switzerland, nothing! It's more like Afghanistan!"

This young man, who was writing to his home-town paper from Akron, Ohio—a city to which he and 40,000 other West Virginians have fled since World War II in search of work—said he was shocked when he compared his former surroundings with what he saw elsewhere. Pointing to his native state's unemployment—consistently the highest in the nation—its second-rate roads, its ugly auto dumps, its polluted streams, and its dearth of good restaurants and hotels, he called West Virginia "remote, backward and dangerously provincial."

"West Virginia," he wrote, "rocks on a sagging front porch while her neighbors drive by in shiny new cars."

He was not alone. A growing list of people, young and old, have been pointing accusing

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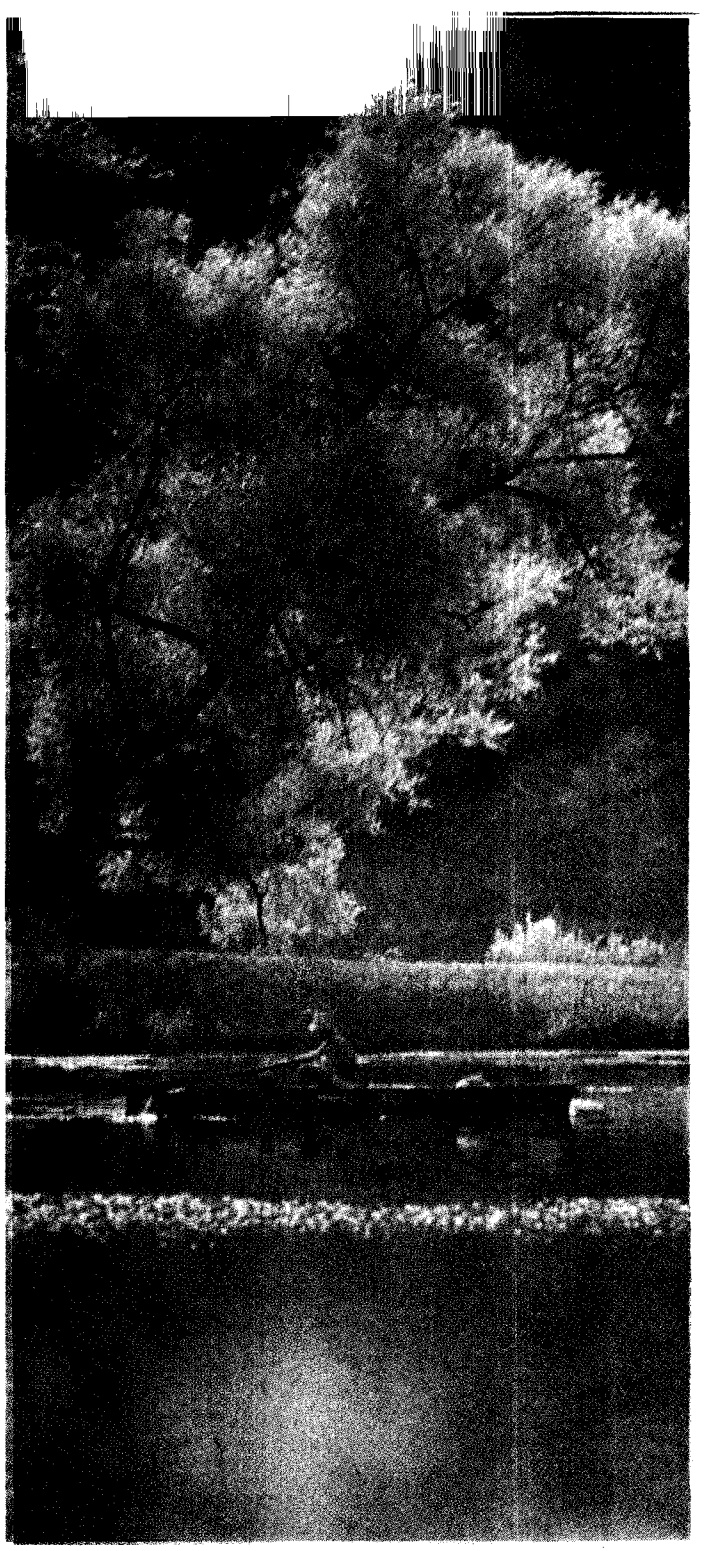


The New River at Hinton. "Every corner of the state has stunning scenery," the author says, "but there are few of the facilities the average tourist expects."

fingers at the state during the last few years. Citizens of the big Midwestern cities, where West Virginia's destitute workers have streamed hoping to find jobs, have had some particularly harsh things to say about the "hillbillies" who have become the mid-century's Okies. One paper called the Mountain State's migrants "shoeless, shiftless, beer-swilling clods who wouldn't go to a church that didn't use rattlesnakes in the service." And at least one national foundation has accorded these people the doubtful compliment of undertaking a major study of their "problems."

But perhaps the worst blow to the ego of a state that has produced both Gen. Stonewall Jackson, the Civil War genius, and Maj. Charles Yeager, the first man to break the sonic barrier, came from the heart of the land itself. Not long ago West Virginia's largest newspaper, the Charleston *Gazette*, unleashed a series of articles labeled *What's Wrong With West Virginia?* In it a string of native sons revealed scandalous things about the state's economic, social and cultural condition that would have been tolerated from no outsider. And before the first article had been on the streets ten minutes, the newspaper's switchboard lit up, in the words of an editor, "like a Roman candle." It stayed that way for two weeks. Everybody got into the act, pro and con, and the state hadn't seen such a controversy since it seceded from Virginia during the Civil War and became a state of its own.

When all the sound and the fury had died down, however, West Virginians were aware of a few unpleasant but unassailable facts:

1. Although it's the fourth-richest state in natural-resources production, it has the highest unemployment in the country, three times the national average.

2. Its illiteracy is enormous, and its schools rank among the lowest in the nation.

3. Its annual farm income is at the bottom of the heap.

4. It has a higher ratio of illegitimate white babies than any other state.

5. Its young people, the hope of any state, are deserting the ship in alarming numbers. While most states have seen their populations zoom in the last decade, West Virginia has found itself with an actual population loss of almost 3 per cent—the highest in the nation.

With statistics like this, it would be easy for any outsider to get the impression that West Virginia is all poverty, ignorance and hopelessness. Or that it is not only sick but ready for the *coup de grâce*. But after spending several weeks there recently and covering 2500 miles of its roller-coaster roads that took me to almost every corner of the state, I have come away convinced that West Virginia is far from moribund. It is merely suffering from an acute case of schizophrenia.

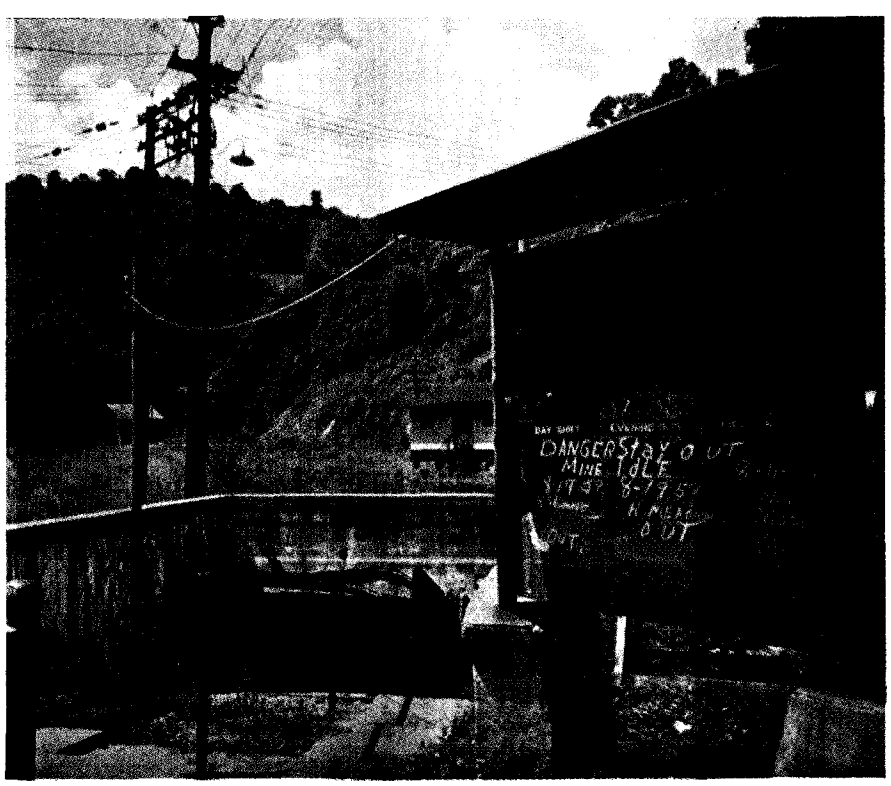
Take Charleston, for example, the brighter side of the state's split personality. This bustling city of more than 100,000 is studded with modern industry. Gleaming new offices and factories adorn its river front, and bank deposits are at an all-time high. Its airport, ingeniously and expensively embossed on three mountains by lopping off the tops and filling in the valleys, is busy all day long bringing prosperous people to and from the city.

But then consider what's going on just across the hills. Not very many miles away is a county where 41 per cent of the people—most of whom have exhausted their unemployment benefits—are being kept alive by handouts of surplus Government food. West Virginians call it "mollygrub."

Or consider another county where the athletic director of a high school recently estimated that 117 young students had to go without lunch regularly because they didn't have the necessary twenty-five cents to purchase it. Or still another county where a hospital head told a congressional committee that his institution was actually treating cases of starvation, and that at least one man had died of it.

"It is horrifying," this doctor said, "to think of a social order that has so many people in need of public assistance." (Continued on Page 64)

Photographs by Farrell Grehan



Idle mine at Stotesbury. Many small mines, the sole supports of whole towns, have been shut down by competition from machine-dug coal.

Unemployment has turned Stotesbury into "an unbelievably dismal ghost town," says the author. Some of the decaying company houses above are still occupied, others deserted.

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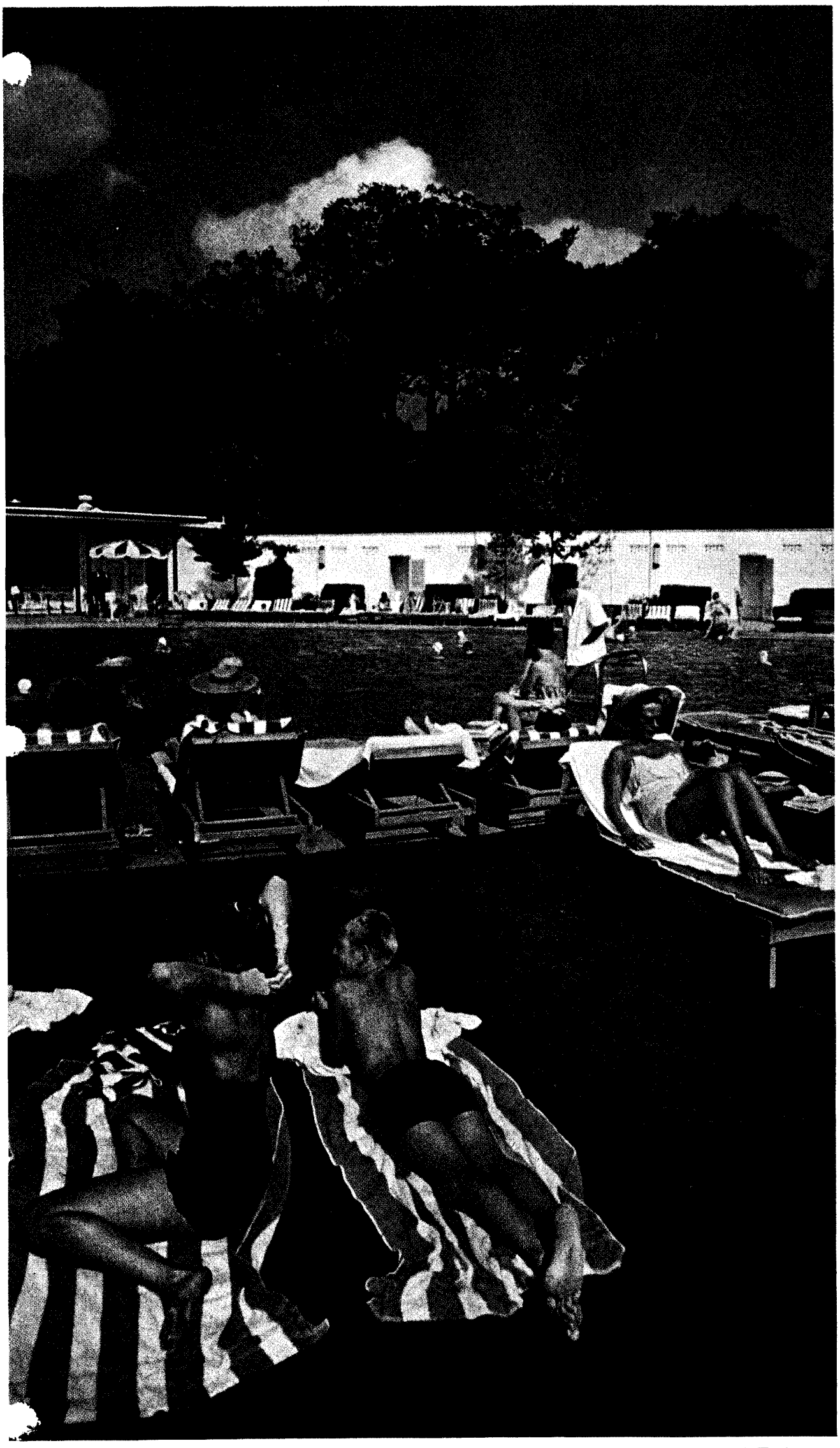
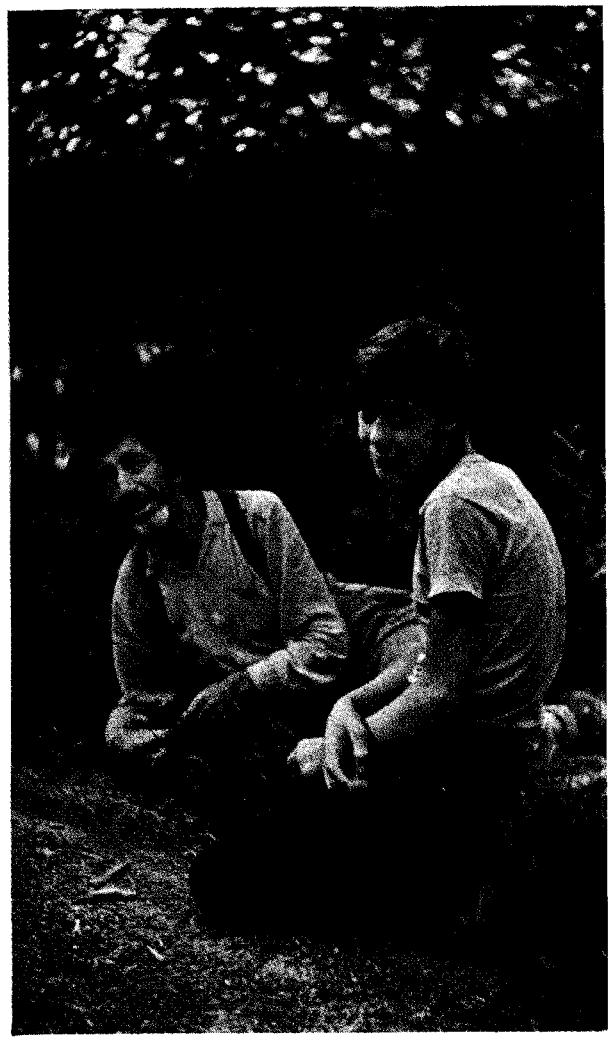
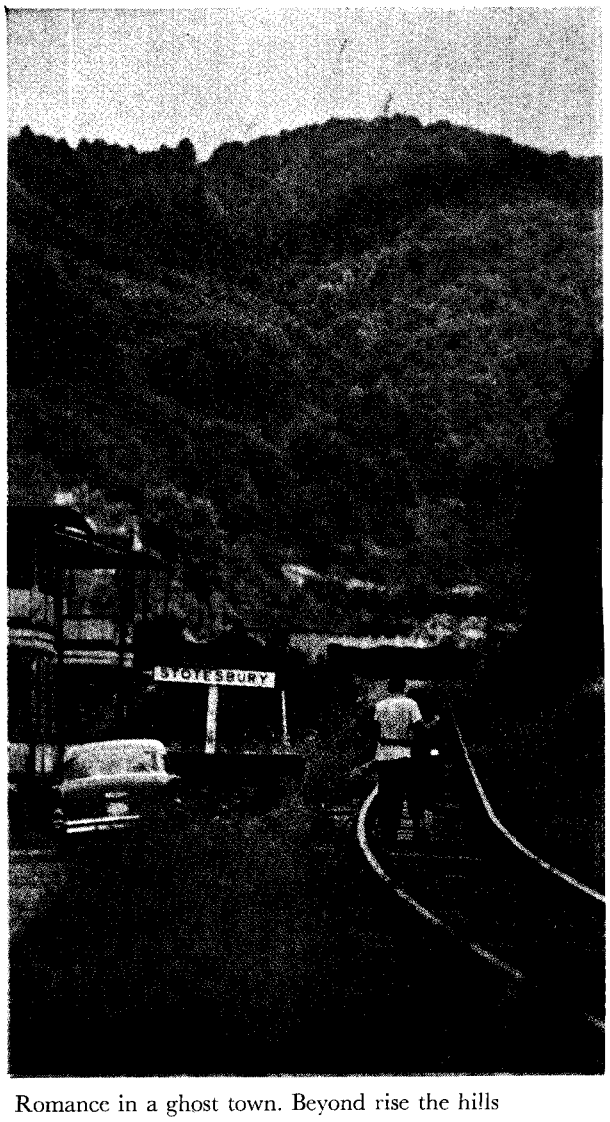


The swimming club at the Greenbrier. Except for such rare oases of luxury, West Virginia looks depressed, Tunley says. There are few of the modern buildings—including new schools—which have sprung up in other states since World War II.



Blake Raines, shown above with 14-year-old Eddie Atkins, calls himself a gardener rather than a farmer because his holdings are so small.



Romance in a ghost town. Beyond rise the hills that isolate West Virginians from one another.

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"I'm ready to strike a bargain with you," Mara said.

THE INTRUSIVE STRANGER

Why did he insist on making her life miserable?

By THOMAS FALL

Mara Lloyd had made up her mind to hate men. It was not mere androphobia—she wasn't afraid of them, heaven knew. She was disgusted—fed up. The only man she loved was her piano teacher—Prof. Hans Joseph Waronowicz, who would soon be seventy-nine and for whose birthday she was going to play a certain Liszt cadenza if it was the last thing she ever accomplished in her life.

"Ah, Mara, my child, it is not meant for lovely girls to feel such enmity for males," the professor said one afternoon on the telephone. He often called her between lessons, for he loved her and needed her; she was his last pupil—his final glimpse back into the glories of youth.

"Stop it, professor!" she answered. This subject always rankled her, for it was plain that the old musician believed her future happiness lay more in the realm of her looks than her pianistic aptitude. She knew she wasn't greatly talented, but the piano was the only thing she really cared for besides her job.

Every day she hurried home from the midtown New York office—where she was private secretary to the senior vice president of Delicious-O Foods Corporation, a nationwide organization whose consolidated balance sheet showed a net worth of $287,000,000—to her two-and-a-half-room flat on West Twelfth Street. She rode up on the wheezy self-service elevator, kicked off her shoes, removed her prim business clothes and sat in her slip at the piano and ran through a couple of Chopin mazurkas, an easy movement of her favorite Rachmaninoff prelude and perhaps Debussy's *Arabesque No. 1*. Then she was out of the office—transported magically from a stout-hearted love of labor to a devout labor of love.

After a cup of coffee she began her serious practice, which lasted until nine-thirty—an hour she had agreed on with Mr. Dempsey, the building super, who had to admit that certain tenants sometimes complained if she practiced late. It was a situation she had resolved amicably. And since she had entirely eliminated wasting her time with men, her life had taken an orderly, sensible and infinitely rewarding turn—until the evening when a fiendish character began mocking her at the piano from his sixth-floor apartment on the opposite side of the street.

The first time she noticed it she was playing the Liszt. The impossible cadenza lay just ahead of her, and as she approached it, doggedly concentrating, she flubbed the very beginning and restrained herself from banging a fist on the keys in exasperation. Then she heard the cadenza floating on the air—the dainty notes tinkling like hundreds of bells in a far-off cathedral, soaring to their height and cascading down again. She thought for a moment that her mind was playing tricks. But as she listened she realized the cadenza was coming through her window from the sixth floor across the street. She went to the window, and all she could see was lighted blinds.

She returned to the piano, but somehow did not dare try the Liszt again. A little shaken, she played instead the recently accomplished *Arabesque* which she was so proud of. And presently she heard the piano across the street playing merrily with her. And the kibitzing continued in a similar manner for three evenings in a row.

"I'll go mad if he keeps it up," she said to Professor Waronowicz on the telephone.

"I do not understand, my dear," said the professor gently, "how someone could mock you on the piano."

"He just sits across the street, opposite my window, and plays everything I'm playing—that's how he does it."

"Call the policemen!" said Professor Waronowicz angrily. "It is an outrage. Does this fellow play well, Mara?"

"Yes," she admitted. "As a matter of fact, he plays that cadenza like you once told me—as though it were off stage, behind a garden hedge."

"Ah, perhaps he is not such a bad person. Are you sure this fiend is a man, my dear?"

"Yes," she said wearily. "No woman could possibly play with such—oh, I don't know how I know."

She was sorry she had told the professor about her petty problem and ended the conversation as soon as she could, returning to the piano. And sure enough, as certainly as men leered at women on street corners, the fiend began playing with her again.

She sprang from the piano bench and rushed to the window, hauling up the blind. "Hey, over there!" she called, leaning outside. "On the sixth floor. Stop doing that, will you?"

The blinds went up all around, and faces peered out to see what was causing the commotion.

(Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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I Saw What Makes Communism Work

BEHIND THE FAÇADE

"There is no faith any more in Communism. But there is still fear," says the author, who tells how most satellite peoples feel about their future.

The Second of Three Articles by STEWART ALSOP

A traveler in the Communist countries of Eastern Europe often finds himself wishing that he had X-ray eyes, to see through the outward seeming into people's minds.

If you take a car, as I did on a recent seven-week tour of the Soviet Union's vast European empire, and if you stop often along the way to talk to people, and to eat and sleep, you can find out a lot about the real shape of things in the captive Communist countries. You can find out a lot more than you can by taking a plane from capital city to capital city, for example. But you cannot find out everything. There are some things which remain puzzling and alien and mysterious.

Consider an example—the wall newspaper in one of the girls' dormitories at Cluj University in Romania. The girls' dormitories at Cluj present a startling contrast to the dormitories at Smith or Vassar. The girls sleep four in a room, and the rooms are aseptically neat, without so much as a picture to relieve the convent-like atmosphere. As for the girls themselves, only one or two that I saw wore lipstick, and that of the palest sort—personal adornment is frowned upon as "bourgeois" in Romania. Even so, the girls had a certain old-fashioned charm, like girls at a seminary for young ladies in the 1890's.

That is one thing that strikes a Western visitor to the Communist countries—a drab sort of old-fashioned primness. You hardly ever see vivid colors, except for a very bright red, always precisely the same shade in all the Communist countries and always used for a political purpose. In the grim little reception hall of the girls' dormitories at Cluj, for example, there were only two spots of color—the red draperies around the big picture of Lenin and around the smaller picture of Gheorghiu-Dej, the Romanian Communist boss; and the red crepe which festooned the wall newspaper.

The wall newspaper was there for a curious reason. Forty years ago, in the early days of the Russian revolution, there was a shortage of newsprint, and typed or hand-written bulletins were therefore tacked up on the walls in factories and public meeting places to give the faithful the party line. As one of the Soviet Union's queer genuflections to the revolutionary past, these wall newspapers are still tacked up on walls in Russia, although their reason for existence has long since vanished. And so, because whatever is done in Russia must be done in exactly the same way in the Soviet Union's vast European empire, you see wall newspapers everywhere in Eastern Europe.

The leading item in this particular wall newspaper was an article carefully written in a girlish hand in green ink, which the interpreter translated as follows:

FOR A LASTING PEACE AMONG ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD.

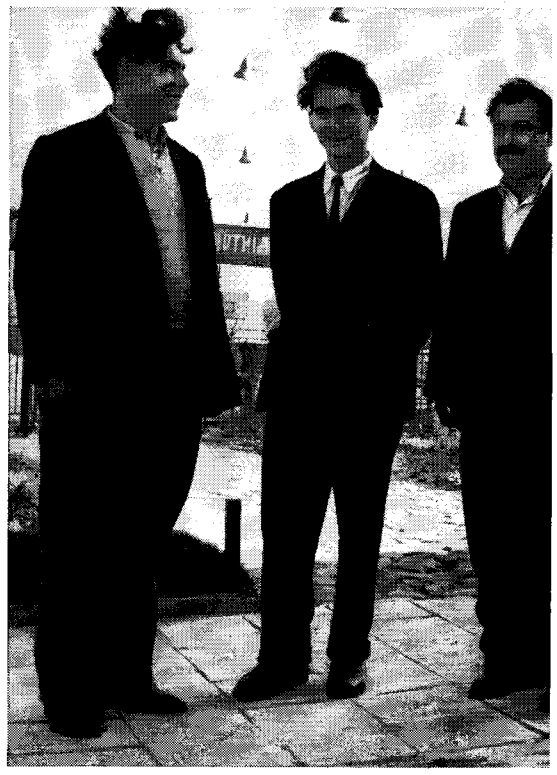
Foremost among the problems that concern all the peoples of the world is the problem of the relaxation of tensions and the liquidation of the cold war. Comrade N. S. Khrushchev has pointed the way toward the liquidation of the cold war in his proposal for complete disarmament of all the nations in the world. We acclaim the proposal of N. S. Khrushchev. . . .

It was at this point that I wished I were equipped with X-ray eyes. For the whole letter was filled with the current platitudes of Communist propaganda—every phrase, without exception, was a Communist cliché. What was in the girl's mind as she carefully wrote out the familiar, dreary phrases in green ink? Did they have some real meaning to her, as the familiar ritual has to a churchgoer? Or was she, just conceivably, a satirist, a female Jonathan Swift born to blush unseen, and were those pretentious phrases her way of making fun of Communism's empty pomposities? Or was she simply an ambitious girl, carefully polishing teacher's apples?

I wish I knew, for the answer is important. I also wish I really knew the meaning of the peculiar demonstration at the "students' rally" that night. The rally took place in a hall with a seating capacity for 500—there were about 100 empty seats. Seven students, looking very serious in a very young and self-conscious way, took their places in a row on the stage. The proceedings began with the awarding of prizes for "voluntary socialist activity." The prizes were paper-backed novels about the youth of Karl Marx and cheap plastic book bags. About half the prize winners did not show up. After the prize giving, the president of the University Students' Movement, a rather sternly handsome fellow, got up and read a speech loudly, with seeming conviction, but in an oddly sing-song fashion. Like the wall newspaper, it (Continued on Page 86)

Above, wearing his treasured tweed jacket, is the manager of the state farm at Ujpuszda, in northern Hungary. Under the old regime, when the land belonged to an estate, he was the head gardener. Now he bosses 300 workers on 6000 acres.

The author with students at Cluj University in Romania. They live a strange, conventlike existence. How many of them are sincere Communists?



Above are the five Soviet-trained chief managers. They took great pride in having reproduced a Russian mill on Bulgarian soil.

Photographs by Rowland Evans

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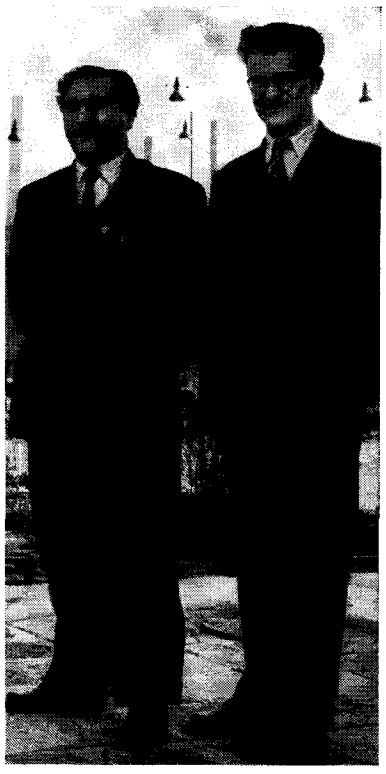

Right: Young workers at the Lenin Steel Works in Bulgaria. Here Alsop found a Russian-like atmosphere of "disorganized bustle."

Translation: Friendship with the Soviet Union is as vitally necessary as the sun and air are for every living person.

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She looked at him mischievously. "Does this dress make me more beautiful?"

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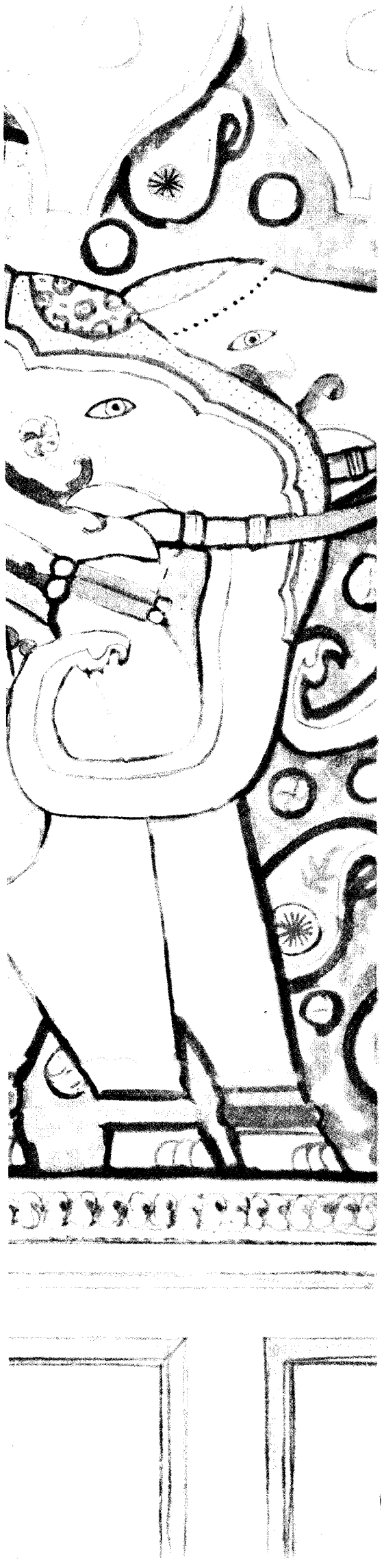

Her money was gone. Could she tempt him with anything else?

The Girl Who Gambled

By DAN TYLER MOORE

"Five thousand souls battered down the iron gates of our palace near Hanoi and started searching for us. We fled madly through the marble halls trying to escape."

Baron Frederic stared across the table at the lovely young princess. He was incredulous. "Five thousand souls?"

The princess nodded eagerly. She was making a despairing effort to charm him into liking her. He could save her even now if she could get to the male that must be hidden underneath the cold banker. How severe-looking he was! She guessed he must be about thirty. "Yes, the serfs of our Hanoi estates. But they were no longer our souls," she said. "They had scythes and pitchforks. When the Chinese Communists won, they decided to murder us. The *Khanzade* was waiting on the airstrip with its propellers spinning."

The baron looked out the huge window of his office toward the east wing of his bank as it followed the curve of the river. His handsome young face was hard, but he talked gently as if to a child. "The *Khanzade*, princess?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, Prince Ivan's airplane. The souls were overtaking us rapidly, but our guards in the *Khanzade* were shooting at them." Her voice choked. "Prince Ivan thought only of me. He pushed me up into the *Khanzade*. The delay was fatal. The souls killed him."

The baron looked puzzled. "Ivan?"

"Yes. Prince Ivan, my husband." A flash of pride came through her tears. "Prince Ivan, the Hammer of the Czar." She smiled. "I was the darling of his old age—his last wife."

A bare hint of amusement in the baron's face put her on the defensive. Exasperation showed in her dark eyes. Did even her desperate situation justify conversation with such a boor? A man who had not even heard of Prince Ivan of the line of Batu Khan? The thought was fleeting. The bleak loneliness of her position, her avid need for a man who could save her, made her instantly humble. Her tears started again. "It was horrible. As Prince Ivan died he shouted up to me, 'Handan, my lovely treasure, Handan, remember my rules—remember my rules!'"

The princess dabbed at her eyes with a delicate Mechlin lace handkerchief. She sensed she was failing with the baron. If he lost interest in her she was finished—forever. "The *Khanzade*'s wings were shot full of holes. I had to pay all my money out in bribes and landing rights and exit permits. The Chinese Communists wanted me alive. I had to beggar myself." She bowed her lovely head. "Prince Ivan had a rule. 'If your life is being auctioned off, bid what it costs.'" She smiled. "So I bid high and I am still alive." Her hands were trembling. "But here I am, baron, alone and friendless in your city of Stanzolen."

Baron Frederic stared at her. Instinctively the princess knew he was not admiring her face or her body. The banker in him was appraising the rich material of her dress and the expensive solitaire diamond on her finger. She felt disappointed and humiliated. Perhaps she had already lost her beauty. It was true that in a few years she would be thirty.

"What did Prince Ivan mean when he said, 'Remember my rules'?"

Her lips trembled. "Prince Ivan had rules for everything. He often said, 'If I am killed, always remember the three things most important to a woman. They alone can give you happiness.'"

"What three things?"

"Prince Ivan said, 'All power originally comes from land—and souls—and woman's tears.'" The princess began to weep again. "The madness of the peasants has taken away Prince Ivan and my land and my souls. All that is left now are my tears."

The baron looked out the bank's large front window over the green fields beyond the Imhoff River. "Your Highness, (Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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The Face of AMERICA

Enchanted Forest

Happily preserved in perpetuity for all Americans to enjoy is this primeval fairyland. It is not peopled by elves and pixies, but by deer, bear, cougar, elk, other assorted wildlife and domestic tourists. Nonetheless, a mythical aura hovers over this rain forest in the state of Washington, for it lies within a Federal reservation named for the habitat of the gods: Olympic National Park. An eighteenth-century British sailor with a classical turn of mind declared this mountainous area a fit home for the Grecian deities and dubbed the highest peak Mount Olympus. By extension, the name Olympic now applies to the whole northwestern corner of the state, a peninsula between Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean. Rain forest? The precipitation here averages from 130 to 150 inches, which makes fertile ground for giant evergreens—spruce, fir, hemlock and cedar. Some of these trees are over 200 feet tall and hundreds of years old. The soil from which they spring is carpeted with moss so thick that you feel as though you are walking on a foam-rubber mattress.

• Photograph by Ray Atkeson

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Four of the jurymen were angry, dedicated avengers.

THE SNOWBOUND JURY

If they wanted to get home, they would have to acquit an obviously guilty man.

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

When rain washes the dust off my sign, by which I mean the grain dust from the dad-blamed feed mill downstairs, you can see that the old shingle reads, HARRY HASBROUCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Now and then, though, my more or less esteemed clients honor me with other appellations, such as "shyster" or "thief." They even tell me I ought to be in the penitentiary, for various terms ranging from long to interminable. But the fact is that I have knowingly defended a guilty man only once in my life.

And what happened then? A crown of laurel was pressed upon my brow and flagons into my hands.

This was back in '33, the winter of the big snow. I have seen plenty of refrigeration products in the Catskills in my time, but in '33 it began to snow around Thanksgiving and went right on snowing five days a week. We had snow like talcum powder, snow like rice, snow like cotton bolls, snow mixed with hail, snow mixed with sleet, snow mixed with snow, every variation of the stuff known to the specialized angels up there who make it. Wires went down. So many barn roofs fell in that cows waddled around the pastures wearing them like saddles.

And the only person in the township who was happy about it was Scooch Schoonmaker.

Nowadays Scooch owns the feed store below my combination office and apartment, he is our supervisor, he teaches a Sunday-school class and he is as virtuous as a homely girl. But at that time he was a mere lad of forty who had not found himself. So he was looking for himself at the bottom of variously labeled bottles. A leathery little gnome in a striped-ticking engineer's cap, Scooch mowed lawns and dug gardens in the summertime. Winters he changed to a black-felt cap with ear tabs and drove the town snowplow. But his labors were only for the wherewithal. His true vocation was alcoholic exploration, and the reason he was as contented as a bear in a barrel of lard was that he got fifty cents an hour for running the plow. Fifty cents an hour in those depression days—if a fellow had no family, owned a single suit of blue denims and lived on stale bread and illegal venison—bought a lot of Old Ironbelly rye.

One afternoon toward the end of December, with the drifts so high that anybody who wanted a view had to go up into the attic to find a clear window, Scooch obligingly plowed out a stump-jumper cousin of his who rewarded him with a gallon of applejack warm from the still. Scooch had tucked away his customary pint of Old Ironbelly for lunch, but he gnawed at the apple during the afternoon. Along toward dusk, about five, Corporal Banlon of the state troopers, out prowling, observed the snowplow proceeding in an eccentric manner along Route 28A and stopped it with his siren.

"What do you think you're doing?" he inquired. "May I have the honor of the next waltz?"

"It's a dirty lie," said Scooch. "I ain't touched a drop."

(Continued on Page 51)

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I CALL ON

PRINCESS GRACE

BY

PETE MARTIN

PRIVACY, THE PALACE AND PROTOCOL

The former Grace Kelly answers some candid questions about her domestic life as Monaco's First Lady, her new wardrobe and the care of her two children.

CONCLUSION

I had begun my preliminary research on Prince Rainier and Princess Grace the week before I set forth for Monaco by lunching with Grace's father, Jack Kelly. He is a well-known industrialist and political leader in his home town, Philadelphia. One of the problems troubling me was what to call the royal couple when I met them. In my Hollywood interview in 1954 I had called her simply "Grace," but I knew that such informality might not be in order now; and as to the prince—well, I needed some advice.

"I just call him 'Ray,'" Jack Kelly said, "but maybe you'd better call him 'your highness' the first time you meet him—after that, 'sir.' As for Grace, I suppose you should address her as 'your highness' when you first greet her, then for the rest of the time just say 'ma'am.'" It would never have occurred to me to call the prince "Ray," but I was grateful to his father-in-law for his information anyhow. (Continued on Page 99)

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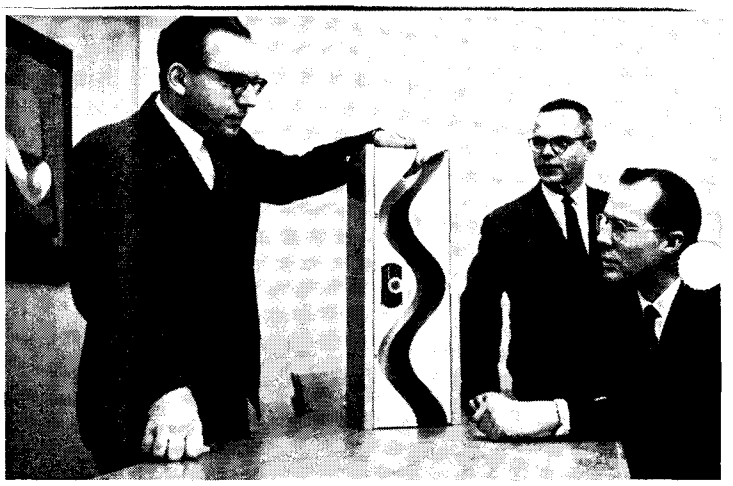


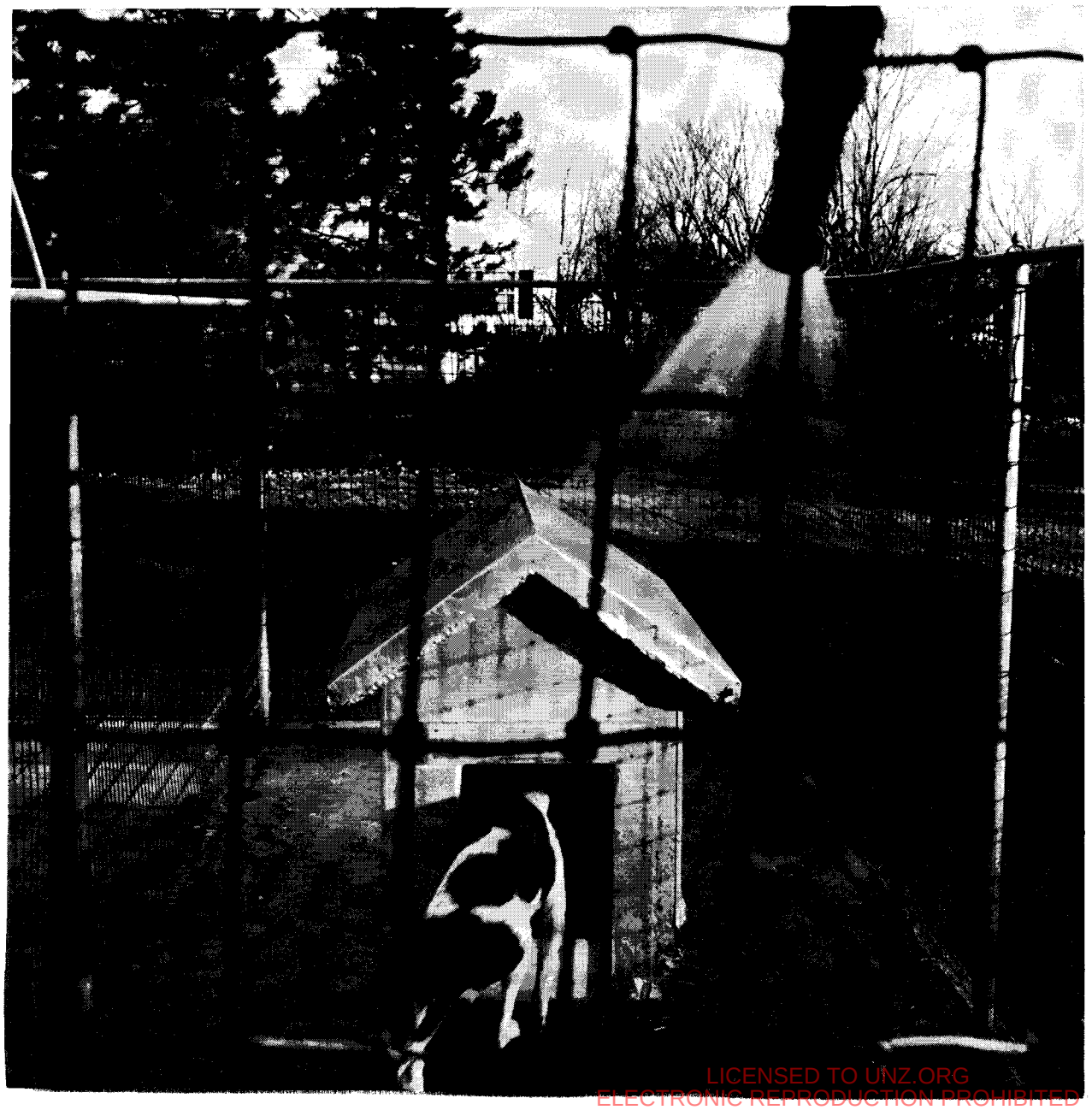
Cambridge, Mass.: Dr. Leo Beranek, R. B. Newman and Dr. R. H. Bolt, acoustical consultants. On the table is a sound trap they devised to muffle high-frequency sounds from noisy fans and air conditioners.

Is the Noise Getting You Down?

When Bostonians complained about the screeching of elevated trains at this curve, transit officials installed sprinklers to wet down the rails. Now the trains glide by in relative silence.

By RUTH and EDWARD BRECHER

A new species of scientists is busy trying to hush the nuisance of military, industrial and traffic sounds, which often seem intolerable.



This picture shows how Dr. Remmel Hill, a dentist in Columbia, Mo., keeps his dogs quiet at night. If they start howling, he pulls a bedside cord and they get a dousing.

The world has been growing noisier lately, and more people are worrying about it. For example:

In Canada last August an American F-104 Starfighter jet, flying low over Ottawa's new $6,000,000 Uplands Airport, slipped through the sound barrier by mistake. The "sonic boom" which followed broke $100,000 worth of windows, twisted metal door and window frames, blasted the asbestos off the roof of the airport building and shook loose the ceiling tiles in the waiting rooms.

In Connecticut last May state troopers began arresting the drivers of heavy tractor-trailer rigs who had deliberately sabotaged their own mufflers; police action followed a flood of complaints from householders that noise from the Connecticut Turnpike was destroying New England's traditional peace and quiet, evoking an epidemic of insomnia and cutting one third off the resale value of homes.

In California instructors at San Diego Junior College regretfully dismissed their classes because students couldn't hear the lectures

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Inside the huge $150,000 noise suppressor of the supersonic wind tunnel at the Lewis Research Center, Cleveland, Ohio. This complex structure reduced ram-jet-engine noise from an awful thunder to a gentle zephyr—when heard from 2000 feet away.

over the whine of racing cars and motorcycles from nearby Balboa Stadium.

And a resident of Gardner, Kansas, irked by the racket from a hay drier in a grain elevator near his home, pioneered a do-it-yourself solution to the problems of our new Age of Noise. Sheriff's deputies arrested him after the grain-elevator management complained that its machinery had been silenced by gunfire; fourteen empty rifle cartridges were found near the quiet scene.

Are there better means than bullets for quelling intolerable noises?

"Of course there are," says Dr. Leo L. Beranek, president of Bolt, Beranek & Newman Inc., an acoustical consulting firm with headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Except for the sonic boom from planes and missiles traveling faster than sound, there's no noise scientific ingenuity can generate that scientific ingenuity can't suppress—if you give us money enough, room enough and weight tolerance enough. Controlling noise may slow down some of our (Continued on Page 72)

Trooper Robert Malesky, noise specialist for the Connecticut State Police, at his turnpike check point in Norwalk. The racket emitted by one faulty truck muffler is equivalent to that of 90 to 100 cars, say the authors.

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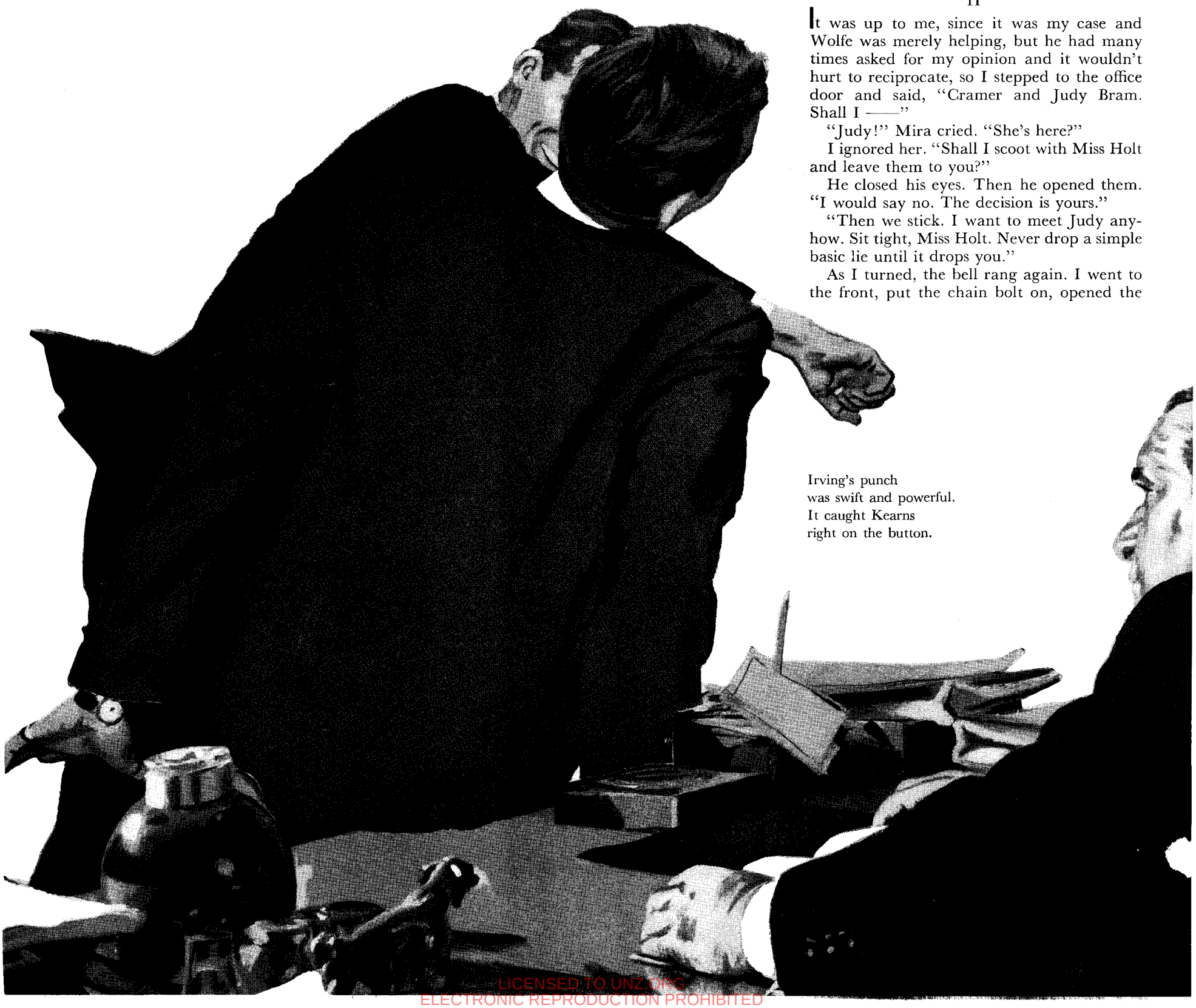
METHOD THREE FOR MURDER

By REX STOUT

Wolfe's guests were not polite. But then, either of them might be a murderer.



Irving's punch was swift and powerful. It caught Kearns right on the button.

"What the devil is this?" Nero Wolfe bellowed.

Being questioned on the steps of Wolfe's West Side brownstone by Homicide Inspector Cramer were Archie Goodwin, Wolfe's long-time associate, and a beautiful model named Mira Holt. Parked in front were several police cars and a taxicab with a dead woman in it.

Before Cramer could object, Wolfe spirited Archie and Mira inside. There Mira told them how she had borrowed the cab from her friend, Judy Bram, and driven to the home of her estranged husband, Waldo Kearns. When Mira found he was not there, she returned to the parked cab. In it she found the body of Kearns's girl friend, Phoebe Arden, a knife between her ribs.

Mira drove to Wolfe's residence, where she met Archie on the front steps and hired him. Minutes later the police arrived.

Only two persons could verify Mira's story—Judy Bram and Gilbert Irving, the Wall Street executive friend Mira had telephoned prior to driving to Kearns's home. Just as Mira finished telling Wolfe and Archie her story, Inspector Cramer knocked on the door. With him was Judy Bram.

II

It was up to me, since it was my case and Wolfe was merely helping, but he had many times asked for my opinion and it wouldn't hurt to reciprocate, so I stepped to the office door and said, "Cramer and Judy Bram. Shall I ——"

"Judy!" Mira cried. "She's here?"

I ignored her. "Shall I scoot with Miss Holt and leave them to you?"

He closed his eyes. Then he opened them. "I would say no. The decision is yours."

"Then we stick. I want to meet Judy anyhow. Sit tight, Miss Holt. Never drop a simple basic lie until it drops you."

As I turned, the bell rang again. I went to the front, put the chain bolt on, opened the

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door the two inches the chain allowed and spoke through the crack, "Do you want me, inspector?"

"I want in. Open up."

"Glad to for you, but not for strangers. Who is the lady?"

"Her name is Judith Bram. She's the owner and driver ——"

"I want to see Mira Holt!" the lady said, meaning it. "Open the door!"

I removed the chain, but didn't have to swing the door because she saved me the trouble. She came with it and darted down the hall. Seeing that Cramer, after her, would brush me, I stiffened to make the brush a bump, and he wobbled and lost a step, giving me time to shut the door and reach the office at his heels. When we entered, Judy was sitting on the arm of the red leather chair with her arm across Mira's shoulders, jabbering.

Cramer grabbed her arm and barked at her, but she ignored him.

" . . . and I said yes, the cab might have still been there in front when you left, but I was sure you wouldn't take it, and anyway ——"

Cramer yanked her up and around, and as she came she swung with her free hand and smacked him in the face. There was too much of him to be staggered by it, but the sound effect was fine. She jerked loose and glared at him. Her big brown well-spaced eyes were ideal for glaring. I had a feeling that I had seen her before, but I hadn't. It was just an old memory—a seventh-grade classmate out in Ohio whom I had been impelled to kiss, and she had socked me on the ear with her arithmetic book. She is now married, with five children.

"That's not advisable, Miss Bram," Cramer stated. "Striking a police officer." He moved, got a yellow chair and swung it around. "Here . . . sit down."

"I'll sit where I please." She perched again on the red leather arm. "Is it advisable for a police officer to manhandle a citizen? When I got a hack license I informed myself about laws. Am I under arrest?"

"No."

"Then don't touch me." Her head swung around. "You're Nero Wolfe? You're even bigger." She didn't say bigger than what. "I'm Judy Bram. Are you representing my friend, Mira Holt?"

His eyes on her were half closed. "'Representing' is not the word, Miss Bram. I'm a detective, not a lawyer. Miss Holt has hired Mr. Goodwin, and he has hired me as his assistant. You call her your friend. Are you her friend?"

"Yes. And I want to know. She left my place around half-past seven, and about an hour later I went out to keep a date. I had left my cab out front, and it wasn't there, but I supposed ——"

"Hold it," Cramer snapped. He was on the yellow chair, and I was at my desk. "I'll do the talking."

She merely raised her voice. "—I supposed a man from the garage had come and got it. I have that arrangement ——"

"Shut up," Cramer roared, "or I'll shut you up!"

"How?" she asked.

It was a question. He had several choices—clamp his paw on her mouth, or pick her up and carry her out, or call in a couple of big strong men from out front, or hit her with a blunt instrument, or shoot her. All had drawbacks.

"Permit me," Wolfe said. "I suggest, Mr. Cramer, that you have bungled it. The notion of suddenly confronting Miss Holt with Miss Bram was, of course, tempting, but your appraisal of Miss Bram's temperament was faulty. Now you're stuck. You won't get the contradictions you're after. Miss Holt would be a simpleton to supply particulars until she knows what Miss Bram has said. As you well know, that does not necessarily imply culpability for either of them."

Cramer rasped, "You're telling Miss Holt not to answer any questions."

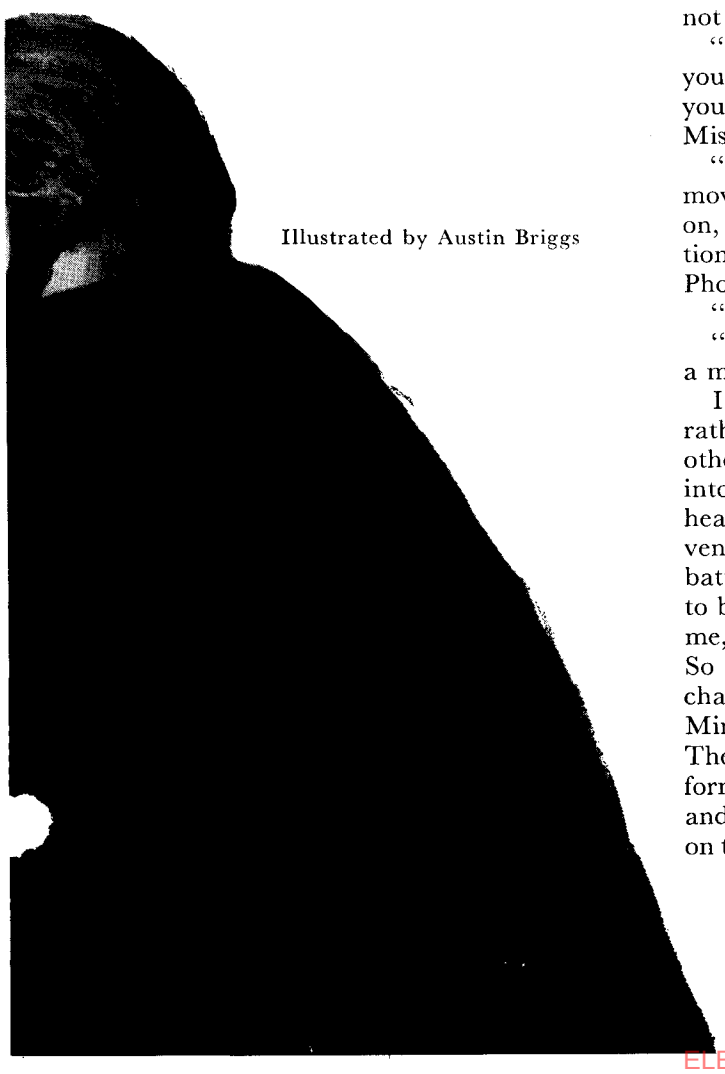
"Am I? If so, unwittingly. Now, of course, you have made it plain. It would appear that you have only two alternatives—either let Miss Bram finish her account or remove her."

"There's a third one I like better. I'll remove Miss Holt." Cramer got up. . . . "Come on, Miss Holt. I'm taking you down for questioning in connection with the murder of Phoebe Arden."

"Is she under arrest?" Judy demanded.

"No. But if she doesn't talk she will be—as a material witness."

I was sitting with my jaw set. Wolfe would rather miss a meal than let Cramer or any other cop take a client of his from that office into custody, and over the years I had seen and heard him pull some fancy maneuvers to prevent it. But this was my client, and he wasn't batting an eye. I admit that it would have had to be something extra fancy, and it was up to me, not him, but I had split the fee with him. So I sat with my jaw set while Mira left the chair and Judy jabbered and Cramer touched Mira's arm and they headed for the door. Then I came to, scribbled on my memo pad—formerly my memo pad—tore the sheet off and made for the hall. Cramer had his hand on the knob.



Illustrated by Austin Briggs

"Mira wouldn't kill anybody," said Mrs. Irving.

"Here's the phone number," I told her. "Twenty-four-hour service. Don't forget Method Three." She took the slip and said, "I won't," and crossed the sill, with Cramer right behind.

Back in the office, Wolfe was leaning back with his eyes closed, and Judy Bram was standing, scowling at him. She switched the scowl to me and demanded, "Why don't you put him to bed?"

"Too heavy. How many people did you tell that Mira was going to drive your cab to her husband's house?"

She eyed me, straight, for two breaths, then went to the red leather chair and sat. I took the yellow one, to be closer. "I thought you were working for her," she said.

"I am."

"You don't sound like it. She didn't drive my cab."

I shook my head. "Come on down. Would I be working for her if she hadn't opened up? You told her yesterday that Kearns had phoned you to call for him at eight o'clock today, and she asked you to let her go instead of you. She wanted to have a talk with him about a divorce. How many people did you tell about it?"

"Nobody. If she opened up, what's the rest of it?"

"Ask her when you see her. Did you kill Phoebe Arden?"

From the flash in her eye, I believe she would have smacked me if I had been close enough. "Oh, for heaven's sake," she said. "Get a club. Drag me by the hair."

"Later maybe." I leaned toward her. "Look, Miss Bram. Give your temperament a rest and use your brain. I am working for Mira Holt. I know exactly where she was and what she did every minute from seven o'clock this evening on, but I'm not going to tell you. Of course, you know (Continued on Page 92)

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How Hector Heckles Washington

Louis Julius Hector, a disillusioned ex-bureaucrat, is waging a courageous crusade against the inefficient and often unjust procedures which he found in some of the powerful Federal regulatory agencies.

By
Harold H. Martin

Trouble is brewing for the alphabet agencies. The storm clouds that for a dozen years have been gathering over the Federal boards and commissions which regulate nearly every aspect of the nation's economy now are giving off ominous rumblings of thunder and an occasional lurid flash of lightning. In the House and Senate, in the legal profession, in the ranks of the philosophical students of government and among the general public there is a growing disenchantment with the huge bureaus whose rulings affect every citizen—from the price he pays for an airplane seat to the kind of threads that make up his Sunday suit.

There is no effort afoot to free the nation's business from all controls. There is, however, a growing belief that over the past quarter century many of the regulatory bodies have become so enmeshed in their own complex procedures that they no longer can effectively carry out their duties. There is also a strong suspicion that many of them have ceased to function in the public interest and have become, in effect, Washington branch offices of the industries they are supposed to regulate.

The most spectacular lightning bolts, as every headline reader knows, have come from Rep. Oren Harris' Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, created nearly three years ago when "Mr. Sam" Rayburn, speaker of the House and legislative father of many of the agencies, decided the time had come to find out whether they were doing the job that Congress had set them up to do.

The results were immediate and dramatic. The Adams-Goldfine "influence" case blazed in the headlines (Continued on Page 69)

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Many a girl would get her man if only she realized that sometimes . . .

LOVE IS A WAITING GAME

By VERA JOSEPHINE GREEN

From the beach road Anne Lee could see the terrace of their summer cottage and the young man lounging beside her father. Her heart began to pound. The summer was beginning at its ending. John had arrived.

Quickly she slid over on the red leather seat of Montey's sports convertible. She had been sitting as far away from Montgomery as she could and still stay in the car. An exploratory arm creeping around her shoulders had violated Article One of their unspoken agreement.

Now softly she suggested, "Let's walk the rest of the way."

Montgomery's jaw dropped. "Huh?"

Anne Lee was twisting to look behind her. The pink-eared, green plush rabbit dressed in a space suit was sprawled on the floor of the car. She started to hitch herself up to reach for it, and then stopped, resettled herself and smoothed her billowy skirts.

"Please get my space bunny for me, Montey," she requested sweetly.

"Sure," Montgomery said, looking somewhat at sea. Idling his motor—the one in his car—he retrieved the carnival prize, handed it to her and impulsively said, "I sure wish I'd won that for you. You've ——"

"Well, thank you, Montey," Anne Lee interrupted quickly.

"—— you've got the best pitching arm of any woman I know!"

Anne Lee bit her lip. She was likewise the best sailor John knew. Year before last she'd been dizzily proud of the fact. Arriving at the tattered end of a long, lonesome summer, John chose her to sail with him in the regatta—picked her instead of a boy! But that night, for the Oceanside Hotel dance, he chose a pink-and-white blonde who didn't know port from starboard. Adding insult to injury, he was amazed when she told him she never wanted to see him again as long as she lived. And as if to spite her, he didn't show up at the beach at all last summer. Now Anne Lee glanced nervously toward the veranda. John seemed to be leaning forward, watching them.

(Continued on Page 97)

"I'm so sorry it worked out this way. But I can't disappoint Montey, really I can't."

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Can Democracy Survive?

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

An unexpected sequel to the American occupation of Japan has been the growth of Japanese influence in America. Those who set out to teach the Japanese something about democracy have ended by learning from the Japanese something about architecture. This is but one reason among many for wondering afresh whether that original idea of a crusade for democracy had the sanction of common sense. Are we now quite so certain that democracy must everywhere prevail as not only the best but the final achievement of human wisdom as applied to politics? Does history reveal nothing but a series of experiments, each failing in turn but each bringing mankind a step nearer this, its ultimate goal?

History, in fact, reveals nothing of the kind. We learn from it that various forms of rule have tended to succeed one another in what might seem to have been a significant sequence, democracy showing a tendency to collapse in a chaos from which dictatorship offers the only escape. There is little in history to show that democracy is much more stable than any other form of rule. What history does show is that people have always inclined to regard their own form of government as perfect, or at any rate inevitable and eternal. Subjects of, say, a deified emperor have seldom supposed that any other form of rule was worth serious discussion. For most of them, at any period, talk of an alternative scheme would have seemed impracticable, blasphemous or merely crazy. Present advocates of democracy are apt in the same way to claim for that form of rule a universal validity which it would seem to derive neither from theory nor from fact. Representative democracy is a form of government which has a number of real advantages for some peoples at a certain stage in their development. To claim more than that, invoking some semireligious principle of human rights, is to assume just such an attitude as characterized the more pious inhabitants of dynastic Egypt. If we are to defend democracy in serious discussion, it must not be because it is sacred—few forms of rule have been anything else—but because it produces some demonstrably good result. If it is good, we should be able to explain why.

While a study of the past may warn us against accepting current beliefs merely because they are current, it throws only a doubtful light on the future. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 45*

About the Author

Cyril Northcote Parkinson, famous English historian, author and journalist, recently resigned the Raffles Chair of History in the University of Malaya to fill visiting professorships in the United States at the universities of Illinois and California. Creator of Parkinson's First Law: in any administrative organization, subordinates will multiply in accordance with a known formula and without relation to the work (if any) expected of them. Also discovered Parkinson's Second Law: public expenditure rises to meet an income which is assumed to be limitless, a ceiling which is not there. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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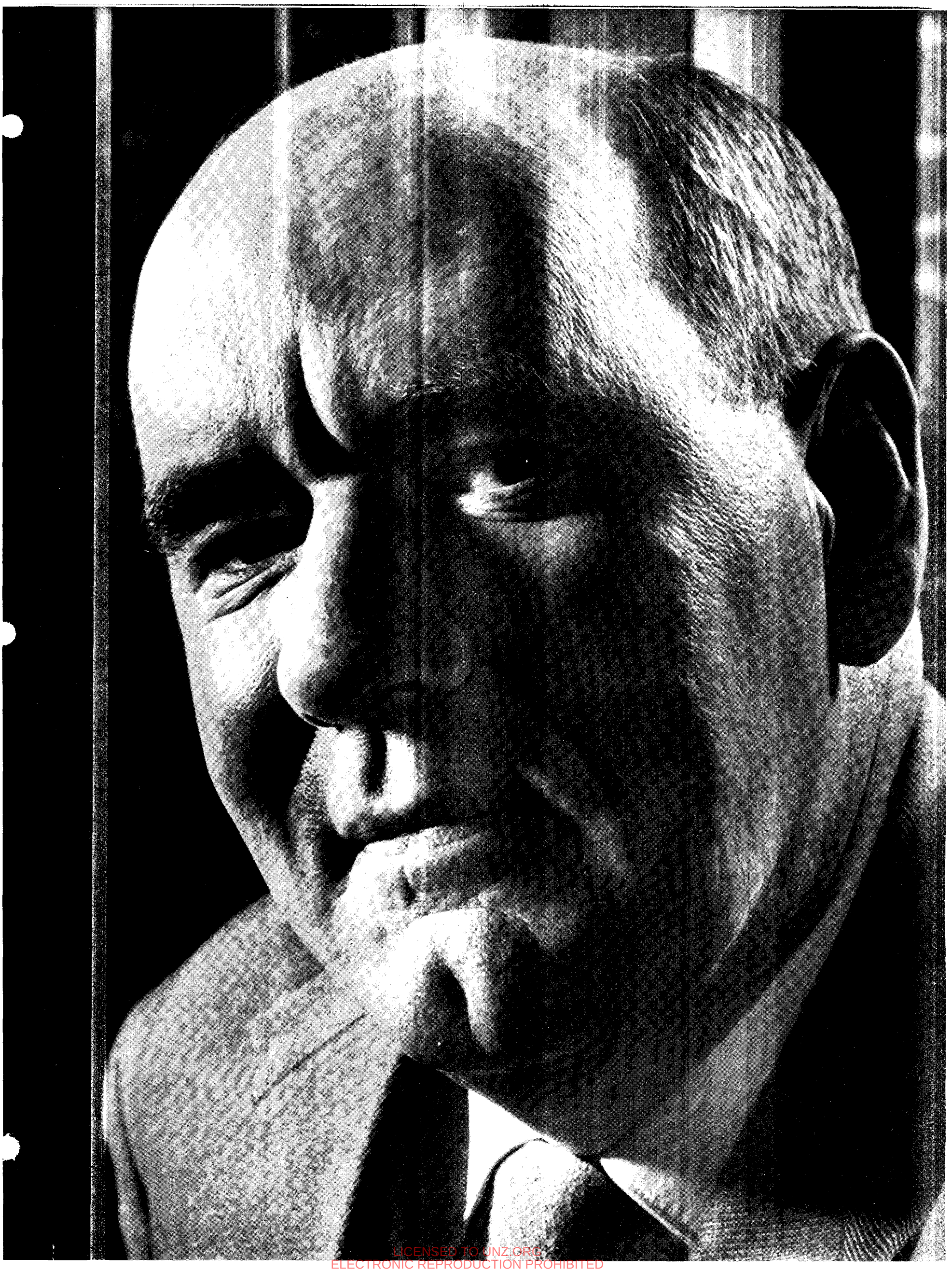

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Post Scripts

Headlines That Really Warm the Heart!

STATE U. COACH'S CONTRACT BOUGHT UP FOR $52,500

TEN-YEAR-OLD BUBBLE-GUM CHAMP GETS $750,000 FOR MOVIE ROLE

LOCAL WOMAN'S WILL BEQUEATHS $100,000 TO PET RACCOON

"BIG BOP" BRUBAKER NETS $18 MILLION ON THREE RECORDS

TV HORSE AWARDED GOLD SADDLE WORTH $60,000

PLAYER HITS BASEBALL INTO SIGNBOARD COFFEE CUP; WINS $10,000

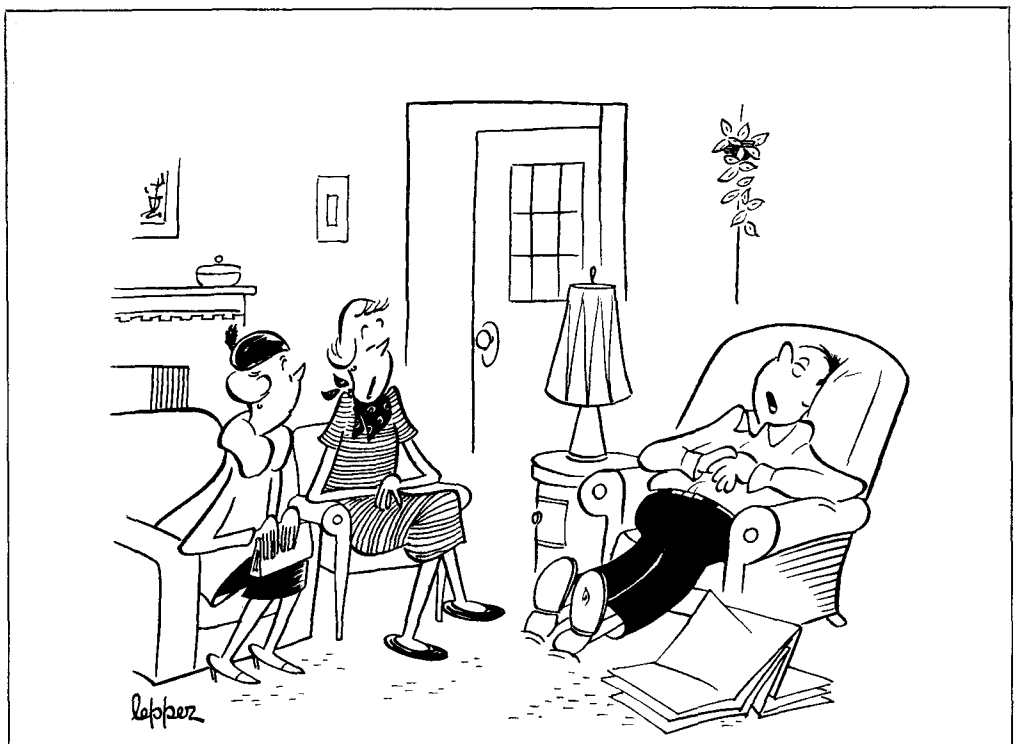
STUDY OF GHOST TOWNS COSTS STATE $1.5 MILLION

$300,000 APPROPRIATED FOR COUNT OF RESIDENTIAL TV ANTENNAS

MOVIE RIGHTS TO BOOK "DRAGSTRIP BABE" BOUGHT FOR $2 MILLION

SLOWUP OF REHABILITATION PROJECT BLAMED ON LACK OF FUNDS

CHARLES A. MATTESON



"He's forty-six, but he has the vigor of a man twice his age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Watch What You're Doing With Those Needles!

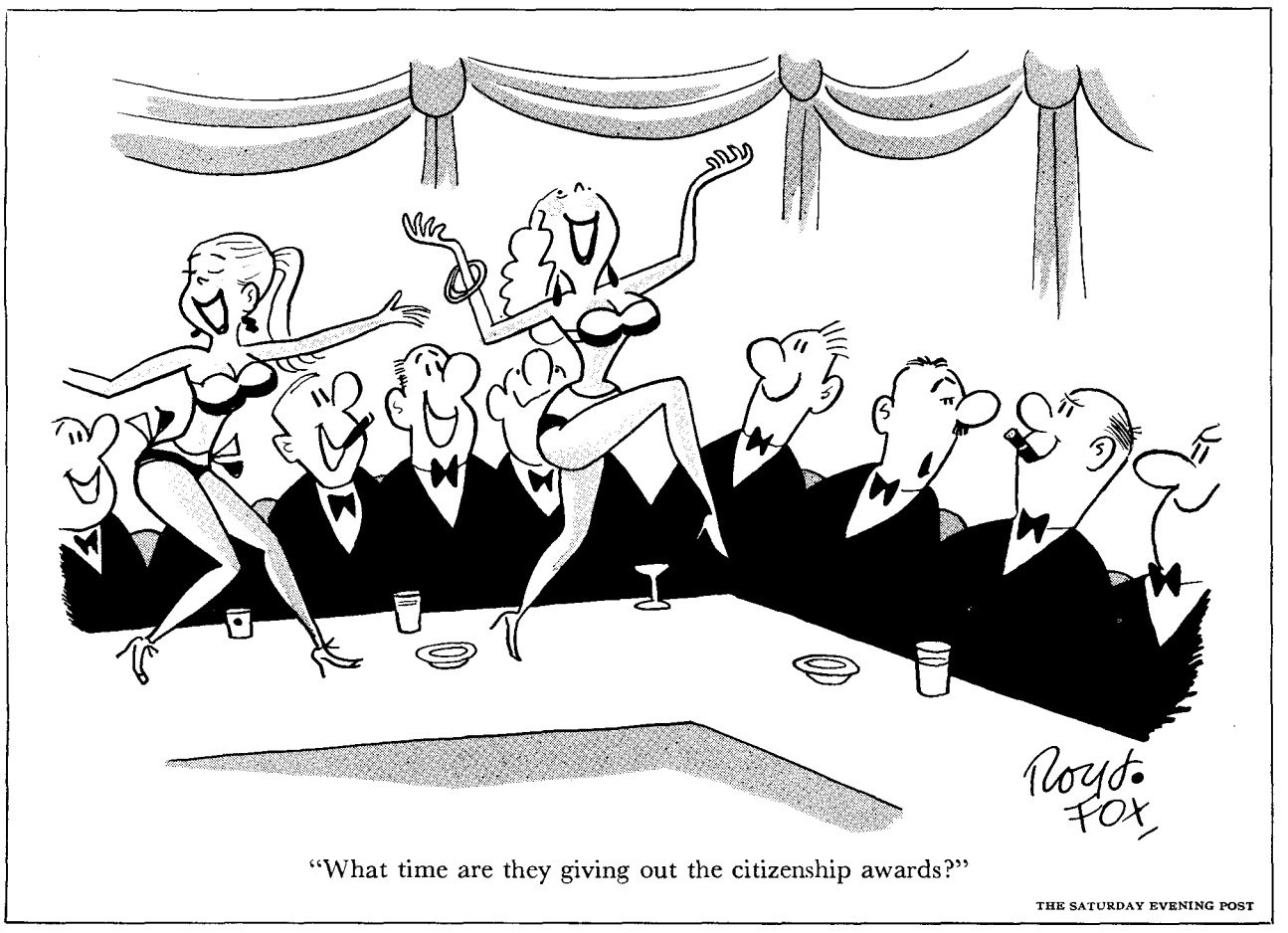
Ah, Sleep! One worried devotee would swear,
In the wakeful interval she squirms and pitches,
That knitting up the raveled sleeve of care,
You drop a lot of stitches!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Reflection

If I'm to make my fortunes climb,
I'll have to quit just marking time,
For looking glasses make me see
That time has started marking me.

RICHARD WHEELER



"What time are they giving out the citizenship awards?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I Know, But Let Me Tell Mine First!

"It was really murder! I went to this dentist, see? And he fooled around with my teeth—poked this one and that one—to see if they hurt or anything; and then he up and told me I ought to have this front tooth capped, which'd probably run about fifty bucks and ——"

"Exactly what happened to this tooth—this one right here. I had the thing capped—set me back exactly forty-five bucks. And I really got stung on the deal, because it seems this dentist didn't know beans about capping teeth; with the result that, three days later, off dropped the lousy. . . ."

"Meanest policeman I ever saw in my life! I was driving along just thirty miles an hour, when suddenly ——"

"I know just what you mean, pal. Take last night, for example. I was going forty-five miles an hour, when all of a sudden I heard this siren behind me. Well, sir—and keep in mind I was going just forty-five. . . ."

"I told this mug—the one who thought he was so tough—either to put 'em up or ——"

"Probably a real wise guy! You should've done what I did a couple of nights ago when I was faced with much the same thing. This guy on the street sort of wised off to me, see? Well, I happened to have a small pasteboard carton in my hand at the time; so, instead of fighting him or anything, I merely took the carton and. . . ."

"That stupid boss of ours is ——"

"And before you go any further, let me say he's not only stupid, but absolutely nuts! Know what he tried to put over on me the other day? I was standing over by that large file cabinet, and he walked up to me—reminded me of a great big stuffed walrus—and had the unmitigated gall to. . . ."

VERNON H. KURTZ

My Wife Usually Goes All Out

Spending money, much to
my chagrin,
Is what I seldom have when
she has been.

HAL CHADWICK

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GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN WHEN YOU SERVE

SOUP'N CRACKERS

They're great go-togethers — soup 'n crackers. And good things happen when young folks get them every day. Happy things. For soup smells so good, tastes so good, it puts everyone in a pleasant mood.

Friendly companions for a good bowl of soup — good, crisp, crunchy crackers, of course. (Our twins like saltines with their good Tomato Soup.)

Soup warms the way for the meal of the day . . . kind of coaxes along digestion. And those good Campbell Soups give you proteins, vitamins and minerals, too . . . food values you really need for good nutrition.

Any time's a good time for a bowl of good hot soup with crackers on the side. How about right now? By the way . . . *have you had your soup today?*

Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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Fight Tooth Decay with Colgate Stop Bad Breath All Day!

Every mother should give her family the benefits of Colgate with Gardol and its defense against tooth decay!

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Of course, nothing completely stops decay, but you, too, may have *fewer* cavities if you start brushing regularly with Colgate Dental Cream. Because Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible defense to help fight tooth decay. You can't see it—you can't feel it on your teeth—but it's there to help fight tooth decay.

Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And for fewer cavities, brush with Colgate Dental Cream. Remember, you fight tooth decay with Colgate, help stop bad breath all day.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol helps stop mouth odor instantly for most people. It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.

31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Brush with Colgate Dental Cream to FIGHT TOOTH DECAY!

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The Monitor Affair

The Union Navy rejected his invention—a weapon that could win the war.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"The brainless baboons!" roared John Ericsson. "They have rejected me!"

The hot-tempered Swedish inventor, who had offered his services to the Union Navy at the outset of the Civil War, was infuriated to learn he had been turned down. Despite the fact that the South was building an ironclad warship, Union officials continued to regard Ericsson's plan for his iron-hulled *Monitor* as impractical.

A Southern agent named Carlotta Ouverard, however, took Ericsson more seriously. At present she was using the budding romance between her niece, Yvonne, and the inventor's assistant, Eric Nelson, to gain Ericsson's ear and, possibly, some of his technical secrets.

III

John Ericsson was a man who shot quick glances. He would say something ironical, or testy, or shocking, and then glance around to discover how his hearers were affected by it. "William H. Seward," he snapped now, "is a ninnyhammer!"

This New England expletive was a bit startling as pronounced by his Swedish lips—which he realized and relished. He swiftly scanned the visitors who had intruded on his afternoon. The callers were Madame Ouverard and her niece and a gentleman with oddly shaped eyeglasses and a babyish face framed by whiskers that extended from ears to Adam's apple, leaving his mouth and chin exposed. His name was Horace Greeley, and he owned and personally edited one of the great newspapers of the day—the New York *Tribune*. He had perhaps done as much to bring about the defeat of Seward in the Wigwam Convention, and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, as any other man.

Madame Ouverard, in her astute maneuverings to become important in society and to establish herself as an intellectual, had contrived to lure Mr. Greeley to her salon. Now he scarcely knew why he was calling upon John Ericsson or how it had come about that he was there. Madame, for her own devious purposes, had sung Ericsson's praises, described his eccentricities, dilated upon his scientific accomplishments and talked about his theories of naval warfare until Mr. Greeley had expressed his willingness to meet the inventor face to face.

"A ninnyhammer?" said Mr. Greeley, who was by no means displeased. "Why do you make that statement, sir?"

"Because," replied Ericsson, "Seward thinks he really is President of the United States, and that Lincoln is President in name only."

"You do not think this is the truth, sir? Many people believe it."

"Lincoln," said Ericsson, "is a body who feels his way and bides his time."

"Captain Ericsson," said Greeley, "you are an advocate of radical changes in marine construction."

"What once seemed radical, sir, is now accepted practice," said Ericsson. "What now seems extraordinary will in time be accepted as normal. Years ago I told the world that the introduction of steam into war vessels required three changes: First, the instrument of propulsion must be beneath the water. Hence my screw propeller. Second, the machinery must be placed below (Continued on Page 80)

"I'll not endure it!" cried Ericsson, struggling to smash his model.

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No wonder every new recruit becomes a life-time member of the Four Roses Society. One sip and like the camera says—CLICK!

FOUR ROSES—*Same great quality...new popular price!*

No other full-strength whiskey is so smooth. 86 proof.

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Can Democracy Survive? (Continued from Page 38)

We can admittedly observe a sequence of political development in past civilizations; a recurring pattern in which monarchy has given place to aristocracy, aristocracy to democracy, and democracy to a dictatorship which has turned into monarchy again. Nor is there anything in the tempo of current history to suggest that what was once a phase in a recurring cycle should now be regarded as permanent. Were it possible to judge from political events considered in isolation, we might rather be tempted to assume that what happened before was likely to happen again. And indeed there is probably nothing in the present political scene—no movement, no investigation, no scandal or plot—for which past history affords no parallel. But the present age, which has so little to offer by way of political innovation, has much to offer in technical progress. The doubt is whether the political pattern can exactly repeat itself in an environment which has been so technically transformed. The argument from past experience may no longer hold good. Talk of technical achievement brings to mind the hydrogen bomb. But that is not so significant politically as other and less spectacular developments. Many of these might be instanced, and there are those who would maintain that a longer expectation of human life is the most important. But there are three other developments to which too little attention has been paid: developments respectively in psychology, communication and what is called "conventional" war.

To deal with psychology first, there was a time when the results of an election or plebiscite were given a sort of religious sanction. Victorian editors could announce that the people would oppose the Updrainville irrigation scheme, that the people had rightly demanded the construction of the Moose Canyon Bridge, or that the people had wisely chosen Mr. Clawhammer as governor. And while it may be doubted whether the will of the people had quite the force of revelation, there were many instances of the people proving right—the drainage scheme unworkable, the bridge vitally needed and Mr. Clawhammer a better man than his opponent. These side-whiskered men, leaning on their axes as they paused for thought, could arrive at the right decision. In a simply organized agricultural or pastoral society the relevant facts could be widely known. Today, in a more complex society, the mass psychologist has been able to dissect the voting process with disconcerting results. The will of the people breaks down under analysis, turning out to be ill-informed, emotional and liable to vary indeed from day to day; nor, incidentally, is there any close correlation between the views people express when approached individually and the views they express when collected in a group. Taken apart in this fashion, the will of the people turns out to be a myth. Voting is a more orderly process than rioting, but has only an even chance of producing the right answer. The Romans achieved the same result more cheaply by consulting the gods—whose guesses seem in general to have been no worse (or better) than their own. But the infallibility of the "general will" is a dogma that must remain where it belongs—in the last century; if not, indeed, in the last century but one.

As for communications, it must be remembered, first of all, that these have always determined the scale—and to some extent the nature—of political institutions. The earliest civilized states were each based on a river system as their means of communication, the length of the river determining the size of the state. Kingdoms based on the Nile, the Tigris or the Ganges could be relatively large; kingdoms based on the Tagus, the Mekong or the Scheldt had to be relatively small. The Romans and Chinese broke through these limits by building roads, but the river-system scale of political organization lingered on to a surprisingly recent period of history, determining the respective sizes of, say, Yorkshire, Virginia, Canada and Venezuela. A single government could stretch its authority only as far as it could reach, the amount of its influence being roughly proportionate to the distances involved.

Today the extent of a government's influence has been at once extended and intensified. Rail, road, telegraph, air and radio communications have made a distant supervision both effective and continuous. The river-system scale of political unit has become in some ways an anachronism; nor is there now the same need to establish a god-emperor (like Constantine or Stalin) whose shrine or effigy can represent him in places he will never visit. Today the Queen's voice, and even she herself, can come through the air; just as the President's personality can be projected by television or recorded on tape. Communication is no longer in the same sense a problem.

So, far from presenting any technical difficulty, communications now present the government, whatever its character, with almost limitless scope. By means of state-organized schools, newspapers, films, radio and television, a docile people can be taught practically anything—that all capitalists are wicked, that all Jews are criminals or that China does not exist. Techniques based on psychology and developed in advertising have already some remarkable achievements to their credit. Mass media of instruction would seem to have endless possibilities. So far the known results include the popular election, by enormous majorities, of both scoundrels and lunatics. There is nothing to prevent any government from building up for itself a dream world in which dramatized leaders with purely fictitious ability give the appearance of prosperity to lands of which the extent has been exaggerated, reporting triumphs over rival powers which have been invented for the purpose and boasting the success of improbable missions to other and imaginary planets. Past emperors of China built up such a dream world for themselves, but they lacked more than a fraction of the necessary equipment. The age of hallucination, of which Adolf Hitler was one of the earlier victims, has scarcely dawned. People will someday perhaps look back with wonder on a time when the camera was thought to matter less than the event it was supposed to record.

The world that has seen this revolution in the methods and speed of communication has also seen a transformation in the arts of war. From the time of the French Revolution to the time of the Russian Revolution land campaigns were mostly settled by massed infantry, national strength being roughly measured by the number of bayonets each nation could put in the field. It was also, and by no coincidence, the age in which the counting of votes had its greatest prestige. During World War II the massed-infantry attack went out of fashion, the strength of nations coming to be measured in quite other terms. Even if we ignore the possibilities of atomic warfare as something now probably obsolete, and even if we discount the possibilities of biological warfare, as something yet untried, the fact remains that numbers have come to matter less. The potential war strength of a country might be measured by the number of its scientists; it can no longer be measured by the mere number of its people. In general, democracy has best suited societies in which the equal value of votes has been reflected in the roughly equal value of the voters when armed for war. It has flourished less securely in societies where the decisive weapons—whether war chariots or cannon—have been in the hands of a few. For this reason it might be thought that the technical basis for democracy, in war as well as in peace, has by now been perceptibly weakened.

From facts such as these it would be natural to conclude that the days of democracy are over. The conclusion would be premature, however, for political systems do not evolve as rapidly as that. Where democracy exists, it may well survive for a further period; but there is good reason to question whether it is likely to take root in any soil to which it is new. With a less favorable climate, the transplanting becomes a less hopeful proposition and doubtfully worth the effort. What may flourish for a time in the atmosphere of the West has far more dubious prospects in the atmosphere of the East. For there the racial and religious background, the family, caste and clan relationships, the secret societies and fanaticisms, the prevailing illiteracy and ignorance make the voting process seem curiously irrelevant. There might be some point in the missionary effort if the technical progress of the age were moving in the same direction and at the same speed, but the East will feel the impact of improved communications long before it can absorb the lessons of nineteenth-century liberalism. If there was a time for that, the time is passing or has passed.

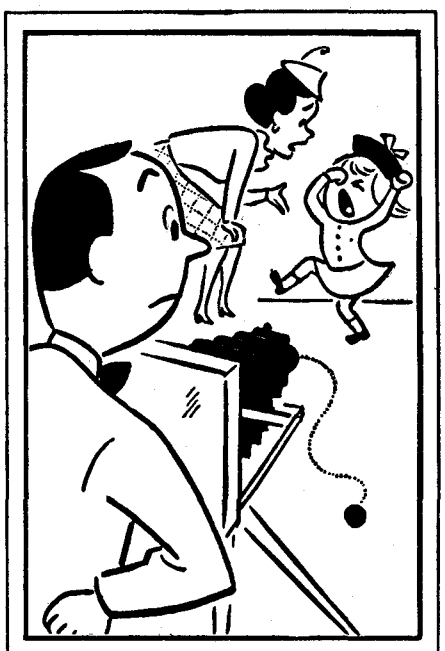
What, by contrast, are the prospects of democracy in the West? We have seen that it is there affected by technical developments which are mainly, if not entirely, adverse. Put in the simplest terms, it is now far easier for a government to tell the people what they are to believe than for the people to tell the government what it is to do. But that is not the whole story. In at least one important respect, democracy is being strengthened and it is important to see how this has come about—more especially in the United States.

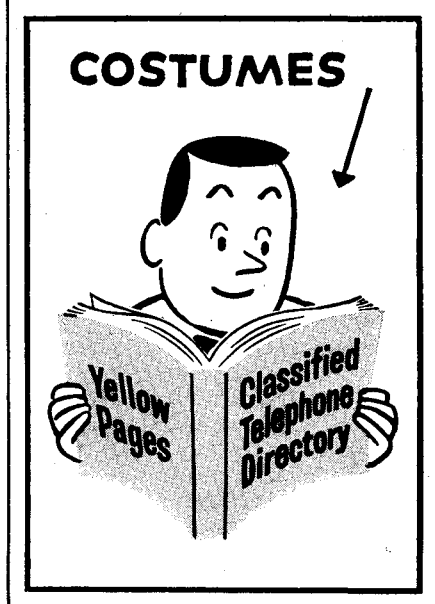
The basic weakness of democracy has always been what the Greeks called "stasis," or class war. Given political equality, the lower classes, which have always in times past been the more numerous, have sooner or later used their votes to despoil the rich. They have voted, in effect, for economic equality—that is, for socialism. The effect of this has always been disastrous, and more immediately disastrous for democracy. In the stresses and strains brought about by the legalized plunder there are bound to develop all

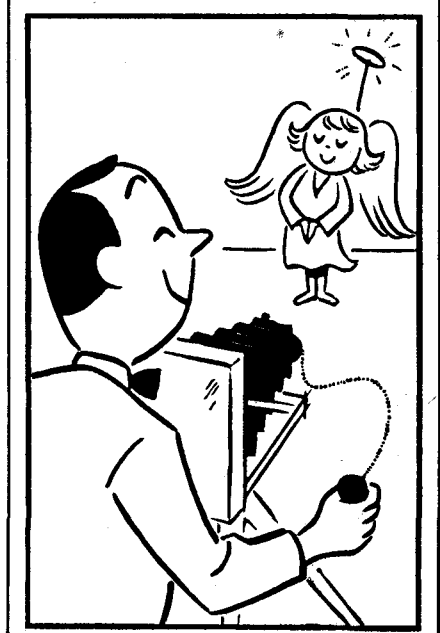
Snow Junction

Our daughter is shoveling
the driveway.
Her reasons we only
suspect.
But the boy next door is
shoveling his—
And the driveways intersect.

Richard F. Armknecht







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sorts of treasons, stratagems and spoils. From the conflicts which have ensued, one man, usually a leader of the winning side, has emerged as dictator. Whatever the result of the battle, freedom has always been the first casualty. In the struggle between capital and labor both sides are impelled by exactly the same material motive, and both sides are guilty—as Gandhi pointed out—of exactly the same sin. Neither, of course, is concerned with the welfare of society as a whole.

In trying to transpose the Greek theory of class war into the terms of modern industry—which he very imperfectly understood—Karl Marx foretold a process by which the wealthy would become richer and fewer, the poor would become poorer and more numerous until the top-heavy absurdity of the situation would make revolution inevitable and irresistible. So would begin the rule of the proletariat, to last apparently forever; an odd conclusion for an admirer of Darwin to have reached. In the Marxist revolution the internal conflicts, as observable in the Greek and Roman city-states, have been neatly eliminated. There are only two classes, and the one had dwindled to a mere handful of people who can be hanged at leisure, after which event the unopposed remainder can live happily. Had Marx known anything about the working classes—a set of people with whom he had no social contact—he would have known that the problem is not quite so simple as that.

Quite apart, however, from any misconception that Marx may have had about the social equality existing between boiler riveters and bellhops, his account of the future has been completely falsified by events. There have been two Marxist revolutions on the large scale, both in countries almost entirely agricultural, while the industrial areas have developed, in the main, on lines of their own. Of this development the main feature has been the dwindling importance of the class which Marx expected to become supreme. His proletariat comprised for the most part the skilled workmen, the trade-unionists, of the mid-nineteenth century—the men who drove the locomotives or installed the plumbing, men who wore top hats on the way to church. That industrial society depended upon the skilled artisan was a truism of the period. The skilled artisan was the stanch supporter of Methodism and of labor politics—both anathemas to the gentry. He was a man who would do nothing for the really poor—insisting as he did upon the wage differential between himself and them—but the leader in all resistance to the capitalist. Trade-unionists of this type were so important in their day that few at first were to notice either their diminished status or their dwindling numbers. In twentieth-century industrialized societies it was not the proletariat that multiplied in growing poverty but a middle class that multiplied in growing wealth. The future lay not with the skilled artisan but with the qualified engineer on the one hand and the unskilled factory girl on the other. These were classes of people of whose existence Marx was only dimly aware. It is upon them, rather than upon the skilled artisan, that industry has come to rely.

A significant event in the development of western middle-class industrialism was the British General Strike of 1926. By all the accepted axioms of the day, a stoppage of railways—let alone all the other heavy industries— should have paralyzed the country. But the country was not paralyzed. It no longer depended upon railways. It also became suddenly apparent that the middle classes, which rallied against the trade-unions, were more numerous than the strikers. The strike failed and no subsequent labor victory at the polls could efface the impression that the middle classes had scored. The motor-car, which made them independent of the railways, was their symbol of victory. It was they, not the skilled artisans, who were to be the dominant group of the future. Marxism can appeal nowadays to such social groups in Australia as are psychologically still in the 1880's, but it long since died as a force in Britain; died with the discovery that the proletariat cannot be supreme and is not even particularly important.

The process by which the new urban middle class established itself in Britain was repeated, but with greater emphasis, in the United States. By a process of technical achievement, rehousing and education, the middle class came to outweigh the class above and outnumber the class below it. There are depressed classes in the United States, and there are people with a grievance against society; but they are swamped by the masses of people whose fear is that they will lose what they have—namely, a suburban home, garage, car, refrigerator, washing machine, television, telephone, supermarket and high school. That democracy in the United States should end in class war is now almost unthinkable, for the raw materials do not exist. People are more likely to choke themselves, as in Los Angeles, with the fumes of their own exhaust pipes. It is true that the whole picture could be drastically altered by an industrial depression, but the story, whatever happened, would not conform either to Greek theory or Marxist prediction.

If American democracy is a middle-class affair, firmly based on the long-term interests of a strong majority, it should not end in socialism nor should it collapse in chaos. The fact remains, however, that it is vulnerable in other ways. We have seen already that the whole machinery of persuasion is in the hands of any government that cares to use it. How great is the danger that such an influence may, in fact, be used? In attempting to judge the possibilities we must note, first of all, that the effect of mass education is to expose people more, not less, to propaganda. In theory a university or high-school graduate should be skeptical about what he reads and hears. But do American graduates criticize or do they merely conform? The man least vulnerable to propaganda is the illiterate peasant who possesses no radio. His views may be narrow but they are at least his own. Most vulnerable of all are the people who listen and believe. Are people of that kind tending to multiply? There are some grounds for thinking that they are.

Against the dangers of intensive propaganda the accepted remedy lies in the party system. People forced to hear both sides of every question are compelled, we are told, to decide for themselves. Those considering the merits of any presidential candidate will hear as much against as for him. In this there is an element of truth. The theory breaks down, however, whenever the two parties become too much alike. In the days when British Tories alternated in office with their Liberal opponents, the electorate had to choose, it was said, which of two wealthy cousins should introduce the same bill. Is there no danger of that in the United States? The extent of the danger is to be measured by the proportion of voters who do not bother to vote. In general the nonvoting voter is unconvinced that it matters either way. A lack of public interest is normally the result of there being nothing to be interested in. If the crowd drifts away from the tennis match, it is usually taken as a comment upon the standard of play. There are those who believe that the great debate in the United States, at least as between the parties, is finished and that the voter's only concern is to defend his standard of living. For this theory there would seem to be some evidence. Some 62,027,000 valid votes were cast, for example, in the last presidential election—a record figure but representing only 60.4 per cent of the theoretical maximum. To have had a few million less—to have had as few as 50 per cent of the voters participating—would have been a serious indictment of the whole system. With such a condemnation even remotely possible, the advocates of American democracy have cause to consider their case afresh.

One other weakness needs to be mentioned and it is this: there are too many people on the public payroll. This state of affairs could be denounced in the name of economy, but that is not to the present purpose. The question is how far this scheme for full employment is compatible with democracy. Let us take an extreme case and suppose that half the adult population were in public employment. This would mean that half the voters were employed under the direction of the party in power—dependent upon it for pay, security, privilege and promotion. Is that situation a proper basis for independent voting? Nor is the situation much improved if the roles were to be reversed, the voters blackmailing those by whom they are employed. "Give us double overtime," they will say, "or we shall vote you out of office." Situations are seldom quite as simple as that, but the final result either way would be a one-party system with one party controlling or controlled by the civil-service vote and that party perpetually in power. To this it may be objected that those on the public payroll are not so numerous as this. It may also be urged that civil servants are persons of the highest character who would never use any improper influence in wage negotiations. Arguments such as these are not without weight, but neither are they conclusive. For one thing, an election can be decided by a bloc far smaller than the one described. Given anything like equal strength as between parties, a mere 10 per cent of the voters, acting together, could easily tip the scale. In Great Britain those in public employment, some 6,000,000 out of a total population of 51,500,000, form a far higher proportion than that. As regards the high character of the people concerned, it must suffice to remark that the character of some of the earliest voting civil servants—those of ancient Athens—would not seem to have been high enough. Nor were English politicians of the period very happy about all the excisemen employed by George III. The crime of enlisting the civil service in the cause of a particular party (his own) was the very thing that people held against him. It may be that the descendants of the Athenians, mingled under the American flag with the descendants of the excisemen, have now a loftier moral tone than their ancestors could boast. But it is not, surely, an issue upon which the betting would be much more than even. It lacks, as an assumption, the rocklike solidity upon which the enlightened lawgiver would care to build.

"I'll never forget the day I first met my wife, although heaven knows I've tried."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To give democracy in its American form not an eternal validity but a new lease of life, there would seem to be a case for reform. The system needs reinforcing at the points where it is weak. For the specific weaknesses to which attention has been drawn, three remedies suggest themselves: the vote should be restricted to those who have earned it; the legislator should be freed from improper influence; the public revenue should be limited under the Constitution to a stated proportion of the national income. To take these points in order, we may conclude first that the voter's negligent attitude toward the ballot box derives from the fact that his vote was given him. It was not merely given him but thrust on him. He was implored to take it and begged to use it. He is pursued with the vote and can be fined in some democracies for failing to exercise it; from all of which anxiety the natural inference is that the vote must be worthless. Were every American citizen presented with a university degree at birth—a measure of economy for which there is much to be said—few would trouble to put "A.B." after their names; just as few bother to claim the war medals to which nearly the whole of their generation are entitled. For a thing to be valued it has to be specially earned. On this principle the vote might well be conceded, with obvious reluctance, to those whose title to it derived from blood, sweat and tears. It might be restricted, for example, to people over thirty who had passed a certain educational standard, who had done public service, who had paid taxes above a certain minimum and who should apply in writing (with fee enclosed) for their names to be placed on the electoral roll. Girls who prefer to remain aged twenty-nine would be very properly ruled out as immature. Men without military service would be ruled out as unpatriotic. People who misspelled (*Continued on Page 51*)

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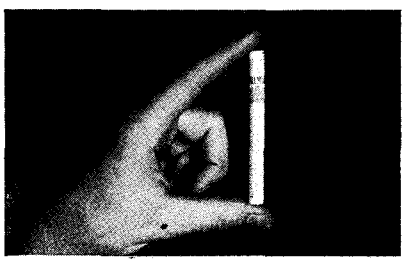

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BE GLAD HE'S ON YOUR SIDE

John Mack Carter could be an atomic physicist, a foreign correspondent, or possibly a professor of note. He has that look about him. Actually, while he is none of these, his assignment as Editor of American Home Magazine calls for the same kind of independent good judgment, concentration of effort and a searching desire to find the very best way. If you're one of American Home's 12,000,000 men and women readers, or one of those who use its advertising pages to sell your products, you can be glad he's on your side. You can be sure this serious looking young man sees to it that only the best houses, the most beautiful decorating schemes, the most convenient tempting recipes, the most do-able, do-it-yourself projects appear in your magazine. If you're not as familiar with American Home as you might be, why not look into the matter soon?

AMERICAN HOME

A Curtis magazine read by 3,600,000 families with a consuming interest in the home.

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(*Continued from Page 46*) their letter of application would be ruled out as illiterate. The vote would thus be confined to those who have taken some trouble and shown some interest, and would be instantly lost again if not exercised.

For this last stipulation to be enforced, however, the voter must clearly be given the means of voting against all the candidates. If every voting paper had not only the names of the real candidates but the further name of a fictitious Colonel Bogey, each vote for him would suggest "That no election be made until an adequate candidate presents himself." The world's politicians have so far managed to exclude Colonel Bogey from democratic constitutions. Failing his candidature, however, the municipal voters of São Paulo in Brazil recently elected Cacareco, a female rhinoceros—weighing 2400 pounds—to their city council. The popular support for Cacareco seems to have been overwhelming; nor could there be any objection to her on the score of nationality, she being a citizen of Brazil by birth. Her disqualification was based, no doubt, on some legal quibble; connected perhaps with her age—she is four and a half. To have been born in the zoo is no bar, surely, to the exercise of democratic rights. But politicians may fairly expect to find themselves opposed by other candidates whose claims are broadly similar. Nor will it be possible to exclude them all on some trivial technicality. With the world's zoological gardens so well supplied with popular personalities, qualified for the legislature by residence and age, there can be no doubt that their fuller representation is to be expected. A few heavy majorities for such candidates—a tortoise here, a reptile there—would be no bad thing in the annals of political science.

To explain the second point of proposed reform it becomes necessary to remind the reader that the English voter used to record his vote publicly on a "hustings" or platform set up for the purpose in the market place. He would sturdily march up the steps and audibly declare his choice amid the applause of his friends and the rotten eggs hurled by his opponents. It was for long defended, and with some reason, as an opportunity for the display of the manly virtues. It was certainly that, but there were drawbacks to set against its advantages. When the practice was finally abolished it was not because voters were being fatally injured—often as this may have happened. It was not even because some of them had to be carried up the steps, collapsing thereafter in a drunken stupor—as many in fact did. It was simply and solely to prevent corruption. The secret ballot ended individual bribery overnight. The voter might accept the bribe, but there was no means of knowing that he would earn it or that he had not been equally bribed by the other side. Since then bribery has had to be collective, which is not as much as to deny that it exists.

What few have remarked, however, is that the arguments for secret voting at the poll are at least as unanswerable as applied to the legislature. It can be urged against it that voters have a right to know how their representatives have voted. The point, however, is a doubtful one at best. After all, the representative is not a delegate. He should vote according to his conscience and knowledge, not according to the wishes of people who were not present at the debate. And the people who, in practice, watch the House divide are not the voters but the party bosses, financial backers and mere thugs; all who might be in a position to threaten or reward. Under secret voting, it might be objected, the representative might sell his vote without fear of exposure. To some representatives no idea could be more attractive. But there would be no one to buy it. Who will purchase goods of which the delivery is uncertain and of which it cannot be known whether they have been delivered or not? "On my word of honor," says the representative, "I shall vote as we have agreed." But who cares about his word of honor? He is a crook or he would not be accepting the bribe; nor do we know that it is the only bribe he has taken. In any representative body a secret and a public vote will produce quite different results. Which result gives the better indication of what men really think? To add to the authority of a legislature, more especially as against the executive, a system of secret voting in the House is a first and decisive step.

Last of all comes the question of the public payroll. That socialism, or anything like socialism, is incompatible in the long run with democracy is tolerably obvious. What the remedy is to be is appreciably less obvious. It would be simple to propose an amendment to the Constitution by which the number of persons publicly employed should be limited to a certain proportion of the voting public. That, however, would hardly achieve the end in view. For the line is not so easy to draw. Those employed by a private corporation which is wholly or even mostly engaged on government contract, are hardly to be distinguished, for this purpose, from those whose public employment is direct. To preserve democracy in anything like its present form—still more, to revive its energies—the need is not so much to restrict the numbers on the payroll as to limit the total cost of administration. The problem is too large for discussion here—it might almost be the subject for a book—but there are grounds, surely, for concluding that the governmental share of the national income has increased, is increasing, is likely to increase still more—and ought to be drastically diminished.

The price of democracy, it has been said, is eternal vigilance. Is that a price the American public is willing to pay? There are forces today which tend to preserve democracy, the disappearance of the proletariat being the chief of these. There are forces which tend to swamp it, of which public extravagance is perhaps the most dangerous. But this much is certain: that the democracy which merely drifts, swayed this way and that by technical development and cyclical trend, is no longer dynamic and no longer even alive. It cannot be sustained, still less can it be improved, without constant effort and constant care. A written constitution is a life belt to which the exhausted can cling; it is not, in itself, an aid to further progress. In most countries the traffic police are not unreasonably suspicious of motor vehicles manufactured much before 1930. They demand some test of their roadworthiness before admitting them into the stream of modern traffic. For a machinery of government perfected in 1789 a test at least as stringent might well be devised; and it would be odd indeed if no overhaul was ever found to be advisable. It is one thing to say that what has lasted for 170 years must have been soundly designed in the first place. It is quite another to conclude that what has lasted so long with such trifling repair, can last, unadjusted, forever.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Parkinson, C. Northcote
The Evolution of Political Thought
Houghton
$5.00

Parkinson, C. Northcote
The Law and the Profits
Houghton
$3.50

Barzun, Jacques
The House of Intellect
Harper
$5.00

Kelley, Stanley Jr.
Professional Public Relations and Political Power
Johns Hopkins
$4.50

The Snowbound Jury (Continued from Page 30)

Understandably this made Banlon wonder. He opened the cab door of the plow. "Then what's that jug on the floor?" he asked.

"Antifreeze," said Scooch.

"Antifreeze my aspergillum," said Banlon, a churchgoer familiar with the nomenclature. "Give me them ignition keys."

All Scooch could think of was that he would lose his chauffeur's license, which meant no more fifty cents an hour and no more rye. He panicked and stamped on the starter.

"Oh, no you don't!" roared Banlon. He jumped into his prowl car fast and swung it in front of the plow.

This was unfortunate, because Scooch had the plow in low gear and he picked up Banlon's rear bumper on his blade and rammed the police car into the drift so deep that it went almost out of sight. Banlon had to climb out of it by way of a rear door, and even before he looked at the fenders he was cross. "You done that on purpose," he said, "you little weasel face."

"I didn't neither," answered Scooch, "as the Lord is my jedge."

"Your judge is going to be the justice of the peace in Tongorville," said Banlon, "and the charge now includes evading arrest, resisting an officer in the performance of his duty and damaging state property."

He drove Scooch into town in the plow and jailed him, which meant giving him over into the custody of Alton Van Kleek, our supervisor at the time, because we didn't have a jail.

Next morning Alton Van Kleek phoned me at seven o'clock, keening like a loon. "Skunk," he asked me, "you looked out your window yet?"

"You know darned well I haven't," I said. "I'm a distinguished member of the bar, not a dairy farmer with a barnful of cows requiring matutinal ablution and manipulation."

"Well, pull up your shade," said Van Kleek. "It snowed all night again. Powder snow too. We got ten inches slippery as grease on Front Street, the township roads are drifting, the plow is impounded and I got Scooch under lock and key because that fool of a Banlon pinched him for driving while under the influence of liquor. As if he's ever driven any other way!"

"Run the plow yourself," I suggested. "Fresh air is good for you."

"Don't be as big a fool as Banlon. Nobody in the county can run that lousy plow except Scooch."

That woke me up. It was true. Our plow was only a secondhand dump truck with chains on the wheels and a load of shale for traction. The blade and its controls were homemade, something the boys down to Clem Posswosser's garage ran up with an oxyacetylene torch, and everything had been busted, patched, bent, straightened, bolted and welded so many times that only Scooch knew the combination. For that matter, he was the only man who could even get the motor started. He heated the block with a blowtorch on zero mornings, which set the carburetor afire now and then, but was effective if the probability of an explosion did not deter you.

"Call Banlon and tell him he's got to drop the charges," I said. "If he hates people, tell him it's life and death for our layers and our cows."

"I been calling him all night, and he says if I ring once more he'll run me in for attempting to obstruct justice."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"You're the best lawyer in Tongorville, ain't you? Anyhow, the only lawyer. Phone the D.A. in Kingston. Tell him to quash, or whatever they call it, the way he done the time they had old Grandpa Nebb up for rape on his hundredth birthday."

"That wasn't a bona fide charge," I pointed out. "Clem and the boys down at the garage just wanted to pay Grandpa a little birthday compliment. But I'll try."

Nestor Crotchill, the district attorney, had a phone beside his bed. "Nes," I said, "this is Skunk Hasbrouck out in Tongorville. An overzealous minion of the law has jailed the only citizen we have who can run our snowplow, and if the plow doesn't start clearing these roads in a matter of hours, by this afternoon at the latest nobody is going to find us until spring. By then we'll be bleached bones. Can you get our boy off the hook, please?"

"Oh, certainly," said Crotchill. "It will call for some slight sacrifice, of course. If I interfere and the Democrats hear about it, they'll tag me as a corrupt official and I won't be re-elected in November, but what do I care about my career or my wife and three children with braces on their teeth?"

He hung up.

I called back for another twenty cents' worth. "Nes," I said, "the culprit is Scooch Schoonmaker. Everybody in town is his first cousin. We loyal Republicans of Tongorville will re-elect you, I guarantee it, but how can we do it if we're too snow-blind to see your name on the ballot?"

"You're threatening me," said Crotchill, "you bachelor."

He may not have said bachelor, but we had a bad connection. "I'm just reminding you," I said, "of harsh political realities."

"H'm. Maybe there is something I can do," said the district attorney, whistling in another key. "This thing will be tried before your local J.P. Is he honest?"

"Elmendorft Osterhoudt is as honest as the day is long," I said, "but the days are short at this time of year, and Elmendorft has eight thousand leghorns he can't truck feed to unless the roads stay open. I think (*Continued on Page 54*)

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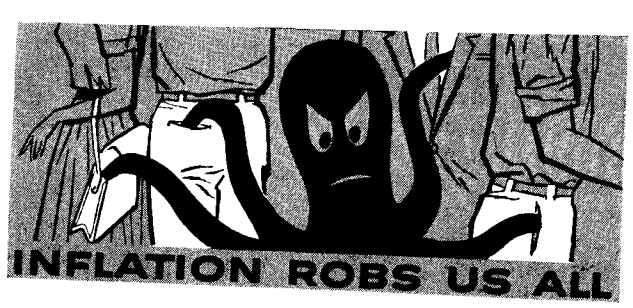

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(*Continued from Page 55*) asked you to examine him for signs of intoxication. Did you do so?"

"I did," replied the doctor.

"What test or tests did you perform?"

"I asked him to try to touch the tip of his nose with his fingers," Abrams smiled. "He missed it by a foot, I'm sorry to say."

"The man needs glasses," I said. "What other tests did you make?"

"I had him try to walk a crack in the floor. The best he could do was squat on one."

"Doctor," I said, "isn't it true that the only acceptable scientific test for intoxication is a test to determine the amount of alcohol in the blood stream?"

"That is correct," said Abrams.

I knew he hadn't taken a blood test because he hadn't needed to, and he knew that I knew, but he was too honorable a scientist and too kindly a person to say so. Also he wanted Scooch freed, if I could possibly get him off, so he could make his calls.

"Then the fact of the matter," I said, "is that there is no scientific evidence for intoxication at all. You may step down, doctor. That is all."

This was better than a reasonable doubt. But I took a look at the jury. The four drys hadn't listened to one word. They were so eager to say "Guilty" they already had their mouths open.

I reached up and scratched my bald spot with my left hand, and as I turned back to my place I saw Clem Posswosser fade out the door of the hall.

Willoughby Krum made a peroration that was his opening speech all over again. It stressed red-eyed monsters and women unsafe in their homes. But it went on and on, and that was all to the good—the longer the better. When Krum finally took his chair, I made my own summation, stretching it out—with one eye on the wall clock.

Clem, powdered with snow, came back into the hall. "Judge," he called up the aisle to the J.P., "excuse me fer buttin' in, but these folks best come take a look if they want to git home today."

People turned on their chairs.

"Clem," said the justice of the peace sternly, "we don't want any of your jokes at this time."

"Some joke," said Clem. "Looks like the garages over to Peekamoose and Sundown is out of tire chains same's I am. Either that or we had a Indian raid. Anyhow, somebody has stole the chains off'n every car on the street." He nodded grimly at Banlon. "Yours, too, trooper."

People pelted for the street, shoving arms into Mackinaws and coats. The fine, floury snow was coming down like sprayed whitewash, but visibility was good enough for those who had cars parked at the curb to see that their chains were gone. The four drys, I was gratified to see, were among their number, Banlon no doubt having promised them that the state would fill their gasoline tanks if they appeared in court. I heard that Sadie Pause used an expletive that had not passed her lips since her hay-spangled adolescence.

"Better see if you can get 'em moving, folks," I shouted. "This snow's deep."

But I didn't need to plant the suggestion in their heads. Starters were already grinding—yah, yah, yah. Sadie Pause, in her prim green sedan, was the first to get her motor started. Her rear wheels spun like electric fans, drenching Willoughby Krum with twenty pounds of snow as he followed Banlon across the sidewalk. Then the green sedan executed the prettiest piece of penmanship you ever saw, skidding in tight loops, across the street, up over the curb on the far side and across the walk. There came a crash of shattering glass.

"That's a show window," commented Clem, standing beside me. He took a pinch of snuff. "Got the dime store, she did."

Ralph Cripe, the assistant pharmacist, had a 1927 roadster with a cloth top and new tires. Cripe got traction and backed away from the curb just as B. B. Fimple's pickup came spinning at him like a pinwheel. The two machines bumped, head to tail. Fimple's pickup stalled. Cripe's slid. Front Street has a six- or seven-degree pitch—we don't have a level street in town—and the roadster went right on sliding, slow at first, then faster and faster. The last we saw of Cripe he was coasting past the Bijou Theater, stern-first, his brakes locked, yelling, "Whoa!" and "Help!"

"Reminds me o' them Mack Sennett comedies," remarked Clem. "They was good pitchers. He's headed straight fer Matticum Creek."

Corporal Banlon was a big man, he was mad and his foot on the accelerator was heavy. When the police car's rear wheels stopped spraying snow and took hold, it pirouetted away from the curb like an ice skater in a ballet. By this time the street was full of cars whirling and sliding in every direction—frontward, backward and sideward. Banlon got three of them in a combination shot. He sent one caroming into Diefendorfer's Bakery,

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The best thing for a bald head is a thick skin.
DAN BENNETT

---

another into the frozen forsythia hedge in the park and the third coasting down the slope after Cripe. He also knocked a chicken farmer flat and ran over him; it didn't hurt him much, in that deep, dusty snow, but it sure buried him. We had two fine fist fights going. The minister was trying to stop one by exhortation, and Miss Pardee was trying to stop the other by throwing eggs from Fimple's truck at the participants.

In five minutes, Front Street looked like an auto-wrecker's yard, with cars blocking it at every imaginable angle. They could move, all right, but nobody could say how or where. There was nothing for their owners to do, when they quit cursing each other and falling down, but abandon them where they stood. That was what everybody did, crowding back into the fire hall, asking what to do.

"Hasbrouck," said Corporal Banlon to me, "if I ever find out you arranged this, I'll break every bone in your body one by one!"

"Tut, tut, corporal," I answered, "only Heaven could arrange an object lesson like this for you. Now maybe you'll get it through your thick head that we need our plow. This is winter, and these are the Catskills."

"These are the Catskills," said Willoughby Krum bitterly, "and you can have them."

"You're going to have them for quite a while yourself, counselor," I said. "It looks as if you're spending the winter with us."

The judge was pounding the table with his hammer. "Settle down, settle down, folks," he said. "We got a trial to finish here. We'll get Clem's tow truck and clean up the mess later."

"They stole my chains, too," said Clem. "They ain't no tow truck."

"Jury, be seated. Counsel will instruct you in the law, after which I'll ask for your verdict and pronounce sentence."

"I move for a mistrial, your honor," I said. "We've only got five jurors. Cripe is down in the creek."

"I demand the court replace the absent juror with an alternate," cried Krum, his teeth chattering. A lot of snow was melting inside his shirt.

"O.K.," agreed Osterhoudt, "I'll call a talesman. Mr. Larry Van Tassell, you take Ralph Cripe's place."

"You can't do that!" shrilled Krum. "Mr. Van Tassell was one of defense counsel's character witnesses!"

"Don't tell me what I can do, young fellow," snapped Osterhoudt. "I'm the judge here, and don't you forget it."

We had a jury now in which spiritual as well as physical changes had taken place. We had three pro-Scooch jurors to counterbalance the anti faction. Not only that, but the anti-Scoochers had lost their cozy feeling of brotherly love and cooperation. Out in the street Sadie Pause had bopped Tot Gaines over the head with her handbag for smashing her headlight. Miss Gaines, in turn, had slapped B. B. Fimple for laying hands on a portion of her hip she regarded as sacrosanct while picking her up from a fall in the snow.

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the judge formally, "kindly instruct the jury."

"The law," said my opponent, who had not sat down because of the snow melting in his drawers, "holds that drunken driving is punishable by a fine and a jail sentence up to one year, or both. As prosecutor for the state, I demand that you punish this man as he deserves by sending him to jail for the full term of one year." Strong words, but hollow. The heart had gone out of young Mr. Krum. He wanted to get home to his wife in Kingston.

I took the floor. "However," I said, "even if you find the defendant guilty, there is nothing in the law that says the judge *has* to sentence him to jail."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," asked Osterhoudt, "do you wish to retire?"

We have a kitchen at the rear of the fire hall, behind a partition, where our volunteer firemen steam their clams and cool their beer. Usually our juries retire to the kitchen and drink up all the beer.

"We don't need to retire," spoke up Larry Van Tassell. "Our verdict is Not Guilty."

"Scooch," said the judge, not wasting a second, "get your cap and get out there and onto that plow!"

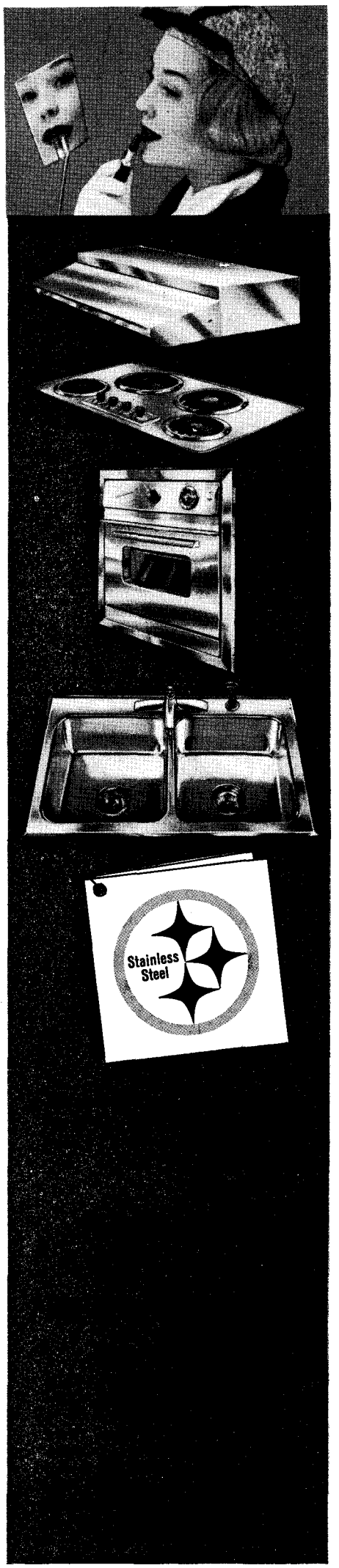
"Yes—yes," said Scooch, the only words he spoke during his entire trial. And out he went, grinning, at a dog trot.

He plowed Banlon and Krum out to the highway, too, as soon as he was done with Front Street, just to show there were no hard feelings.

Oh, me, oh, my. . . . All of this was a long time ago. My bald spot is no longer premature, women of forty look like teen-agers to me nowadays, and from time to time I even catch myself in the act of philosophizing. Out of the trench of manure soars the pure delphinium; out of alluvial wickedness sprouts virtue. In the case of New York vs. Schoonmaker I was a scoundrel, Clem Posswosser was a thief—he never did give back those chains he and the boys did such a fast job of snatching; he sold everybody a new set—and the jury put getting home before dark above community morality.

But Scooch, the culprit, was so deeply moved by our appreciation of his services that he swore off liquor. Today he never touches the stuff.

A shame too. That apple he used to get for me from his cousin out in the woods was the best I ever tasted, and it only cost me two bucks a gallon. THE END



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The Intrusive Stranger

(Continued from Page 23)

Embarrassed and angry, she drew back into her apartment and quickly lowered the blind as the piano across the street sang out with a one-fingered *ta ta-ta tee-tee—tum-tum.*

Fairly seething, she put on a sweater and slacks and went down to the first floor. She rang her super's bell and asked who lived in the sixth-floor front across the street.

"Now let me think," said the super, stroking his chin. "Mr. Jalna, the super over there, he told me about the lady in that front apartment. He asked her not to play late, the same as—you know."

"Lady?" Mara said, vastly surprised.

"A widow lady. She gives piano lessons. The landlord made her take a studio somewhere to teach. Now I remember—Mrs. Peters is her name. A fine little widow lady, Mr. Jalna says."

Mara returned to her own flat and sat for a long time, hoping to hear the piano across the street again. It couldn't be a woman—not that fiend. Something was very wrong. She went to bed feeling restless and strange.

The next morning she pretended to be ill—the first time she'd done it to Delicious-O. But not until nearly eleven o'clock could she bring herself to sit at the piano, although her justification for skipping work was that she simply had to practice. When she finally began, she held her breath and listened, stopping occasionally. But there was no mocking, and she was disgusted with herself.

She practiced with utter abandon until twelve-thirty, then ate a boiled egg and some coleslaw from a delicatessen jar before continuing. It must have been two o'clock when the diabolical kibitzing started again. She was playing the Liszt, once more doggedly closing in on the elusive cadenza when she heard the piano across the street—a demonic overtone to her own music. She plunged headlong into the cadenza, ascending the thing easily, to her amazement, and then stumbling pathetically at the very top. When she stumbled, she stopped—and there it was coming through her window.

"That's enough!" she cried aloud. "That's just darn well enough!"

She strode into the bathroom, touched up her face and went downstairs. As she crossed the street, a taxi honked loudly at her. "Go honk at yourself," she cried and entered the foyer of Mr. Jalna's apartment house, scanning the row of names. She rang the Peters bell and waited impatiently for the buzzer to let her in, then went up in the elevator.

At 6-A she rang again, and her knees weakened ever so slightly. The door opened. "Yes?" said a young man. He was nearly six feet tall, slim and plainly self-assured.

"Oh!" she said. "Is this Mrs. Peters' apartment?"

"I am her son," the young man said. "Roger Peters. Won't you come in? My mother will be home soon."

"I live across the street," she said, "opposite you ——"

"I know," he said, holding the door open wider. "You are Miss Mara Lloyd."

She was inside before she realized it. She hadn't intended to come in; she was just going to tell this character off.

"Won't you sit down, Mara?" he said. "Can I give you some coffee or sherry?"

"How do you know my name?" she managed to ask.

"Max, at the corner delicatessen, told me. I asked him who you were—last week. Coffee or ——"

"Nothing, thank you. Perhaps it's you I came to see instead of your mother," she said, trying to regain aplomb. "About the piano. Why do you mock me?"

"Dear lady," he said, amazed, "I wasn't mocking you. I was just—well ——" He held his hands out and shrugged, grinning sheepishly.

"Well what?"

"You are very beautiful," he answered slowly. She felt herself redden—but with anger, not embarrassment. "I've known so few really attractive girls who play the piano, and—well ——"

"Mr. Peters, I did not come here to be told any such nonsense as that. I want to know why you mock me."

"To be perfectly honest, Mara—may I call you Mara?"

"You may call me Miss Lloyd. Now, to be perfectly honest?"

"I was trying to attract your attention. That's all. I can see that I succeeded—but in the wrong way."

"Mr. Peters," she said quickly, "I know that I am not an accomplished pianist. You are very good, and I admire your ability. But I hope you will leave me alone in the future. I am trying to learn that Liszt piece for a special reason. My teacher is an old man who lives alone up in Riverdale. I am his only pupil. In the past he has taught famous pianists, but he is old now and practically retired. He is very lonely, and I am trying to learn that cadenza in order to play it for his birthday next week. That may sound silly to you; but if you knew Professor Waronowicz, you'd understand."

"Waronowicz?" he said. "Hans Joseph Waronowicz? From Vienna?"

"None other," she said proudly. "You have heard of him?"

"I certainly have. He is still famous in Vienna. I have been over there studying the past two years and I have often heard of him."

She struggled for another recovery, but stood like a ninny completely off balance as he went to the piano. It was a beautiful studio grand, exquisite and shiny in almost-black mahogany.

"Do you know this piece?" he said without looking up. Then he began playing a nocturne that she recognized instantly. It was one of Professor Waronowicz's compositions, a little-known work that she admired greatly. The professor had played it for her a number of times, and she had wanted to learn it, but had been told that she was too young. The idea nettled her, and once she had sight-read a few measures of it from the professor's hand-written score when he was out of the studio. He had returned in a fury, insisting bitterly that she must not try it until she was much, much older. His eccentricity, however, had only sharpened her interest in it. But the piece had never been published in this country, so she hadn't been able to buy it.

She now stood transfixed as Roger Peters played the curious nocturne. His technique was flawless, but the perfectly marvelous aspect was his interpretation. She wondered what the professor would have said, and decided that the old man would have disliked it, although she was not sure why. When Roger finished he looked up at her again, smiling.

"That was beautiful," she admitted.

"My teacher in Vienna once studied under Waronowicz. That's how I happen to know it. He must be quite a character. I've heard that his son-in-law makes him live alone in a private house somewhere because he still insists on practicing every morning at sunrise."

"Up in Riverdale," she said. "I go there once a week."

"You're very lucky to know him. I envy you, Mara."

"Miss Lloyd," she said stoutly.

"Will you have some coffee now?"

"No, thank you. Mr. Peters, learning that cadenza by next weekend is very important to me. Will you please have a heart and leave me alone?"

He rose from the piano bench and took a step toward her. "Forgive me," he said. "I meant no offense, honestly. I wanted to meet you. I tried to talk to you in the stationery store on Sixth Avenue the other day, but you cut me off."

"I must go now. Thank you for playing the nocturne." She turned and went through the door quickly, hurrying down the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. When she reached home her phone was ringing, and she was not at all surprised when she discovered who it was.

"This is Roger Peters, Miss Lloyd. Please don't hang up."

"Why not?" she said.

"Will you go someplace with me this evening?"

"No," she said abruptly.

"Over near Washington Square—someone I know is preparing a Town Hall recital and wants to play for an audience. It will be a small group. He's going to play the *Waldstein* and the *Appassionata.*"

"Mr. Peters," she said, "I will ask you again, as civilly as I can, to leave me alone."

He hesitated for a moment before answering. "It's really my own recital, Mara," he said. "I'm trying to decide which of the Beethoven sonatas to use, and I'd love for you to hear me play them. But I won't beg." He hesitated again, and she did not respond. She was frozen to the telephone—frozen silent. "All right," he said. "Would you take me to meet Waronowicz some time?"

She summoned all her strength. "No, Mr. Peters," she answered with finality. "I have work to do. I wish you well with your recital and thank you for the invitation, but the answer is definitely no." Then she placed the phone into its cradle, wishing she had slammed it, but knowing that she had done well even to hang up, for he was very attractive despite the fact that he was a six-foot man. She sank into the sofa and wept, angry with herself for crying and torn with frustration.

Suddenly the phone rang again. She sprang from the sofa and grabbed it viciously. "Now listen here," she said, "I told you no, and I meant no!"

"Mara, my dear, what is wrong?" asked the professor plaintively. "They told me at your office that you were sick."

"Oh, it's you," she said.

"Certainly it is me. Don't sound so disappointed. Who were you expecting, that you would jump at me through the telephone like a tigress, Mara?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought it was that idiot across the street."

"Is he still intimidating you, my dear, and making you sick?"

"He certainly is. Such a conceited ass I've never seen before."

"And you say he plays well, Mara?"

"He's preparing a Town Hall recital."

"So?" said the professor, his voice kindled with interest.

She paused, trying to let herself cool. Then she heard the piano across the street. "He's playing your *B-Flat Nocturne* right now," she said, dismayed.

"He cannot," the professor cried. "My *B-Flat* he cannot play, Mara!"

"But I've already heard him, and now he's playing it again."

"No, no, no! My *C Minor* he can play, a young man—but under forty years of age he cannot have the experiences and know the wondrous complications of the nighttime to play my *B-Flat Nocturne!* That is why I would not give it to you, my dear. This callow boy is not capable either, and I will thank him to stop making a young ass of himself."

The professor paused for breath, and Mara stood holding the telephone tightly. An idea as fiendish as anything Roger Peters could think up began to form in her mind. "He says your *B-Flat* is easy," she began tentatively.

"He does, does he?"

"He has heard of you," she went on. "In Vienna. He has been studying over there."

"He has, has he?"

"He wants me to bring him up to meet you sometime."

"Then bring him!" cried the professor. "I will give him a going over like he never got in his impudent life before. You know how mean I can be, Mara."

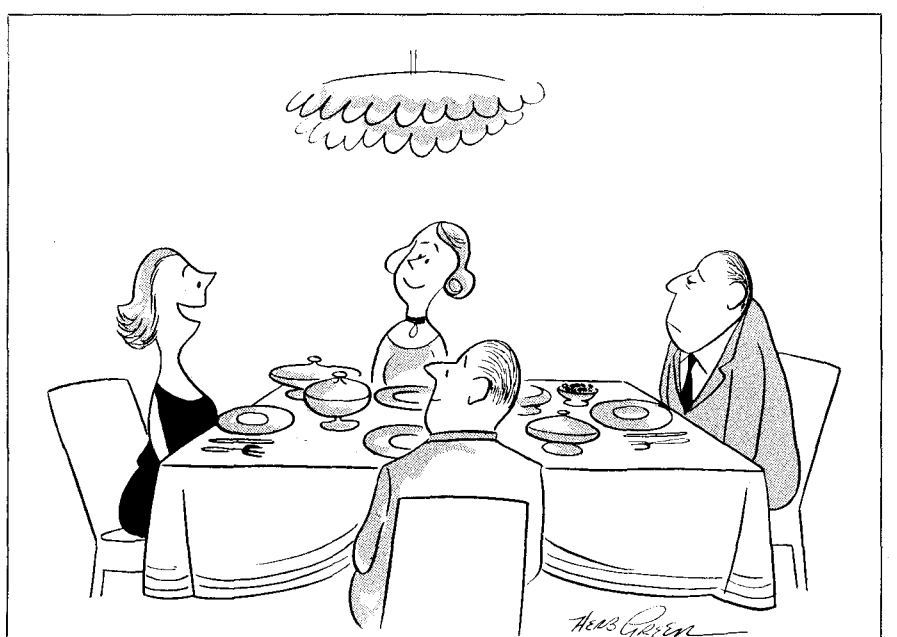
"Yes, I certainly do," she said, beginning to grin. She could already see the professor going into one of his scolding rages, yanking the spectacles off his nose and pointing them like a crooked finger of scorn, screaming vituperation at Roger Peters' musical puerility. "Perhaps I will sometime," she said.

"I will fix his—how do you say it, Mara?"

"Little red wagon," she answered.

"Yes. His Soviet little wagon. Playing my *B-Flat*, indeed!"

She did not try to practice until she knew that Roger Peters had gone to Washington (*Continued on Page 60*)



"We were planning to have venison, but fortunately Waldo shot a cow."

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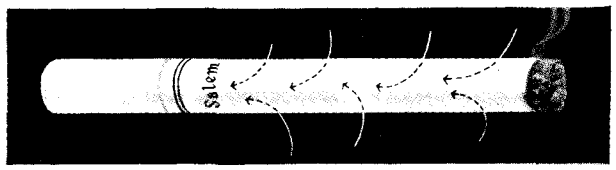

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Square for the evening. And then she went back to work on the Liszt. She played toward the cadenza without a suggestion of apprehension; and to her amazement she went through it without a bobble. She was enchanted.

The next day at her office she worked with brisk efficiency, easily making up for her day's absence, and went home in the best of spirits. But when she closed the door behind her and opened the window for air, she heard the piano across the street and actually felt sick. Roger Peters was playing the professor's *B-Flat Nocturne*. She listened, and although she had certainly not had forty years of nighttime experiences, she believed she could sense in the music the nuances of romantic meaning the old professor had stored there. And it was truly pathetic for this immature boy to be trying to tap them—as though vintage wine could be savored through a soda straw.

And as she listened she wondered what kind of experiences Roger Peters had had, and during how many years of nighttimes. And then she grew disgusted with herself. She kicked off her shoes and removed her dress, realizing that the fiend was all set to torment her throughout the evening.

Instead of going to the piano, she looked up Roger's number. She heard the phone ring across the street when she had dialed. "Hello," he said.

"Mr. Peters? This is Miss Lloyd, across the street."

"Oh, hello." She could almost see his face light up, his cocksure smile imbued with the secret knowledge he believed he possessed. Anger shot through her.

"I'm ready to strike a bargain with you," she said.

"You are?" Now he was off balance, and she felt wickedly pleased.

"If you will lay off the piano every evening between six-thirty and nine-thirty, I'll take you to meet Professor Waronowicz a week from Saturday."

"You will, Mara?" The way he said it was proof positive of his inability to play the *B-Flat Nocturne*—so boyish. "Wonderful," he added. "I'll behave myself, I promise. How about a hamburger later? After nine-thirty?"

"No, thank you," she said. "Some people are coming over, and I'll be busy. A playwright friend from England. Good night, Mr. Peters."

Saturday was brilliantly sunny. Roger called her before noon and said he'd like to run his car through the minute wash and asked what time were they going. She said they'd leave at half past two; and when she met him downstairs, his car proved to be a bright red little foreign job. "I never saw one this color," she said. "Do they charge you full price for washing it?"

"A truck got too close to her once, and she had to have a paint job, so I decided to paint her crimson. Mother calls her my little red wagon."

Mara covered her smile quickly, got in the car and watched with amusement as he squirmed behind the wheel.

"You're pretty tall for such a tiny car," she said.

"I ignore all cracks about Daphne," he replied, grinning. "You look wonderful in my car," he added, letting out the clutch. "Daphne is a perfect color for you. Max tells me you come from Nebraska."

As they drove, he told her several other things that he had learned about her from the delicatessen proprietor. Her father was a prosperous farmer near Lincoln, and her brother was a lawyer in Des Moines who disliked the idea of his little sister's living in wicked Greenwich Village. She frequently went into the delicatessen with books under her arm.

He asked her many questions about the professor and he talked most charmingly—not at all like the kind of person who deserved the fate she had arranged for him. But this was mere surface charm. Underneath, she knew, was a clown whose own antics had brought him to this perilous threshold.

The professor was sitting in a wicker chair on his porch. The lower half of his face was sternly decked with a sparse goatee, and the upper half was red and almost pleasant, with shaggy puffs of white hair on each side of his bald pate. He peered over his spectacles, frowning at the car. He looked perfectly fierce, Mara thought, and she was delighted.

"So, young man," he said to Roger when they were settled inside, "you studied under Franz Wakeman in Vienna. He was once a student of mine—he must be sixty by now."

"Yes, sir. He has often spoken of you. I will write him that I've met you. He'll be delighted. He taught me several of your compositions."

"He did, did he?" said the professor. "That is very interesting."

Mara admired Roger's easy manner with the professor, but she knew that he was a sitting duck, for it was plain that the old man was seething.

She left them together and went into the kitchen, where she brewed a pot of tea and took out the cake and stuck candles into it. She believed the professor had been so intent upon the young man he was prepared to desiccate that he hadn't even noticed the box.

An old-timer is one who remembers when people aimed to get to Heaven instead of to the moon.

KATE M. OWNBY

She lighted the candles and went into the parlor singing *Happy Birthday*. The professor was embarrassed, but a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Thank you, Mara," he said.

"I have another surprise for you, after we've had tea and cake. But first you have to blow."

"I could not do that—I am too old to wish. Only hard work will make things come true. Let the young man blow."

"Well," Roger said brightly. "I'm foolish enough to wish." He leaned over and blew out the candles.

Mara hurried into the kitchen for the tea tray, noticing the professor's deep scowl. He did not like such a youngster to be so relaxed in his presence. The stage was perfectly set. She wished she had a recorder hidden near the piano to take down the impending crucifixion.

After tea she rose and said, "Now for my big surprise. Come into the studio." Her heart thumped, and she tried frantically to remember the feeling she'd had lately while playing the Liszt. Roger and the professor followed her.

She spun the stool to the proper height, squared her shoulders, squeezed her hands into fists to steady them and began to play. She put every ounce of strength she could summon into it; and as she neared the cadenza she flipped a switch that she hadn't known she possessed until this very moment. She mentally remarked upon her bravery, her courage, to be doing this not only for the professor but in the presence of the menace from across the street. Then she heard herself go into the cadenza, and some part of her stood off and listened with critically admiring appreciation as the notes rippled not unlike the cathedral bells she'd heard when Roger played it; and she went right through the cadenza into the next movement and toward the end, as happy as she had ever been.

"Splendid, Mara!" cried the professor. "I can see you have been working hard, not blowing candles! But listen carefully, and I will show you how to subdue the cadenza. You put too much emphasis on it; you are not practicing your scales when you play it—you are only filling in a background moment that is at best rococo. And you must never emphasize it. Here, like this."

But the old man's criticism was merely a futile chip in the stream of her self-satisfaction. Although he played the piece for her, she could not really hear the difference. When the professor had finished, he gave her a triumphant nod, then turned to Roger.

"Perhaps you will honor us with something, young man. I will see how good a teacher is Franz Wakeman."

"I'd love to play for you," Roger said easily, moving toward the piano.

"You say," said the professor, "you learned my compositions in Vienna?" He paused, glanced grimly at Mara and then suggested blandly, "I would be flattered if you played one of them."

"How about your *C Minor Nocturne?* It's a particular favorite of mine."

"No, no, my *C Minor* anyone can play. Even my wife could play it," said the professor, his face slowly turning pale with impending rage. "How about my *B-Flat?* Do you happen to play that one, young man?"

"Yes, if you'd like." Roger smiled strangely, fingering a few chords to accustom his hands to the keyboard as Mara held her breath. Then he began to play the introductory notes, touching them delicately, going into the swelling sentiment of the first movement, when the professor shouted into the air.

"Nonsense! Tripe and nonsense, young man! That is not my *B-Flat Nocturne*. Did Franz Wakeman teach you to sneak into my opening as though you were ashamed of love? As though it was a sin to feel romance in your heart? How old are you, young man?"

Roger stared at the professor, then at Mara, his face growing scarlet. "Does my age have anything to do with it?"

"Of course. Obviously! You are too young. You cannot sneak into my first movement as though moonlight was a crime of the devil. Moonlight is a miracle of God, young man. Do not play any more. Please! All right, go ahead and play my *C Minor*."

Mara felt a surge of nausea begin at her toenails and rise up through her body. That she could deliberately have set up such a thing made her sick with herself. She wanted to slap the professor's mouth and then leap off a cliff somewhere.

"But," she cried suddenly, gasping for her words, "how can you be so cruel? This is the very first time Roger has ——"

"Rot and bebop," the professor shouted. His cheeks were puffing in and out. "Roll and rock, Mara! My *B-Flat* is not for boys—and it is not for women of any age. My *B-Flat* is for men!"

She looked again at Roger, whose face was as red as his car. But he was turning to the keyboard once more. "Professor " he said slowly, "I don't really like your *B-Flat*, to tell the truth. It tends to sentimentality, which always brings out the worst in me. But I'd love to play the *Appassionata* for you; I'm working on it for my recital, and I need criticism."

Then, without a word from the professor, he began playing the great Beethoven sonata, and Mara stood like a statue beside the old man, who became a statue himself as they listened. And she knew that Roger Peters was a genius. He was playing the *Appassionata* with only two hands, and she had sometimes wondered if it did not require three. And the professor was moved, for tears were cascading down his puffy jowls.

Roger drove her soberly in his red car back onto the parkway. The sun was very low, and the Palisades cliffs cast shadowy reflections into the Jersey side of the Hudson. Mara was looking at the cliffs, choosing the one she'd like to leap from.

"You've got a lot of moxie," Roger said finally, "to take his carping about your cadenza the way you did. It was just quibbling, you know. I thought you played it perfectly. The old scoundrel." He laughed, but his laugh rang hollow.

"I'm sorry about what happened, Roger," she said. "You played magnificently. He thinks you're wonderful, even if he did scream about the nocturne."

She still felt numb. Roger shrugged, and she glanced at him. He was grinning curiously. "I had heard about his devilish trick from Franz Wakeman. It wasn't any surprise to me. He used to do it in Vienna—when he had a grudge against a young student. He claims nobody under forty is worldly enough to play his foolish *B-Flat Nocturne* and he gives them a scurrilous going over if they try it." Now Roger stopped grinning. "I had it coming to me, Mara. The funny part is that he wrote it when he was twenty-five. I can't figure out why he wanted to rake me over—unless he's jealous because I'm out with you. The old goat."

"How awful," she said weakly. "I mean—part of it was my fault, Roger. I thought he would probably scold you, but I didn't know it was an old trick. I mean, I'm sorry ——"

"Forget it," he said. He drove back down the West Side Highway and through the Nineteenth Street exit. She felt terrible. He stopped beside a fireplug in front of her apartment house.

"You'll get a ticket," she said.

"I'll only be a minute," he answered, hopping out to open the door for her. "Thanks for taking me, Mara. Now we're even, aren't we?" He smiled, but it was an impersonal smile.

"Yes, we are. Good-by, Roger," she said. "I—had a good time."

"I'm glad you did." He drove away, and she went upstairs to her apartment and lay in the gathering dusk beside the telephone, hoping it would ring.

Finally she went to the piano for consolation, but changed her mind before she had struck a note. She returned to the telephone, looking for Roger's number. And as she dialed she felt her anger rising. It was a good feeling. She heard the phone ring across the street and she was ready. If she had to apologize again, she'd do it. But she wouldn't be abject about it, and she'd tell him what she thought about a guy who would walk deliberately into a trap and then get mad about it.

But Roger's mother answered.

"No, he went up to Riverdale this afternoon and hasn't come home yet. Is there any message?"

Suddenly her doorbell buzzed. She knew that Roger had parked his car and returned. "No, there's no message," she said with quick excitement. "Thank you very, very much."

And back in Riverdale the professor was staring out of his studio window into the moonlit evening, muttering to himself. *That young fellow has a rabbit's foot by the tail. He does not know what sentimental means. Only someone like Mara can teach him what he needs to know. Such a lovely girl. Maybe even before he is forty he can play my* B-Flat Nocturne.

THE END

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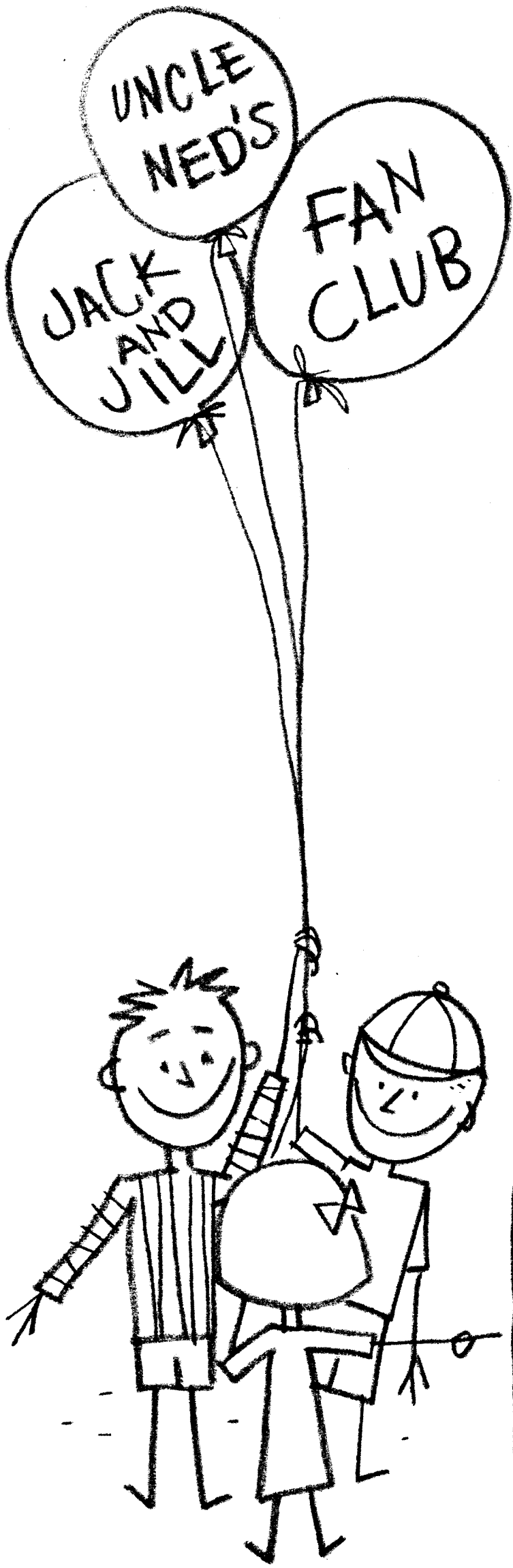

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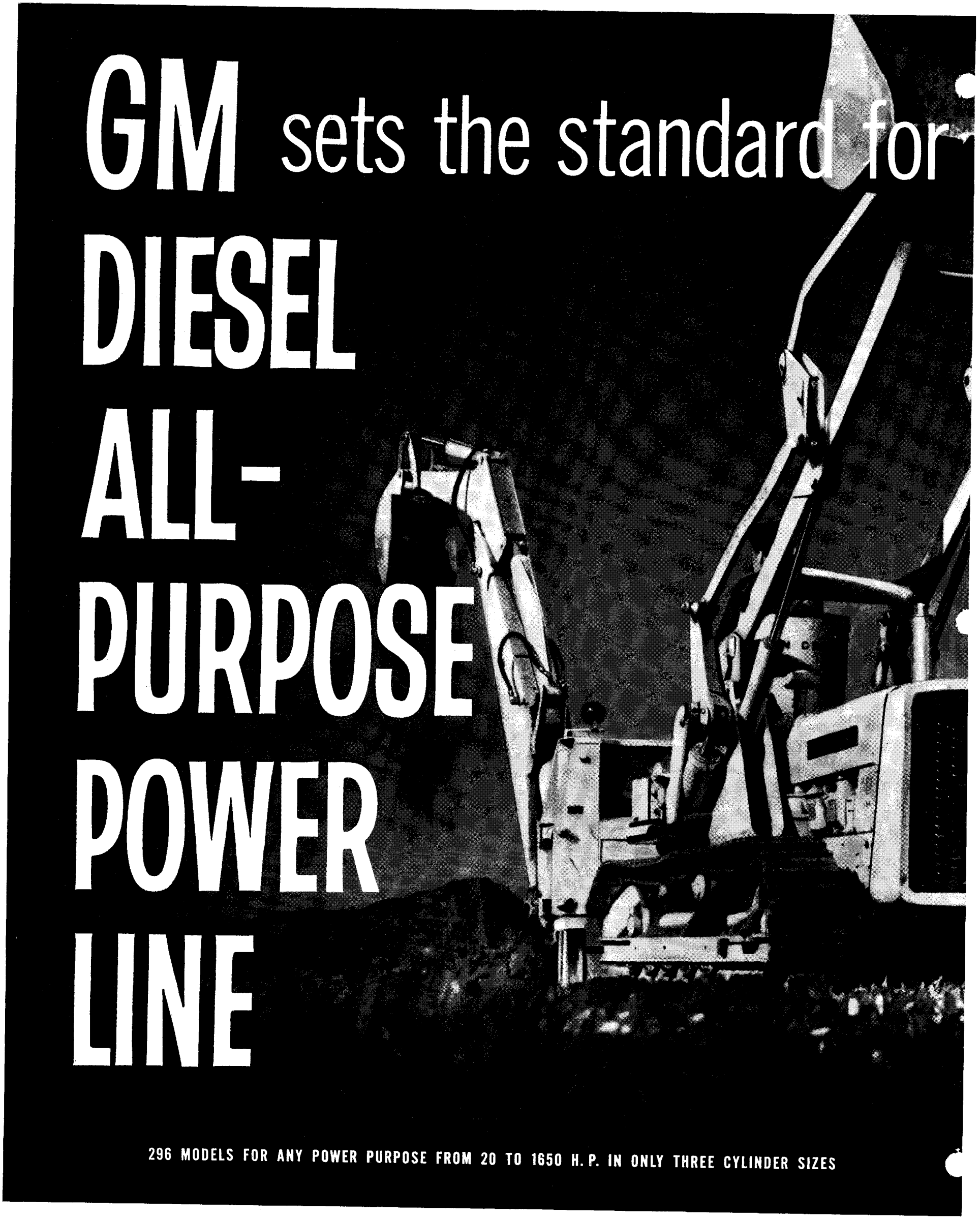

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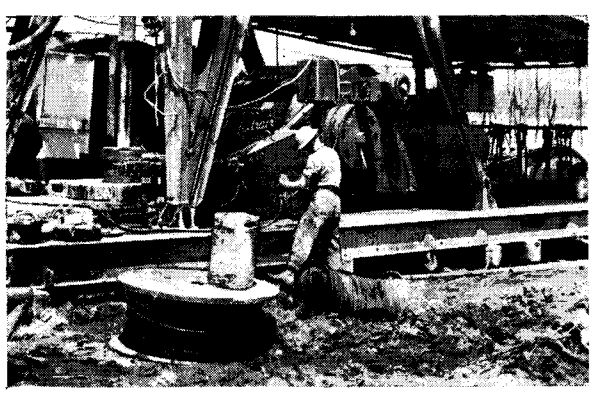

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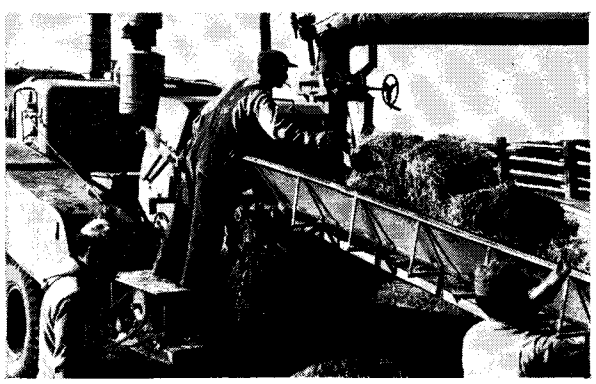

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The Strange Case of West Virginia

(Continued from Page 20)

Even coal, that staple of industry which has been the backbone of the state's economy for so long, has developed a schizoid nature. Although West Virginia is still the nation's biggest producer of soft coal, it has remained so only at the cost of a gigantic, state-wide headache. In the last ten years, mechanization of the mines, carried out with the approval of both the operators and the union, has toppled the working force from 117,000 to less than 40,000 men. Scores of ghost towns have sprung up like mushrooms across the state, and thousands of men, especially those over forty, have no further prospects of re-employment in the industry.

And yet more coal is being produced and sold than ever before. Furthermore, those who produce it are receiving the highest wages of any industrial workers in the country—approximately twenty-five dollars a day. Incredible as it seems, some miners are actually working overtime!

To a casual visitor many of West Virginia's towns *look* depressed. In general, there are few of the modern buildings one sees in other cities—the new motels, restaurants, shopping centers, schools and public buildings that have sprung up since World War II.

In testimony before the congressional committee mentioned earlier, the head of the state's Industrial and Publicity Commission, Don Crislip, declared, "We have failed to attract diversified industry because we have let our roads, our schools, our communities and our homes slip both in efficiency and appearance."

Although the natural beauty of West Virginia has far from slipped—every corner of the state has stunning scenery—there are few of the facilities which the average American tourist has come to expect when on vacation.

In beautifully situated Bluefield, for example, a mountain city with high unemployment, but one of the finest climates in the East, I suggested to one of the town's leading citizens that tourism might be a good industry to take up the slack. "What are you going to do with people when you get them here?" he asked with a shrug. "There's not a first-class restaurant in town, and you can't buy a drink at a bar."

It is one of the prime paradoxes of this paradoxical state, of course, that not many miles from Bluefield lies one of the most famous tourist resorts in all America—the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs.

Possibly from a sense of guilt that the state should produce such startling contrasts, as well as from the flood of criticism recently encountered, West Virginians have acquired a high degree of sensitivity. And one of the things they dislike most is being called a hillbilly, rather than a mountaineer. The former is a fighting word, except, of course, when used by close friends. A student tried to explain the difference to me and then gave up. "Let's put it this way," he said. "A hillbilly lies under a tree, and a mountaineer sits on the porch. It's all very touchy."

Another highly articulate observer of the local scene, West Virginia University's young librarian, Bob Munn, summed up what he called the state's "tremendous defense mechanism" by saying, "We either take the tack that we're no good and that there's no use trying, or that we have the best state in the union."

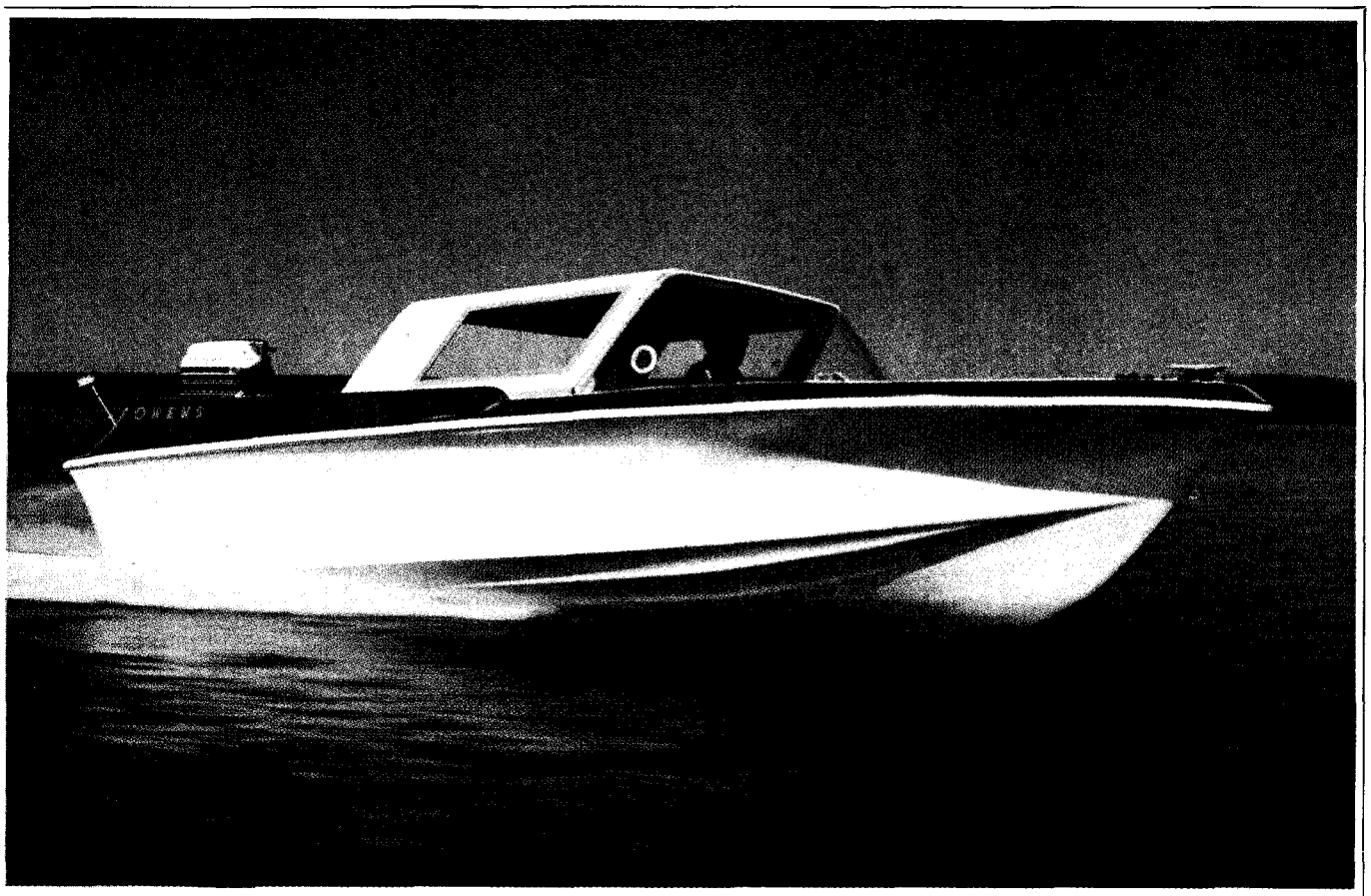
The seat of this excellent university, incidentally, is in Morgantown, the first town I hit when I drove into the state. I found it still smarting under the impact of a national telecast which focused on Morgantown as one of America's most depressed cities.

"Of course there's unemployment," said Jim McCartney, genial director of its chamber of commerce, "but there are also lots of people working." He pointed to the new $30,000,000 hospital and medical center being built at the university. "Things aren't so bad when they can do that," he said.

From the point of view of Jim McCartney and other town boosters, insult was added to injury when, after viewing the telecast, a Maryland high-school class took up a collection and sent fourteen dollars to the "stricken city." The gesture may have been unappreciated by some, but Lt. Marshall Clary of the Salvation Army, to whom the money was turned over, was happy to get it.

Shortly after the controversial television program, for example, Lieutenant Clary was called to Grafton late one night, where he found a mother and ten children living in one room. The mother was ill with influenza, and all the children had chicken pox. The father, an ex-miner, was away in New Jersey looking for work. Food, clothing and medicine were needed in the Grafton household fast, and Lieutenant Clary was grateful for the Maryland school children's gift. It helped him provide the necessary relief.

Unlike the mother in Grafton, other impoverished West Virginia mothers, caught up in what Dr. Leo Fishman, the university's leading economist, calls



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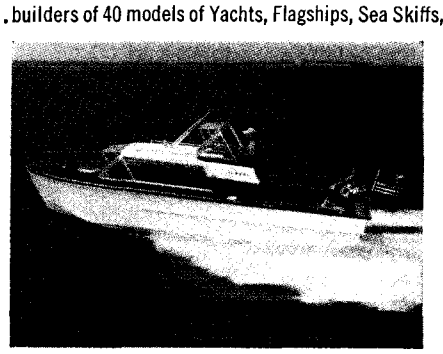

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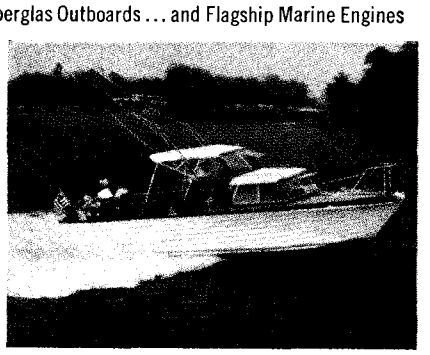

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"conditions approximating the worst years of the depression," have connived with their husbands to set up desertion proceedings. Under state law, no family is eligible for assistance if there is an employable male in the household, no matter how impossible it is for him to find work.

Mrs. Elsie Baber, a worker in the state's Department of Public Assistance, gave me an example of how this works. Recently a family—man, wife and six children—came to her office in Morgantown looking for help. Fifty years old, the father had been let out of the mines a year ago and found it impossible at his age to get any other kind of work. After exhausting his unemployment security, as well as his other resources, he had turned to the state. Mrs. Baber found it necessary to explain to him that as long as he was technically employable, she could not help him.

A few weeks later the mother returned—without her husband. He had, she said hesitantly, "deserted" her. When told that she could not qualify for relief unless she swore out a warrant for his arrest, tears came to her eyes. She said nothing, looked at her children and then at Mrs. Baber. Finally, with what was obviously an inner struggle, she agreed to do it.

Mrs. Baber, a motherly person who herself has five children and was once chosen West Virginia's Mother of the Year, confessed that she was so upset by the capricious quirks of the state's relief laws that she had decided to quit her job. She was particularly distressed by what she called "West Virginia's encouragement of illegitimacy." Under state law the more children a mother has, the more money she can get—provided, of course, there's no husband around to support her. With six illegitimate children, a woman can draw up to $165 a month in state funds. "Some women," she said, "make a career of it!"

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This unhappy state of affairs, of course, is far from the complete picture of Morgantown. Those who like to believe that there's nothing wrong with the town that a "little gumption" won't fix, point to a remarkable man from Ohio by the name of J. Wesley Ruby. At the beginning of World War II Mr. Ruby rode into Morgantown and, with fifteen other men, started making plumbing fixtures in an old factory. Today he has 2000 people working for him and is far and away the largest employer in the area. A living example of what can be done in diversification and in getting away from the tyranny of a single industry—coal—Mr. Ruby insists people must get into other fields.

"There's nothing wrong with the people," he says. "They're intelligent and conscientious and want to give a day's work for a day's pay."

Any unbiased observer must agree that Mr. Ruby is right about the people. Largely native-born, Anglo-Saxon stock, they strike the visitor as gentle, proud, polite and full of kindness to strangers. I heard of a touching example of this in Charleston during the height of the nation's integration violence.

A few days before Christmas an elderly Negro had come to town to buy a Christmas gift during the evening shopping hours. He was driving down one of the main streets in his old model car, making scant progress in the bumper-to-bumper traffic. Suddenly his tire blew out. He managed to draw to the side and park in front of a locksmith's shop. Agitated because he was unable to fix the tire himself, he went off in search of a repairman.

The locksmith, standing in front of his shop with a friend, took in the incident and decided to do something about it. Using a skeleton key, he opened the trunk of the car, found a spare tire and replaced the damaged one. He locked the trunk up again and returned to his position in front of the shop. When the elderly Negro came back, he was more distressed than ever. He'd been unable to find any garage open to help him. Then he saw his tire had been changed and couldn't believe his eyes. "Lord," he said, "there must be a guardian angel!" As he drove off, the two men in front of the shop bid him a Merry Christmas.

In view of the warmth of most West Virginians, the paradox of want and plenty living side by side seems all the more baffling. But the fact is that West Virginia's problems are too big and too deep-seated to be solved by individual generosity.

One of West Virginia's monumental problems, for example, is her topography, something that few individuals care to tackle singlehanded. Except for a narrow strip along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, almost every inch of the state is mountainous. As one wit remarked, "West Virginia is a wonderful place to work. When you get tired, you can lean up against it."

Large-scale agriculture, except in the Eastern Panhandle and the Greenbrier Valley, where slopes are gentler, is impossible. And in the opinion of Doctor Fishman, "farming is being done on marginal land where it shouldn't be done." It is perhaps for this reason that, in the present era of large-scale farming, West Virginia's average farm income recently hit a national low of $897. The national average was $2269.

Moreover, in view of modern industry's demands for large, flat parking areas, the state's topography poses an even stiffer problem. And her valleys, steep and narrow, have little water for industrial use. Complicating the problem is the need for good, fast roads to carry products to markets. But as everybody pointed out to me, including the state's handsome, ex-schoolteacher governor, Cecil H. Underwood, roads in West Virginia cost about two and a half times as much to build as they do in flatter states. It is partly for this reason that the state's highway system is several decades behind that of its neighbors.

If West Virginia's hilly terrain has kept its people isolated from one another, its geography has played a part too. In the extreme Northern Panhandle, for example, Wheeling, the steel city, is more geared to Pittsburgh's economy than to the rest of the state. In the west, Huntington looks toward Cincinnati rather than to Charleston. And in the south, Bluefield and the other cities in the area are economically tied to Richmond and Norfolk. As for the distant Eastern Panhandle, the famous town of Harpers Ferry, where John Brown made his bid to free the slaves a hundred years ago, lies only fifty-five miles from Washington, D.C. West Virginians like to give a toast which sums up the curious contours of their rugged land. "To West Virginia," they say, "a damn good state for the shape it's in!"

Another problem that cannot be solved by individual enterprise is taxation. At the moment West Virginia is forty-seventh among the states in per-capita income from taxes. To a certain extent this is because in past years the state's resources were largely owned and exploited by outsiders, who were interested in keeping

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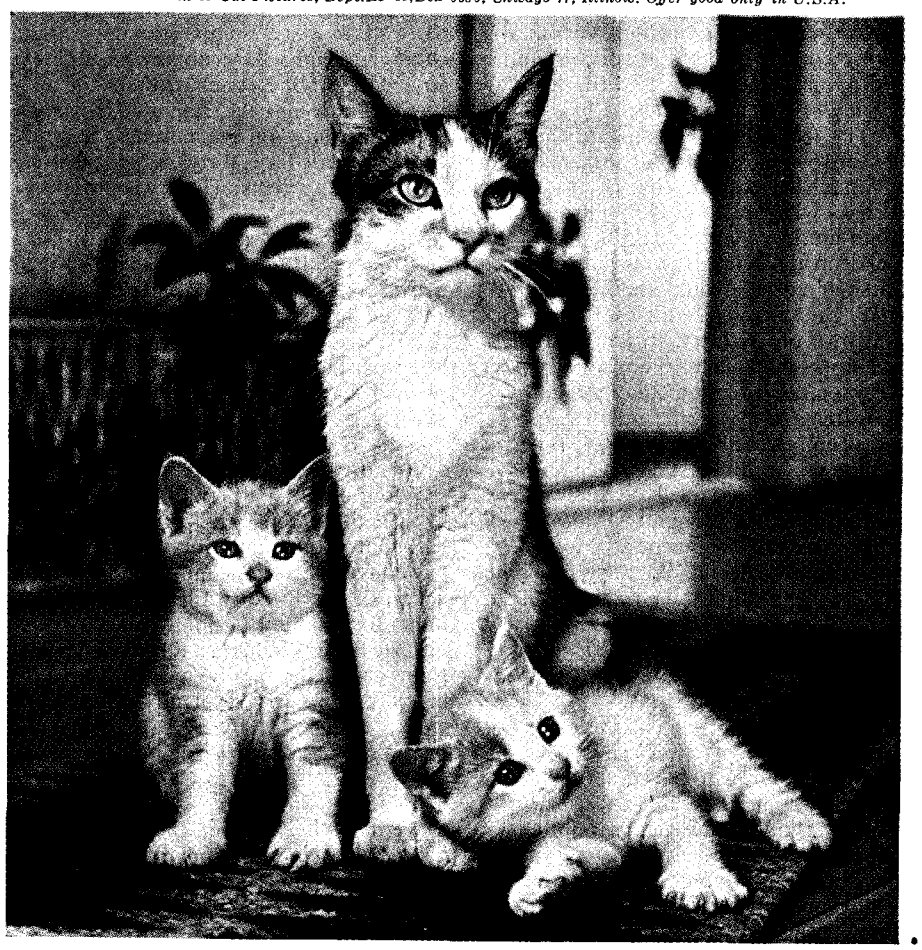

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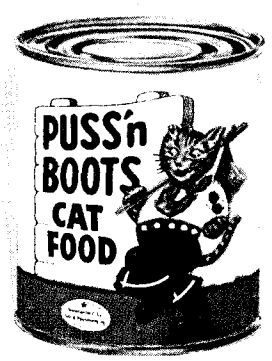

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taxes as low as possible. It is also generally admitted that, in the past at least, these men controlled the legislatures which passed the tax laws. In short, the citizens allowed others to carry away coal, timber and natural-gas resources without plowing any of the profits back.

"The trouble with that sturdy mountaineer who's a symbol of the state," said a West Virginian angrily, "is that he's been an ignorant fool. He's allowed others to plunder his state and he hasn't insisted on the kind of taxes and political leadership which would put things right."

Tax rates today are still low by comparison with other states. Recently, when a severance tax of ten cents was proposed on every ton of coal taken out of the state—a measure taken by some other states—it was promptly defeated. There is no state income tax, and necessary revenues have been raised by piecemeal measures—a tax on soft drinks, a consumers' sales tax, a gross sales tax on business, another on cigarettes, and so on. Property taxes are still low. One man I talked to in Bluefield had a new $11,000 house. His yearly property taxes were only thirty-six dollars, and in his frank words, "The community looks like it."

Without an overhaul of the basic tax structure, most people believe that the state will continue to have inferior roads, libraries, hospitals, social services and, of course, schools. However, a number of the educators I talked to felt that one thing tax money would not improve was apathy on the part of many West Virginians toward better education.

"Even if better schools were built," a teacher told me, "there's a good chance youngsters would not attend. The overwhelming goal of our youth is to be sixteen, quit school and buy a car. Mothers and fathers seem to encourage this, and many of them don't even go to graduation ceremonies. Possibly because parents have so little education themselves, there's very little drive for it."

This particular teacher, in pointing out how sensitive parents can be when their children are better educated than they are, told me of a college-educated girl who admitted she was careful to use "haint" when around her mother and father.

It is easier to understand such attitudes when one considers the life and traditions that have existed for generations in coal communities. Consider what this sociologist, for example, had to offer on the subject.

"The general shabbiness of mining camps is due to a long tradition," he said. "You worked in an area until it was mined out, and your children did the same. Then you moved on. You looked upon your community as a temporary one, and education did not seem too important. Why bother to fix up schools or anything else when the company owned your house, the store, the doctor and even you?"

Since coal is West Virginia's most important natural resource and the one to which the prosperity of the state is still reluctantly hinged, I wanted to visit a mining community. But the business leaders to whom I suggested it looked pained. Their point of view, I found, was not unusual. Understandably eager to put their best foot forward, they wish outsiders would forget about the miners. They'd like to sweep them under the rug. Perhaps, they feel, if no one mentions the miners, they will go away.

I did, of course, visit a number of coal towns, and two of the most interesting were Stotesbury and McAlpin. They were lying side by side in a remote pocket of the hills, not far from Beckley, "the smokeless coal capital of the world."

Stotesbury, formerly the home town of West Virginia's ambitious United States senator, Robert C. Byrd, is an unbelievably dismal ghost town. I found rows of empty, decaying, grimy houses. Here and there a family still occupied an unpainted shack, surrounded by rubbish, weeds and soot. Overstuffed couches, their entrails bursting through the rags that covered them, sat sadly on the porches. Several children, their faces dirty, played silently in the empty streets. There was little activity anywhere, and less hope.

One house showed some signs of life, and I stopped to investigate. There were five persons living in it—an elderly woman and her four grandchildren. The oldest child was a pretty blond girl of fifteen. She was the head of the family. She explained that the mine hadn't operated in two years, but since her parents had bought the house from the company for $1700, they had continued to live in it.

With no money to repair it, the house, like all the others, was rotting away. It had four rooms, outdoor plumbing and few conveniences. The father had tried to get work elsewhere and had managed to do so for a time. But finally his luck ran out. He had taken his last relief check, put some gas in the family jalopy and, with his wife, gone to Cleveland to look for work.

"As soon as daddy gets a job," said the girl, "we're all going to Cleveland."

McAlpin, Stotesbury's neighbor, presents the other side of the bituminous coin. The mine is still operating, and although the community is far from attractive by even the loosest standards, it is still alive.

The Testermans, whom I visited, are typical of a working miner's family. They live in a company-owned frame house—"five rooms and path" is the way Mrs. Testerman put it—for which they pay only $15.20 a month. They have four children, and Fred Testerman, who is thirty-three, has never been unemployed. At present he works on a conveyor belt.

Despite full employment for people like Fred Testerman, however, McAlpin is not a happy place. Too many people see the handwriting on the wall. They do not know when increasing mechanization of the mine will take their jobs away or when the mine will be found obsolete and closed down. They've seen it happen in Stotesbury and they know it can happen in McAlpin.

And if the Testermans have any doubts, they have only to look at their neighbor, big, husky, sandy-haired Hustie McDaniel. Hustie is Fred's age, and he has a wife and four fine sons. After a long period in which he worked part-time and the family income got smaller and smaller, he was finally laid off last November. Now, with his unemployment benefits exhausted, he is desperate.

The day I called on Hustie, he'd just returned from seeking work in a "gopher-hole" mine—a growing phenomenon in coal communities. These small operations, which go on outside the union, usually consist of four or five men who band together to buy a secondhand truck and go into business for themselves. They dig into a hillside—almost any hillside will yield coal in West Virginia—or work an abandoned mine that is no longer profitable to operate by machines with union labor. There seems to be a steady market for their cut-rate product. But the "gopher" mine which Hustie visited had offered him only two dollars a day. He might have taken it, but the gasoline necessary to get him back and forth to the mine made the offer impossible. Consequently, as soon as he can scrape up enough money, he plans to leave his family and look for work in the shipyards of Newport News, Virginia.

In essence, his story has been repeated—with variations—tens of thousands of times since World War II.

"The trouble with people like Hustie," said an official back in the capital, Charleston, "is that he's not trained to do anything but mining. If he's young enough and has the time, he can learn something else. But if he's over forty, about the only job he can get is as a janitor or watchman. That's the real tragedy."

At the moment, a bill is pending before Congress which will provide Federal funds to rehabilitate depressed areas. Part of the money will be spent to retrain people like Hustie. But as critics of the bill have protested: "Train them for what? First you have to get the industry."

Many people in West Virginia, including its two senators, Robert Byrd and Jennings Randolph, feel that one solution to the depressed coal areas would be small, light industries that would be "finishers" of such raw materials as the aluminum produced in the vast, new Kaiser plant along the Ohio River at Ravenswood. They would not require much flat land or water.

Another solution offered for West Virginia's ailing No. 1 industry has been research. A Bluefield newspaper editor, Jerry McDevitt, declared that in one year recently the chemicals industry spent $361,000,000 in research while coal spent a mere $17,000,000. "If you don't spend money on research, you're licked," he said.

A current development, which is causing hope to flutter in the hearts of Governor Underwood and others, is a new type of road using soft coal as a binder—2200 tons per mile of highway. If it catches on, it will be a big boon to the industry.

Some of the other suggestions made to aid coal communities have been more bizarre. One expert insisted recently that the state's abandoned mines would make ideal places in which to start growing mushrooms.

Everybody I talked to in West Virginia and in Washington, where I later interviewed its Congressmen, had his own pet solution to the state's problems. For some, it was massive Federal aid, something akin to a native Point Four program, which would do for one of our own states what we have been doing abroad. For others it was a subsidy on coal. "We should buy up surplus coal the way we buy up food," argued one man. "In that way we can keep miners on tap if there's a national emergency and we need them." Some even thought a few of the state's problems might be solved by a change in the drinking laws. At present, liquor can be bought in most West Virginia counties, but it is impossible to buy a drink in a restaurant or bar. This, it was argued, is the reason there are so few tourists and such a dearth of good restaurants.

But the more the doctors look at the proffered remedies, the more they are apt to feel that no single one will do the trick. Probably it will take a combination of several, if not all, to cure West Virginia's strange malady in which want and plenty, ignorance and knowledge, squalor and beauty live side by side to a degree unknown in other states.

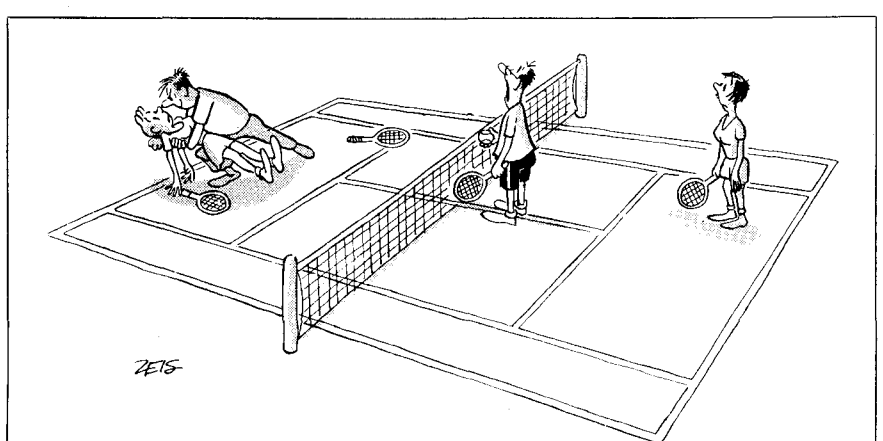
Curiously enough, as I drove through the state, I found few people, even in the coal camps, who felt that West Virginia's problems were insoluble. Most people thought their basically rich state, long plundered by absentee landlords and later plagued by all the woes of a one-industry area trying to convert to a multi-industry one, was only just beginning to catch a glimpse of its potential. Such people as Charley Hodges, director of Charleston's chamber of commerce, for example, like to point out what has been accomplished in the Kanawha River basin. At the moment this area has created what is perhaps the greatest concentration of basic chemical production in the country. It has given the world nylon and other valuable synthetic materials. And in so doing it has boosted the Charleston average family income to about $6000—one of the highest in the East.

Another encouraging sign, of course, is the growing capacity for self-criticism—the basis for any reform. "I think people *should* point out West Virginia's faults," says Harry Ernst, *Gazette* education editor and one of the state's angry young men. "We've glamorized the ignorant hillbilly—complete with bare feet and moonshine—too long. Illiteracy isn't cute in the atom age!"

In the past, West Virginians have been famous for their inquiry and their ingenuity. It was a West Virginian, James Rumsey, who had a steamboat operating on the Potomac at Shepherdstown twenty years before Robert Fulton's. It was another, Andrew S. Rowan, who carried the "message to Garcia," and another, William L. Wilson, who originated the rural-free-delivery postal system. It was Henry Gassaway Davis, a West Virginian by adoption, who first worked out a plan for running railway trains at night, and still another, Archibald W. Campbell, of Wheeling, who laid the groundwork for West Virginia's independence and persuaded Lincoln to recognize it as a separate state.

There is still plenty of ingenuity in the West Virginia hills, in communities with such fine, blunt names as Cyclone, Cucumber, Shock, Frozen, Left Hand, Gip, Pinch, Quick and Red Jacket. But the ingenuity is hampered at present by what might best be described as a bit of coal dust in the eyes. When all the dust has settled, the going should be clearer.

"You must remember," warned a native at lovely White Sulphur Springs, where I took my leave of the state, "that we're going through a violent industrial revolution—with few of the things other states have to cushion the shock. It'll be all right eventually, but it sure is a hell of a rough ride along the way." THE END



"Maybe you'd rather do something else, Ralph."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How Hector Heckles Washington

(Continued from Page 36)

following the Harris committee's discovery that Mr. Goldfine, an old friend of presidential assistant Sherman Adams, had habitually ignored the Securities and Exchange Commission's requirements that he file an annual financial report on his companies whose stocks were sold to the public; and that he had, with equal equanimity, defied the Federal Trade Commission's ruling that he not falsely label, as pure wool, cloth that contained other fibers.

A hard look at the Federal Communications Commission turned up the case of commissioner Richard A. Mack, who allegedly took loans and gifts of money from a lawyer interested in the award of a Miami, Florida, television channel.

Afterward came the quiz-show scandals and the appalling disclosure that Mr. Charles Van Doren was not one of the greatest intellectuals of our time—he was merely one of the greatest actors. This revelation, which left the nation's television viewers so shaken they could hardly reach out a trembling hand to twist the dial, developed—by implication at least—the fact that the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission were either powerless or unwilling to protect the public interest as they should. Following the quiz-show scandals came the "payola" probe, with record manufacturers confessing that they had paid money to disc jockeys to plug their songs; and there have been hints of revelations still to come.

To the lawyers who practice before the commissions, to the students of administrative law who write for the learned journals and to many of the investigating congressmen themselves, these spectacular accusations of malfeasance in high and low places are of relatively little significance. They are merely symptoms of a deeper illness, which cannot be cured by such minor surgery as driving a presidential assistant from office, citing a cloth manufacturer for contempt, indicting an FCC commissioner or causing an English professor to confess that he cheated on a rigged television show.

The most searching diagnosis of the Federal agencies' deep-seated malaise and the most drastic recommendations for a cure so far have not come from congressional probers, nor from academic critics learned in the theory of administrative law. They have come instead from an insider, Mr. Louis Julius Hector, a Miami attorney who served for two and a half years as a member of the Civil Aeronautics Board. There he watched with growing disillusionment the slow and, to him, haphazard workings of the complex and cumbersome regulatory machinery. Then he quit.

A stocky, sober-sided intellectual who studies medieval polyphony—the Gregorian chant—for relaxation, Mr. Hector was appointed to the Civil Aeronautics Board by President Eisenhower in 1957, as a Democratic member. He left the $20,000-a-year job in September of 1959, three and a half years before his six-year term was up. It is usual, in these cases, for the disgruntled bureaucrat who is quitting his job to give a tight-lipped "personal reasons" as his motive for returning to private life. If deeply disturbed, he sets off a blast in the public prints and rides off on a white charger to make fiery speeches attacking the evils which offended him.

Mr. Hector, after long thought, decided against either of these courses. The President had appointed him. The President, therefore, was entitled to know in detail the reasons for his departure. When he showed up in the office of presidential assistant Gerald Morgan in the West Wing of the White House, he brought along the usual formal letter of resignation. He brought also a most unusual document—a seventy-five-page bill of particulars in which he not only pointed out the flaws in the CAB's operations as he had seen them firsthand but which dealt with the weaknesses of other agencies whose system of operations was similar to that of the CAB.

Mr. Hector's memorandum to the President was written dispassionately, in a lawyer's formal language, and it was as forthright as a grand-jury indictment. It began with the blunt statement that Mr. Hector's experience on the CAB had convinced him that an independent regulatory commission was not competent, in these days, to regulate a vital national industry in the public interest.

Passing lightly over a point which he knew to be painful to Mr. Eisenhower—the difficulty of getting capable men to come to Washington to serve in government—he went on to point out that his charge of incompetence was not a judgment of the character or ability of the men who serve on commissions today. The CAB as it is now organized, he said, could not fulfill its obligation to the public even if the nation's founding fathers themselves were on its board.

The fault, he said, lay in a system which has made the CAB a creature so imprisoned by its own structure and procedures that it is unable to make sound plans or to administer its affairs with vigor and dispatch. Mr. Hector also had been disturbed by what he, as a lawyer, considered the inability of an agency, such as the CAB, to give a true judicial hearing to parties who come before it—though the agencies hand down more decisions than all the Federal courts combined. Judicial form was observed at almost interminable length, he pointed out, but judicial substance was lacking.

There were other shortcomings which he felt to be deleterious to the nation's economic health. The CAB, for example, had direction and control of one great segment of the national transportation system. Yet its policies and plans were in no way co-ordinated with the work of the ICC—which controls the railroads, the barge lines and the trucking lines—nor was it responsive to the general policies of the President. As a matter of fact, under this system of fragmented direction and control, the country—so far as Mr. Hector could determine—had no effective national transportation policy at all.

These flaws were curable, Mr. Hector felt, without drastic surgery. There was a congenital weakness, however, in the basic concept of an administrative commission, and this defect could not be cured by palliatives. The members of the CAB and the members of other regulatory agencies, by the nature of their jobs, must be policy makers, judges, administrators, investigators and prosecutors. This, in Mr. Hector's view, is an impossible task, for these duties and responsibilities are not compatible. A man cannot be a policy maker and planner on Monday and Tuesday, a judge on Wednesday, an administrator on Thursday and an investigator and prosecutor on Friday, he argued, for men's minds cannot be so neatly compartmented.

In view of what Mr. Hector termed these "organic" faults, he recommended that his own agency, the CAB, undergo the following drastic surgery: Transfer its policy-making, planning and administrative responsibilities to an executive agency, such as the Department of Commerce, the Federal Aviation Agency or a new Department of Transportation; transfer its judicial and appellate duties to a true administrative court; transfer the task of investigation and prosecution to an executive agency such as the Department of Justice. In short, Mr. Hector would do away with CAB as it now exists.

NEXT WEEK

The Best-Loved American Artist at Last Tells His Own Story

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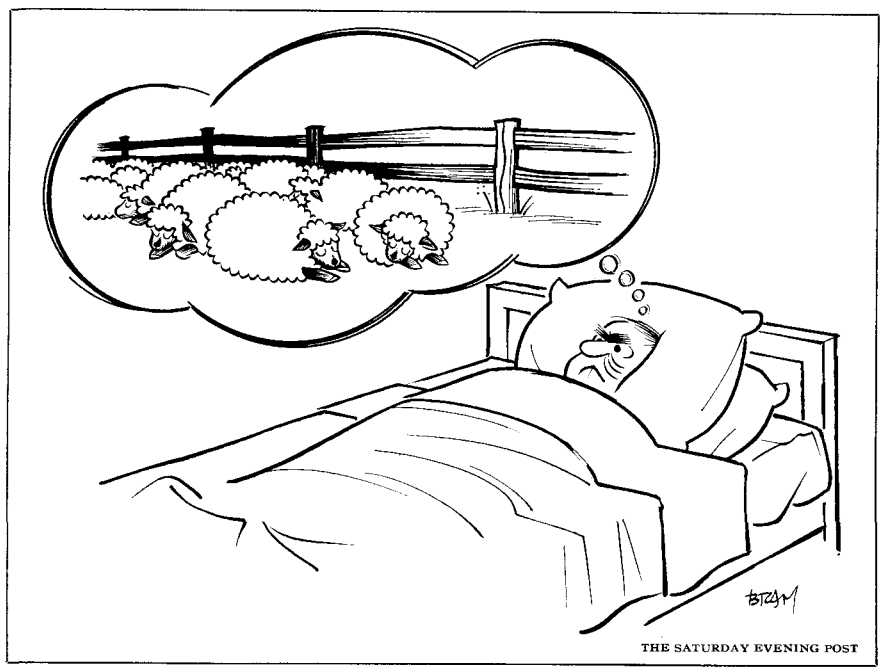
Thumbing through the document in which these views were expressed, Mr. Morgan, the President's assistant, was quickly aware that here was something that could not be swept under the rug even if the White House had any inclination to do so. The congressional subcommittee had thrown the harsh spotlight of publicity on certain cracks and blemishes in the regulatory façade. Mr. Hector now was planting a time bomb beneath the foundations on which the whole regulatory structure was built.

For two hours Mr. Morgan and his associate, Mr. David Kendall, leafed through Mr. Hector's memo, asking questions which Mr. Hector, speaking slowly to control a habitual stutter, answered in detail. He left the White House at eleven o'clock, went back to the CAB to announce his action to his four associates there and then went home to pack his suitcase. Feeling a strange lightness of spirit, he was, he felt, shaking the dust of Washington from his feet forever.

It has not worked out that way. Every few weeks since his resignation Mr. Hector, crew-cut, rumpled and carrying a briefcase loaded with arguments in support of his theme, has been called back to Washington from his home in Miami to confer with others who share his views that if the public interest is to be served, the Federal agencies must be reorganized. The Federal Aviation Agency, an executive department which took over the CAB's air-safety program, wanted to hear more about Mr. Hector's idea that economic-policy making in aviation should become an FAA responsibility. The Department of Justice, which has long looked askance at a system of regulation which exempts the aviation industry from the antitrust laws, found merit in Mr. Hector's argument that Justice, not CAB itself, should investigate and prosecute violations of



CAB's rulings. The American Bar Association supported Mr. Hector's view that litigated cases should be tried in special administrative courts.

Mr. Hector, who is basically a modest man despite his habit of speaking his mind forthrightly, was considerably surprised at the flurry which his resignation caused. Within an hour after he had left the White House an aviation-magazine reporter was on the phone, asking him if he would confirm the fact that he had resigned. Remembering his resolution to remain silent until the White House itself announced that he had quit, Hector searched for some paraphrase of the old "no comment" cliché. He came up with a curiously stilted legalistic phrase.

"I will have to stand mute," he told his questioner. For about a week the White House also stood mute. Mr. Hector had resigned on September eighth. On September sixteenth the White House made public a copy of his letter of resignation, in which he mentioned his belief that the regulatory agencies were incompetent and referred to the memorandum in which he cited chapter and verse to back up his allegation. The President's letter in reply was also released. He thanked Mr. Hector for "a job well done" and said his memorandum had been "particularly helpful." The President added that the memo was being sent to the Secretary of Commerce, under whose direction a study of the whole transportation picture was under way.

At this unusual handling of what might have been a routine resignation, ears pricked up all over Washington. Mr. Hector's telephone began to buzz. Mr. Robert W. Lishman, chief counsel for the House oversight subcommittee, called to ask for a copy of Mr. Hector's memo. Mr. Hector replied that it was up to the White House to release it. Mr. Lishman said if the subcommittee subpoenaed Mr. Hector, he would bring a copy, wouldn't he? Mr. Hector said, Yes, sir, he surely would. The agencies, naturally, were scrambling for copies. The Supreme Court asked for one; and all over the country, heads of industries regulated by the agencies hounded their Washington offices to find out in detail exactly what Mr. Hector had said. Finally the White House authorized the Commerce Department to make the memo available to all who asked.

Amid all the uproar, Mr. Hector—still mute—picked up his wife and four children and moved home to Miami, there to resume his law practice where he had abandoned it nearly three years before. It is perhaps just as well that he left the scene. Among the agencies the reaction to Mr. Hector's allegations was sharp and somewhat bitter. There were few, in light of the Harris subcommittee's revelations, who would claim for the agencies a completely clean bill of health. But, they argued irately, Mr. Hector was trying to tear down the whole regulatory house—when some minor remodeling would probably do as well. It was also pointed out that there was nothing new in Mr. Hector's memo. Similar ideas had been expressed in years past by two Hoover commissions, The American Bar Association and various other committees set up to study the workings of the independent agencies, and Congress had consistently rejected them.

The strongest rebuttal came from Mr. Earl W. Kintner, chairman of the FTC.

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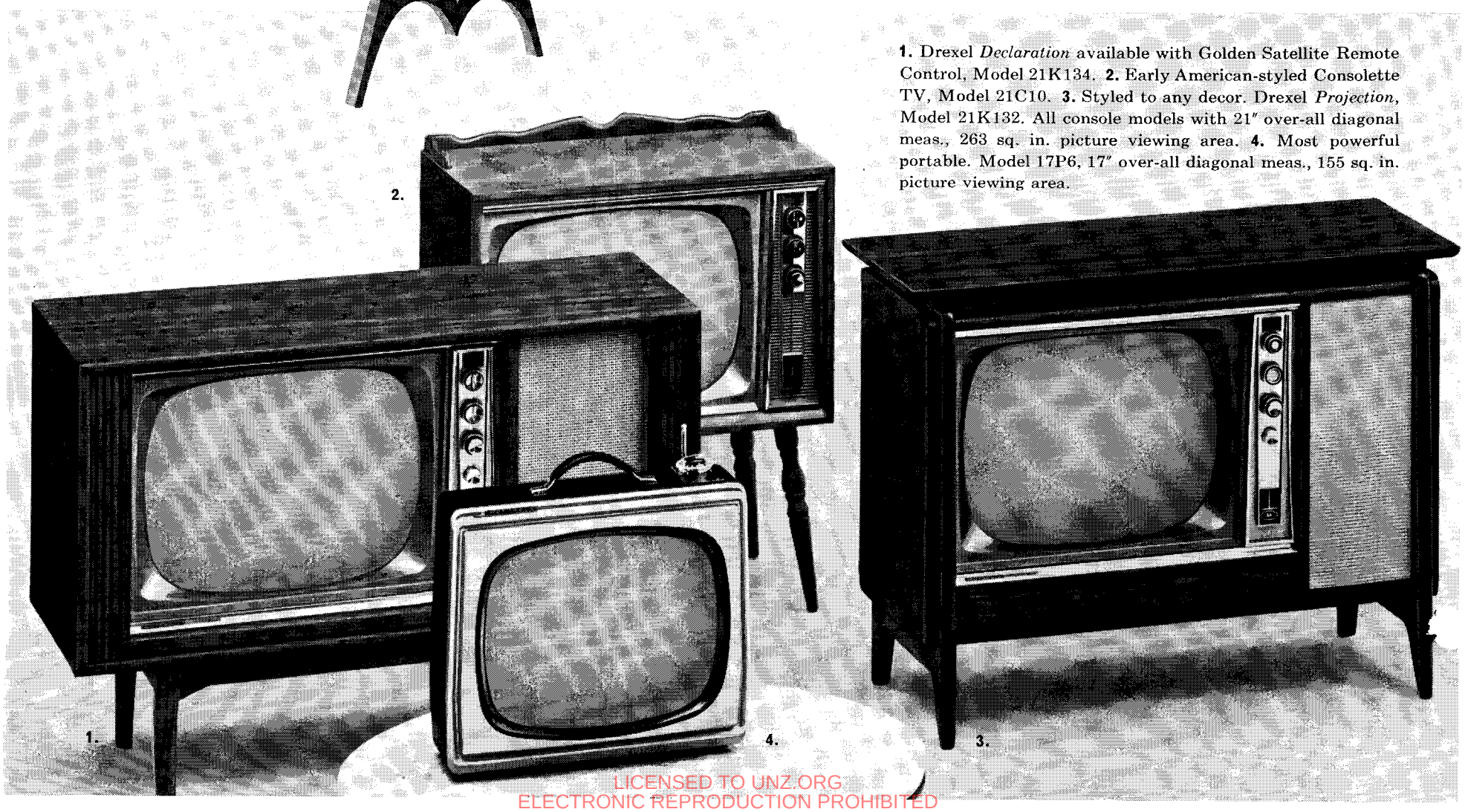

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Though Mr. Hector had made it clear he was no foe of Federal regulation, if effectively carried out, Mr. Kintner saw in Mr. Hector's stand another attack in the old battle to abolish all regulation. Mr. Kintner's argument, in essence, was that so far as the FTC was concerned, Mr. Hector did not know what he was talking about.

The other agencies which had come under Mr. Hector's dispraise made no public utterance. The staff of Mr. Hector's old agency, the CAB, studied his memo carefully and drew up a point-by-point rebuttal. It was not made public, on the theory that the ammunition it contained could best be used in self-defense when members of the board were called to testify before Mr. Harris' subcommittee.

There was little doubt, however, how the galled but silent agencies felt about Mr. Hector. He was, they said privately, a brilliant young man, full of zeal for public service. Unfortunately he was an impractical egghead who was naïve when he came to Washington and he did not stay long enough to become dry behind the ears. In his zeal for reform he had attacked the agencies with half-truths, exaggerations and oversimplifications. In addition his recommendations for trisecting the agencies would cause more delay, confusion and lack of co-ordination than exist today. As for his allegations that the CAB was ineffective and incompetent, the strength and vitality of the airlines that CAB had nurtured were proof that this charge was in error.

To the charge that he was naïve when he came to Washington, Mr. Hector cheerfully pleads guilty. In college at Harvard and Williams, as a Rhodes scholar and as a law student at Yale, he had developed certain idealistic attitudes about government and he had become convinced that every qualified citizen should devote part of his career to his country's service. He was not, however, entirely unfamiliar with the Washington scene. In the early days of the war he had served as a neophyte lawyer with the Solicitor General's office, writing the regulations under which the emergency wartime agencies were being set up. He moved from there to Mr. Edward Stettinius' Lend-Lease agency, and went with him to the State Department. Barred from uniformed service because of bad eyes and his habitual stammer, he had then gone out to China with Col. Wild Bill Donovan's OSS. Here he had served as liaison between the sabotage and the espionage units.

He came home at the end of the war eager to begin his law practice, but found that the Hector family firm, which sold packing crates and fertilizers to Florida vegetable growers and manufactured feed for dairy cattle, was having serious financial difficulties, including tax problems. He had to take over as president, reorganize it and set it on its feet.

This took eight years, and he had just completed the job and turned the company over to a younger brother when Sen. George Smathers, whom years before he had beaten out as a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship, called to offer him the CAB job. He declined it, ticking off his reasons. He had just finished setting up a new law firm, he said. His wife was about to have their fourth child, and he had hired a contractor to start building two new bedrooms on his house.

Smathers' call had come at eleven o'clock in the morning. At three o'clock that afternoon Hector called him back to tell him that he would accept. His change of mind, he knows now, was a result of his naïveté. He still thought of the Federal agencies as he had thought of them in his college days, when men of the stature of Justice Douglas, Dean James Landis and Jerome Frank were running them. To Hector the agencies were huge but delicately adjusted machines, working with wisdom and infinite care to regulate the giants of our economy in fairness to industry and the public they served.

His disenchantment began early. Two weeks after he took his place on the CAB he began to suspect that the efficiency he had assumed as being basic to the agency's operations was not there. The procedures seemed to be archaic and, under the old legal theory that justice delayed is justice denied, they were punitive in their slowness. His first conviction that this was so came in his study of the Seven States case.

This case Mr. Hector cites as an extreme example of the ponderous processes by which the agencies reach a decision. In the middle 1950's, the railroads, with the blessing of the ICC, were rapidly discontinuing passenger-train service between many of the small towns in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. If the citizens were to have any long-range transportation—other than their private automobiles—the airlines, which served only the larger cities, would have to step in to provide it, and this service would have to be subsidized.

In December of 1955 the CAB instructed Mr. Curtis C. Henderson, a hearing examiner, to call on the air carriers, the communities and anyone else who might be interested, for a statement of their desires. They gave him no specific policy guidance or instructions. Mr. Henderson's data gathering went on for nearly two years. Lawyers, economists, statisticians, mayors, presidents of chambers of commerce, and airline executives bombarded him with arguments in favor of their cause and with objections to the claims of others. From 194 witnesses he collected a thousand "exhibits" that added up to a stack of documents nine feet tall. With this mountain of material, much of which in Mr. Hector's view was irrelevant to the case, Mr. Henderson sat down to formulate his plan for air service for the region. More than two years after the investigation began, he produced his plan—two volumes totaling 658 pages. For one man, working alone, it was a good job. But no one involved was completely satisfied. Nearly everybody filed exceptions and briefs saying what they liked and what they didn't like about the examiner's report.

At last the board, which for two years had sat in complete isolation from the matter, came into the picture. They tried to read the examiner's report and the voluminous exceptions to it. But the five members of the board are busy men, and it was hard to get around to all this reading.

So a hearing was held—four days of oral arguments before the full board. Sixteen senators, twenty-two representatives and three mayors appeared the first day to argue for their constituents. The next day the airlines got their chance—though desperately pressed for time, since each had but thirty minutes to present its case. Then sixty-five towns and cities came in for ten minutes each. Finally, late on the afternoon of the fourth day, with everybody dazed and groggy from twenty-one hours and thirty-five minutes of steady talking, the hearing ended.

The case then went into that mysterious silence which lawyers practicing before the commissions call the "dark side of the moon," when the board is presumably pondering the facts and the law and gestating a decision.

The first meeting on the case came a month after the hearing ended. The board

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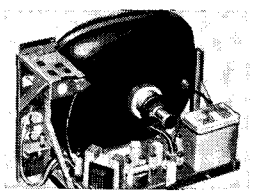

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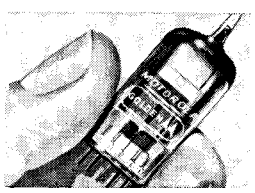

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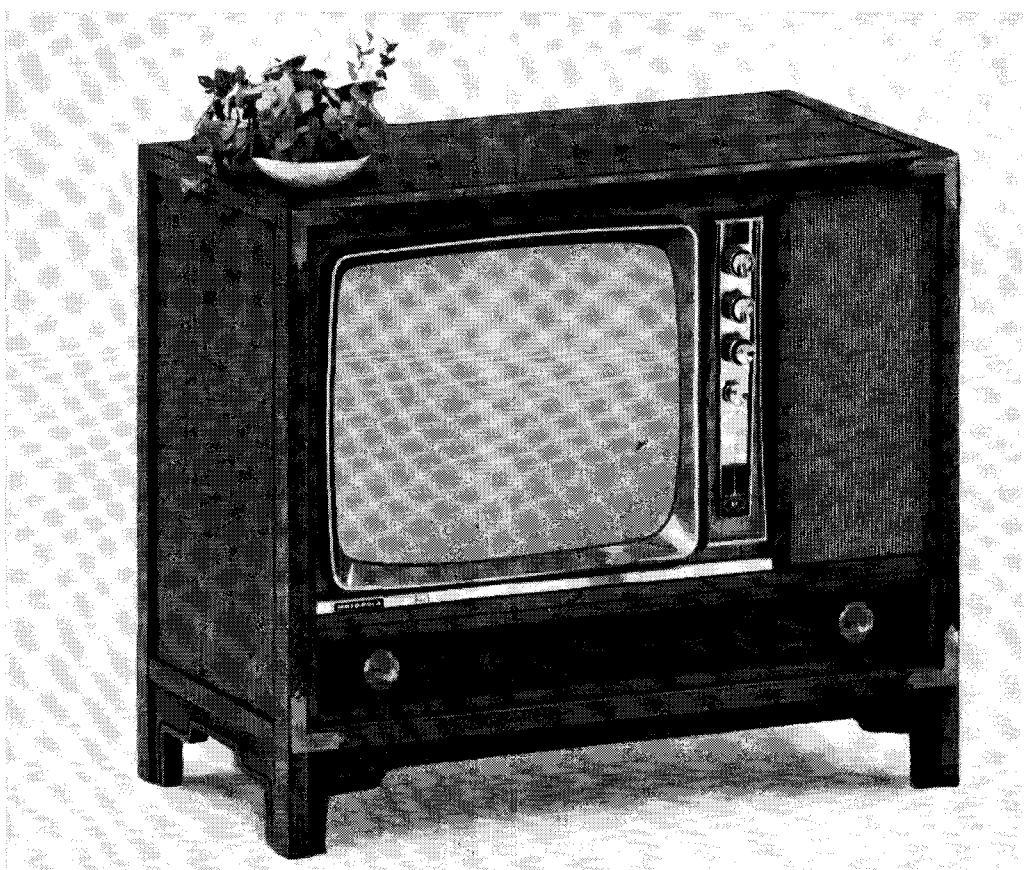

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quickly decided that the examiner had been too restrictive in his award of routes and the plan would have to be revised substantially. So the members sat down each with a map and some colored pencils to draw the routes they felt the region should have. It took them fifteen sessions, totaling some thirty hours.

During this period it seemed to Mr. Hector that the prodigious labors of the examiner and the millions of words written and spoken by the parties to the case were having relatively little to do with shaping the final decision. In a moment of whimsey he decided to test this theory. He remembered, years ago, hearing his father, who migrated from Iowa to Florida, speak of the little town of Clarinda, and the melodious name had stuck in his mind. He looked on the map to see if Clarinda was still there. It was—a county seat in southern Iowa with a population of 5086. Clarinda had not been one of the cities recommended for air service by the examiner, and it had not appealed to the board to cure this omission. It therefore was not a party to the case. Mr. Hector, with tongue in cheek nevertheless made an impassioned plea that Clarinda, as the site of a state hospital, should have air service. Without protest, his fellow board members amiably agreed to draw a line upon the map, giving an air route to Clarinda. They also added another line, giving air service to Spencer, Iowa, the home town of one of the assistants to the board. In the long run, neither Clarinda nor Spencer got an air route. Mr. Hector explained that he was only joking, and the native of Spencer had left the board before the final opinion was made public.

In May of 1958 the board announced its decision in a press release. Then a staff of "opinion writers"—experts in legalistic prose, who from the same set of facts, Mr. Hector claims, can preach the theory that the world is either round or flat—took over to explain and justify the board's new plan. No member of the board took part in drafting this document, Mr. Hector says, though it purported to be a statement by the members of the board of the reasons for their decision. Then, more than three years after the board's original action, the new air service went into effect.

In Mr. Hector's view, the Seven States case epitomized the weakness of the CAB's procedures. In the first place, he says, the examiner was working in the dark, with no set policy to guide him. Thus handicapped, he had to accept a great deal of testimony that had no real bearing on the matter, thus increasing his own labors and prolonging the case. Once his decision had been made, it was largely ignored by the board. The board's final decision, in Mr. Hector's opinion, was based not on the facts presented, but on the personal ideas of each member of the board as to which communities should have service and which airlines should serve them. But most offensive of all to Mr. Hector's legal mind, was that this decision plucked, so to speak, out of the air, was then supported by a ponderous legal document written by men who had taken no part in reaching the decision.

A study of these decisions, Mr. Hector says, will reveal no consistent policy; for the opinion writers, knowing that a few months hence they may have to write an opposite opinion from a similar set of facts, take care to express themselves in misty generalities. In each case, the decision makers "play it by ear," and it is only natural that the litigants, knowing this, should try to get a commissioner's ear and put a bug in it. The case-by-case approach, Mr. Hector believes, is almost an open invitation to parties who feel that, since there are no set rules or principles, they must resort to some other means to win their cases.

These "other means" may take many forms other than a crass effort to buttonhole a commissioner and ask for his vote. The CAB, for example, is charged with promoting aviation as well as regulating it. To promote the industry, the board members must know intimately the men who run it. This leads to social associations, to bridge and cocktail parties, luncheons and dinners, fishing and golfing trips and long junkets—at industry's expense—to inspect new air routes. At appropriate times such as Christmas, gifts may be sent to the commissioners. There is nothing venal in this, in Hector's view, though it may lead to suspicious practices, as the House oversight subcommittee discovered when it found that some members of the FCC had accepted Thanksgiving turkeys and color-TV sets from the broadcasting industry. It does prove his point, he argues—that a man charged with promoting the expansion of an industry cannot at the same time be a completely unbiased judge. For example, CAB for some years has urged the airlines to try new, lower fares as a means of promoting passenger business. When one line tries it and another protests, the same men then have to sit solemnly in judgment on the merits of the case.

It is also Hector's strong belief that aviation is now out of its swaddling clothes, and its management should be allowed more leeway in making purely business decisions. One line, for example, last year added sleeper-type seats on its transcontinental flights at no extra fare. A competitor protested. The CAB ruled that the line which was trying to give the passenger more leg room for the same money would have to stop it or charge a premium fare.

These are matters, Hector feels, that should be left to the airlines' own business judgment. Under the law, CAB is charged with regulating the aviation industry "in the public interest." The public interest, he thinks, would best be served by allowing the airlines more freedom to compete.

The tight rein on competition, the long, drawn-out hearings, the decisions based on personal attitudes, not on clear-cut policy, cannot continue much longer, Mr. Hector feels.

"If a private business tried to conduct its affairs this way, it would go broke," he told the American Bar Association at its convention in Miami. "If we tried to make our foreign policy or plan our national defense this way, we would still be a third-rate power. And if we keep on trying to plan our national transportation system this way, we'll wake up one morning to find it won't do the job. Clearly these procedures must be overhauled."

Mr. Hector knows that in his efforts to overhaul them he is in the position of a Don Quixote in a sincere suit, jousting at windmills which many people in Washington do not wish to see destroyed or greatly changed. He is well aware that many regulated businesses are quite content with their chains. They fume occasionally, when a decision goes against them, but in the main they are happy to be under the wing of a friendly Federal agency which protects them not only from the antitrust laws but from predatory competitors in their own ranks.

He knows also that his recommendations for a cure—that policy making in the agencies become an executive function and that adjudication be turned over to special courts—raised no huzzas on Capitol Hill. No lawmaker in either house wants to see more power channeled into the executive department. Nor do many congressmen want to give up their right to call up a commissioner to pressure him gently on behalf of a worthy constituent.

With these powerful forces opposing him, Mr. Hector is not naïve enough to believe that the changes he has called for will come immediately; and he knows that they may never come in the form he recommends. He is convinced, though, that many of the agencies, tangled in their procedures and drawn ever closer to the industries they are supposed to regulate, have forgotten that their first and foremost duty is to function "in the public interest." When it finally dawns on the public that this is so, the reforms, he thinks, will be inevitable.

Is the Noise Getting You Down?

(Continued from Page 33)

vehicles, increase some costs and lower the efficiency of some industrial processes; but it can be done if society is willing to pay the price."

Doctor Beranek speaks for a whole new species of scientist dedicated to noise abatement. He is one of an estimated 1500 physicists, acoustical engineers, mathematicians, neurologists and psychologists who spend their time hushing military, industrial and transport noises as well as the noise from ordinary household equipment. The acoustical experts have even silenced the barely audible "tick" of thermostats in electric blankets—a sound Consumers Union once likened to the stomping of a robin on the lawn. One of their most baffling problems at the moment is jet-airplane noise near airports, to be considered separately in a later issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Another thorny challenge is traffic noise, which is still the most widespread source of noise complaints over most of the United States.

Offensive traffic noise, Doctor Beranek explains, is primarily truck noise, for a reason deeply imbedded in the curious arithmetic of noise multiplication. Suppose that you live near a highway and that the average automobile as it passes injects a moderate noise into your living room by day and your bedroom by night. It would take nine similar cars, all passing at once, to double the loudness of that noise. But a single truck—even one with a good muffler—can inject as much noise as the nine cars; and one truck with a defective muffler can produce a roar equivalent to ninety or 100 passenger cars passing simultaneously.

Six years ago, when *The Saturday Evening Post* last surveyed the nation's noises (THIS SCREAMING WORLD, by Steven M. Spencer, August 15, 1953), the villains in the truck noise pandemonium were the trucking and truck-manufacturing associations, which had spent five years in a study of the situation, but had not yet agreed upon standards governing how noisy a truck should be. That *Post* article created a considerable stir in trucking circles, and within seven months the Automobile Manufacturers' Association issued the long-awaited A.M.A. truck-noise standard. Today, according to the American Trucking Associations, more than 99 per cent of all new trucks have mufflers which meet or better the standard.

But alas, all is still far from serene along the nation's streets and highways. To find out why, we spent a night at a truck-equipment check point on the six-lane Connecticut Turnpike in Westport, just east of the Norwalk tollgate.

The first big diesel rig flagged down by Trooper Robert Malesky, noise specialist for the Connecticut State Police, was emitting an obnoxious cross between a rasp and a bellow. Climbing down under the rig with Trooper Malesky's flashlight, we could easily spot the reason. The muffler had been excellent when new; but the quieting baffles inside it had been completely eaten away by exhaust fumes. What was originally a muffler had become an echo chamber.

"How long has that thing been on?" Trooper Malesky asked the driver.

"I wouldn't try to kid you; three hundred sixty thousand miles," was the reply. The useful life of a good muffler is usually estimated at 100,000 miles—six months to a year of over-the-road service.

Among the other trucks netted that night was one with a muffler less than two months old. It looked fine to us; but Trooper Malesky showed us how someone had sawed the case open, removed the inner baffles and then welded the case back together. The driver readily conceded that his muffler had been deliberately "rodded." The rodding, he told us, increases the speed of his rig, gives him more power uphill, saves fuel and extends the life of his valves.

We asked Lewis Kibbee, automotive engineer for the American Trucking Associations, about rodding. Ten years ago, Kibbee conceded, truck mufflers really did build up a strong back pressure in the engines. But the best new mufflers produce less back pressure as well as more quieting. The roar from a substandard or rodded muffler may give the driver an *illusion* of greater power, but the actual gain is negligible.

"Replacement mufflers meeting or bettering the A.M.A. standard are available today for almost every truck on the road," Kibbee told us, "and enlightened trucking companies are increasingly installing the best."

The trucking associations are educating the laggards to the importance of replacing mufflers often enough, and of selecting replacement mufflers that meet the A.M.A. standard. Law-enforcement programs like Connecticut's achieve the same result by arresting and fining offenders. "This two-pronged approach has accomplished a lot," says Kibbee, "but we don't deny that more can still be done."

Trooper Malesky's chief problem at the moment is that there isn't a meter available for measuring truck noise accurately.

We asked Doctor Beranek about this meter problem. Scientists, he explained, have long measured noise in decibels; but the decibel scale is *not* an accurate measurement of loudness to the human ear, and is misleading for truck noise, jet noise and many other kinds of noise. To understand why, consider two tones of equal "intensity" as measured in decibels, one a bass note near the lower end of the piano keyboard and the other a note just one octave higher. Both may kick the ordinary decibel meter to the same eighty-decibel level, but to the human ear the

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higher note sounds four times as loud as the lower.

As a step toward more realistic noise measurement, Doctor Beranek published back in 1951 a method, now widely used, for calculating loudness in "sones" instead of decibels. This takes into account pitch as well as intensity. Scientists at the Armour Research Foundation under Dr. Howard C. Hardy—now an acoustical consultant in Chicago—adapted the sone scale for truck-noise measurement. The A.M.A. standard provides that noise from a truck may not exceed 125 sones under specified measuring conditions. Some trucks emitted 300 sones or more before the standard was adopted.

Law-enforcement officers like Trooper Malesky still have to depend on either a decibel meter or their own ears, since complex laboratory equipment and a series of mathematical calculations are required to determine how loud a noise is in sones.

At the Acoustical Society of America meeting in Cleveland last October we witnessed the first public demonstration of what noise-abatement officers need most—a lightweight portable meter, designed by Floyd C. Anderson of Boeing Airplane Company, which measures noise simply and directly in sones. "With one of those gadgets," says Trooper Malesky longingly, "I could really quiet this pike."

Despite lack of a meter, the Connecticut truck-stopping program has proved reasonably effective. "Complaints from householders along the pike have tapered off to a trickle," says First Selectman Herbert E. Baldwin of Westport, "and property values have been recovering." In the first three months some 300 arrests were made—but that's only part of the story. "Within forty-eight hours after we launched our truck-muffler program," Trooper Malesky declares, "the drivers' grapevine had carried the news from Maine to Florida. Thousands of other truckers either bought new mufflers or detoured around Connecticut altogether."

Truck manufacturers and other large industrial concerns these days have acoustical experts on their own staffs; but for highly technical analyses many still rely on outside consultants. Consulting services are available throughout the country from some forty firms registered with the Acoustical Society of America. Local governments also use consultants to determine what can be done about noises which irk the community.

Bolt, Beranek & Newman is by far the largest of the consulting firms; B.B.N. clients have included the Army, Navy and Air Force, many of the major aircraft manufacturers and a wide range of other industries. One of its most dramatic assignments came in 1950, when the whole West End of Cleveland, Ohio, and half a dozen neighboring suburbs were shaken by a terrifying rumble which awakened householders throughout an area estimated at more than fifty square miles.

"It wasn't the loudness of the noise which alarmed everyone," an ear-witness recalls, "but its eerie, rafter-shaking quality and its midnight onset." One neighbor thought his own furnace had blown up, and he rushed out into the street in his nightshirt. "It was the kind of noise that you'd think couldn't possibly last," one observer told us, "but it kept right on, hour after hour, until three-fifteen A.M." By breakfast time excited radio commentators were announcing the source of this awe-inspiring "noise of the future"—a new supersonic wind tunnel designed for jet research at the Lewis Research Center near Cleveland's Hopkins Airport. A ram-jet engine being tested in the tunnel had generated the "man-made thunder."

"We will spend whatever it takes to quiet that noise," Dr. Edward R. Sharp, director of the research center, assured neighbors threatening injunctions. Then he phoned for Prof. Richard H. Bolt of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, chairman of the B.B.N. board, and for Doctor Beranek.

The jet engine which rocked Cleveland, Doctor Beranek explains, was being operated at full throttle in a metal-lined test chamber eight feet high and six feet wide; reverberations within the metal shell built up the acoustic energy to several times its initial intensity. Extending outward from the test chamber was a metal cone more than 200 feet long, which acted as a highly effective horn to focus the noise and further amplify it.

Noise travels best downwind; the tunnel was generating its own noise-carrying wind at Mach 2—1480 miles per hour, or double the speed of sound at sea level. Much of the energy emerging from the cone, moreover, was in the very-low-frequency octave from five to ten cycles per second. Waves at these frequencies cannot be heard by the human ear. But they pass with ease through houses and other obstacles; and on their way through they shake entire structures, producing—at a distance from their source—the mysterious rumbling and rattling of window-panes that had awakened whole suburbs. Because these structure-shaking frequencies had not been anticipated, the original soundproofing of the wind tunnel had made no provision for their suppression.

Under ordinary conditions even a noise source like this one could be throttled with relative ease. "But because this was a wind tunnel," says Dr. John Evvard of Lewis Research Center, "no noise-abatement steps could be taken which would slow down the fourteen-hundred-eighty-mile-per-hour blast of wind through the test chamber. It took four months and four hundred fifty thousand dollars to quiet the noise without choking off the wind."

First, to eliminate those house-shaking five-to-ten cycle waves, five sets of slots were cut through the 200-foot-long exhaust cone. These slots open into five sound traps or cavities known as "Helmholtz resonators," each cavity precisely tuned to trap sound of a particular pitch—much as each pipe in a pipe organ is tuned to emit sound of a particular pitch. As the blast from the jet engine being tested roars along the great cone, acoustic energy below ten cycles per second is trapped in the cavities and there quelled.

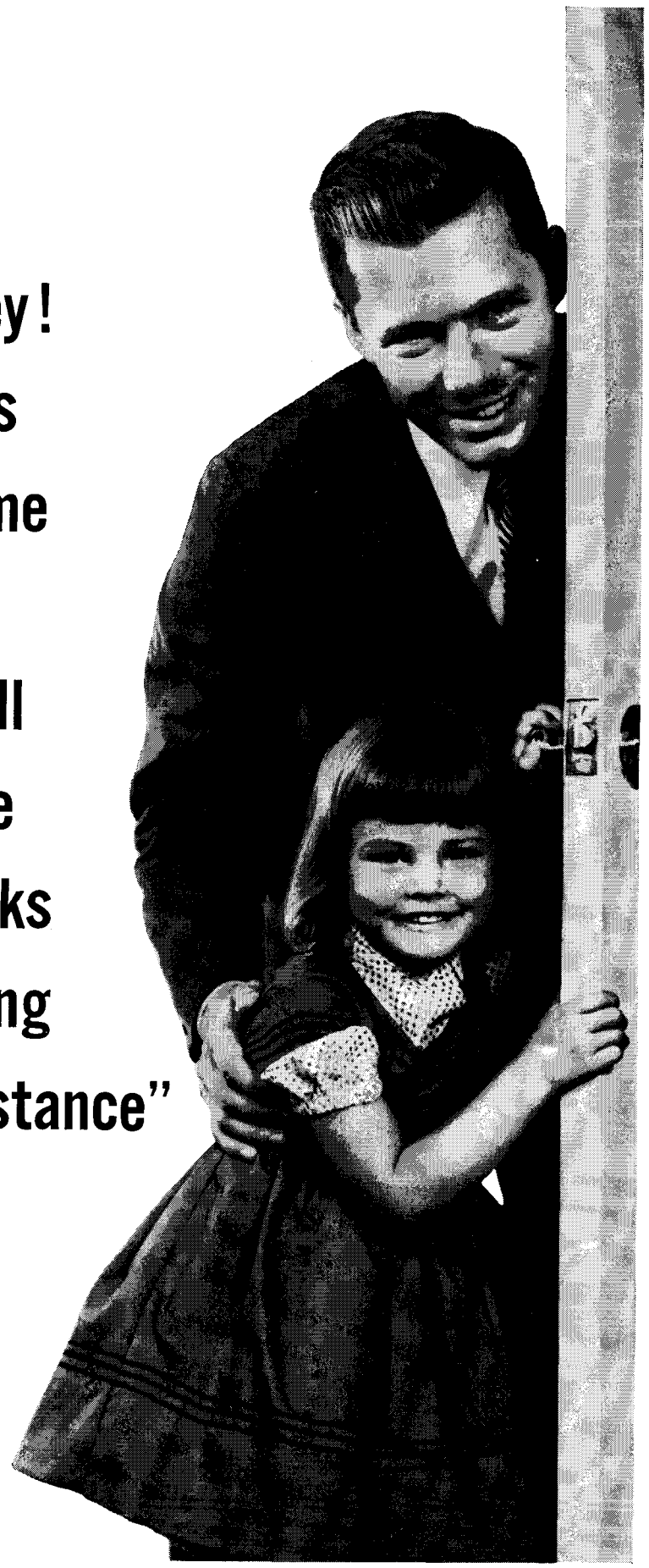
The noise above ten cycles per second continues out through the cone and is dumped into an enormous "plenum chamber," forty feet square with a ceiling more than forty feet high. Within the plenum chamber the noise must turn a right angle—another effective method for suppressing it—and enters a set of six tuned ducts, each ten feet square in cross section and more than 150 feet long, which suppress noise from twenty to 800 cycles. Noise pitched above 800 cycles emerges from the other end of the ducts into a second plenum chamber, turns another right angle, and then flows outside through parallel baffles which absorb most of the remaining acoustic energy.

To test the effectiveness of this gigantic muffler, B.B.N. sound-measuring crews were called in, and one observer was stationed at a point 2000 feet from the tunnel exit, close to the home of the most vociferous injunction seeker. When the wind began to blow, he could just hear it emerging from the baffles like a gentle zephyr in the distance. He waited ten minutes for the ram-jet to be fired up, then phoned to ask what was the matter.

"Nothing's the matter," he was told. "The jet's been at full power all along."

Noises from man-made machines are mostly of two kinds—those which bother

"Hey! It's time to call the folks Long Distance"



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the people who buy and use the machines, and those which annoy the neighbors instead. Great progress has been made in quieting equipment such as refrigerators because the housewives who choose among the models are also the ones who benefit from having them quiet. Jet planes are relatively quiet inside, where the paying passengers sit. Room air-conditioners were initially quieted on the inside only, for the benefit of the families which had bought them; outside, some were so noisy that apartment-house dwellers brought suit to prohibit their use by neighbors. Today, however, air-conditioners are quieted both inside and out. An acoustical engineer for one of the air-conditioning companies told us why.

"We soon discovered," he said, "that people weren't going to buy our brand next summer if they'd been kept awake all last summer by one of our blankety-blank machines in a window across the court."

Propaganda has been used instead of acoustics to minimize noise complaints, but rarely with much success. When purchasers objected, for example, to the loud thumping noise emitted by a well-known washing machine some years ago, salesmen were instructed to call particular attention to the noise and to warn the housewife, "If that thumping ever stops, be sure to call a serviceman right away." Complaints diminished—but so did sales, and the manufacturer eventually called in a noise consultant who actually eliminated the thumping.

The principles of noise abatement are relatively simple. Sound waves are essentially air motions; most of them are generated by objects vibrating at frequencies to which the human ear responds. If a gear is causing the noise, it can be made of a specially selected material which cuts down the vibrations; or the number of gear teeth may be increased until the vibrations are so high-pitched they can't be heard. An acoustical engineer may surround the sound source with a noise-absorbing material like glass fibers or wall in the noise with barriers too heavy to transmit the vibrations or too limp to respond to them. Techniques such as these have been used to quiet many factory noises. "The trick," says Doctor Beranek, "is to accomplish the desired result within acceptable cost, space and weight limitations, and without impairing the usefulness of the device you're trying to quiet." Sometimes unorthodox methods must be improvised on the spot.

Among the many noises of which Boston residents used to complain, for example, was the screeching of elevated trains as they hurtled around a curve near the heart of the city. Then someone noticed that the screech was absent on rainy days. Transit officials have now installed a sprinkler system over the rails at the curve; as each elevated train approaches, the sprinklers wet the tracks and the train glides by in relative silence. A dog-breeding dentist in a Midwestern city has similarly silenced his kennels. If the dogs begin to howl at night, he pulls a cord near his bed, spray emerges from sprinklers at the kennels, and the water-doused dogs shake themselves dry in silence.

Outboard motors on peaceful rural lakes were for a generation among the nation's most hated noise scourges, for they assailed the ears of vacationers who had come to the lake for the specific purpose of escaping urban hubbub. Some efforts were made to quiet the early outboards by means of underwater exhaust pipes, but with negligible success; outboard hot rodders removed the clean-out plates on the pipes so that the noise continued to roar out over the water. The clean-out plates were next eliminated, whereupon noise-loving boat owners sawed or drilled holes in the pipes. Then, during World War II, the need for a truly quiet outboard suddenly became acute.

The Office of Strategic Services wanted to launch inflatable rubber boats from offshore submarines and to man them with OSS agents bound on secret missions behind enemy lines. But how could the boats be propelled to the beaches without alerting enemy sentries? The problem was brought to Doctor Beranek's Electro-Acoustics Laboratory at Harvard, then engaged in quieting the bridges of battleships and the cockpits of bombers and fighter planes; and to the makers of Evinrude and Johnson outboards.

"The outboard-company engineers accomplished much in brief time," Doctor Beranek recalls. In addition to an underwater exhaust, each motor was equipped with an intake muffler to quiet the carburetor noise. Rubber mountings were inserted between motor and boat to curb the sounding-board effect. A noise-absorbing cover called a "Barney" was fitted over the motor, and other changes made. Then Harold L. Ericson of Doctor Beranek's laboratory took a batch of the motors to Florida, borrowed a detachment of sentries from a nearby Army base to serve as a listening jury and put the motors through mock landing maneuvers along the Gulf of Mexico.

Unquieted, those motors might easily have been detected a mile or more offshore. After quieting, even twenty-two-horsepower models could approach undetected within a few hundred yards at full throttle. During some tests at reduced power, sentinels heard the lapping of the waves against the bow of the boat before they heard the motor. The climax came when one big motor propelled a boat all the way in without being heard over the noise of the combers.

Quieted outboards were used during the war to put agents ashore on the south coast of France, to patrol the Rhine and for evacuating the wounded from Pacific islands. But after the war, outboards on American lakes and waterways continued to harass the ears of vacationers.

"Public annoyance," says Harry C. Conover, chief engineer of Outboard Marine Corporation, which manufactures both Evinrudes and Johnsons, "was becoming a serious factor. Legislation to limit the size of motors was passed in some areas, and it was apparent that the number of such restricted areas would tend to increase."

Faced with this legal threat, Outboard Marine in 1953 set its engineers to work once more on motor-quieting, with Director of Research Lucius D. Watkins in charge and Doctor Beranek as consultant. The methods hurriedly pioneered during World War II were refined and extended.

To almost everyone's amazement, sales skyrocketed. Market research showed why. The hot-rod enthusiasts who liked noise were a small part of the potential market; men might welcome the racket, but wives and girl friends did not. Quieter motors made boating a family affair.

The commercial success of the redesigned outboards taught American industry a lesson: People really will pay for quiet. Similar quieting methods are now being applied to lawn mowers, pumps, home-heating equipment and a variety of other devices. But while progress is being made here on earth, the din from the skies grows louder. Hardest to cope with of all the aerial noises is the sonic boom engendered by planes, missiles and space vehicles traveling faster than the speed of sound—Mach 1, or about 740 miles per hour.

Sonic boom is widely misunderstood. When early planes "crashed the sound barrier," they did it by nose-diving for a few brief seconds—and this gave rise to the fallacious but popular notion that a sonic boom is generated only during the split second when a plane is accelerating from subsonic to supersonic speed. "If that sound barrier is making so much trouble," one indignant old lady told an upstate New York newspaper editor, "why don't they take it down?" As a matter of fact, a supersonic plane in steady flight drags a continuous pair of sonic booms, timed a fraction of a second apart, along its entire course.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has released some data on how loud sonic boom can be, based on test flights made over Virginia. Even with the plane at a height of five miles, the NASA reports, the boom sounded on the ground like close-range thunder, and was rated "objectionable" by listeners. At this height a quarter-inch-thick plate-glass window in a store under the flight path was cracked from edge to edge.

The higher the plane, moreover, the wider the path along which the boom can be heard. A supersonic plane traveling across the continent at high altitude might well drag its sonic boom over a swath eighty miles wide from coast to coast; such a boom would be audible over an area of 240,000 square miles.

Military planes, of course, are already flying over us at supersonic speeds. One source estimates that they are logging 1000 supersonic hours per day—which means 1000 hours daily of sonic boom.

In the course of our talks with acoustical experts we encountered numerous rumors of windows broken and householders frightened by supersonic jets. The Air Force, naturally enough, does not go out of its way to publicize or confirm such incidents. Robert C. Toth of the *New York Herald Tribune* nailed down one such story of a supersonic jet bomber which flew low from Seattle to Chicago; its course, he reported, could be plotted on a map by spotting complaints of broken windows all across the West. Toth's story was never denied. It is probable that such window-breaking flights are radar-evasion exercises which must necessarily be carried on at low altitudes.

Nobody—not even Leo Beranek—has any suggestion for quieting sonic booms except by flying higher and higher. Worse booms may be on the way. Lockheed engineers, for example, are planning a supersonic civilian passenger plane which will fly at Mach 6. "That's roughly one mile per heartbeat," Dr. John J. Dreher of Lockheed told an acoustical conference recently. A big plane flying from New York to California at that speed might have to cruise at a height of thirteen miles or more—though "cruise" is hardly the word. By the time a Mach 6 transcontinental plane reached that altitude, it would almost be time to head down again. One crumb of solace for boom-bothered groundlings: the Internal Revenue Service has now ruled that damage caused by sonic boom from supersonic planes may be deducted from your Federal income tax.

Beyond the supersonic planes lie the missiles and space vehicles. At the Acoustical Society of America meetings we heard an NASA tape recording of the noise inside a Mercury space capsule launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida, and subsequently recovered from the ocean. We could hear the roar of the rocket engines before the blast-off, the blast-off itself, the bang as the capsule separated from its rocket, the clanking of the gyros inside the capsule and the aerodynamic roar as the capsule re-entered the earth's atmosphere. The experience was awe-inspiring—even though the tape was being played back at a fraction of its original loudness.

Professor Bolt of B.B.N. and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology summed up the future of nonmilitary noise as it sounds from where he sits, close to the heart of the problem.

"Ours is rapidly becoming an affluent society," he told us, "with two cars in many garages and two television sets in many homes. Already some moderate-income families are faced with the question of what they most want next.

"One of the blessings they might well add to their want list is an atmosphere that isn't polluted by smoke, smog or smell. Another is an atmosphere that isn't polluted by noise. What profiteth it a man to have a TV set, a hi-fi set and a telephone in every room in his house if he can't hear what is being said over them because of the noise that comes through the windows and walls?

"Standards of 'acceptable noise,' 'tolerable noise,' and 'objectionable noise' are now being set all around us, not only for trucks and civilian planes but for household appliances, offices and factories. These standards will govern what we are forced to hear for years or even decades to come. If we do want to live in an environment quiet enough for enjoyment, we'd better say so right now."

THE END

"Yes, he's here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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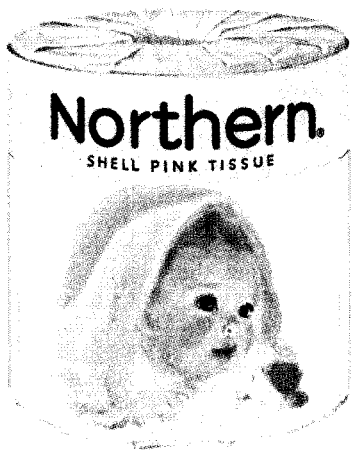
Soft as my blanket
soft as me
That's how soft
softness can be



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The Girl Who Gambled (Continued from Page 27)

it is the season of the Stanzolen Spring Fair. The flowers are out and our crops are growing." He paused. "But along with the spring and the crops something dreadful is also growing." His handsome face was troubled. "The postwar inflation is ruining our country and its people. And," he said, "its bankers. All that is left to most of us now, princess, is our tears." He shrugged his shoulders. "Like the famous German inflation a generation ago, it seems to be getting out of control. Losing a war is terrible, but inflation is catastrophic. Our money depreciates in value every day. The more our government prints the less we can buy with it."

The princess felt herself drawn to the fear in his proud face.

"You have then, princess, also nothing but tears?"

"Nothing, baron."

"Didn't Prince Ivan consider money important?"

She could barely detect the sarcasm beneath the surface. She looked at him hopelessly. "Prince Ivan always said, 'Money is no more important than the shadow of a beautiful slave girl's body on the ground. The value is not in her shadow, but in her body. The only true values are land, souls and tears. If money is needed, these can be turned into the money, which is only their shadow.'"

She felt his cold eyes on her. "How can my bank help you, princess?"

"By providing me with money."

"But I thought ——"

The desperation came out in her voice. "Baron, my land and my souls have been swept away by the Communist madness. I must have money to live—to eat ——" She hesitated. "Just now the shadow outweighs the substance."

She felt his eyes on her heavy hair. It flowed down her head like black running water. Her high Tartar cheekbones and slightly slanted eyes gave her that half-occidental, half-oriental look so typical of the Mongols. The princess knew she was beautiful. Prince Ivan had made her sure of that. In judging female beauty, as in everything else, Prince Ivan had been an epicure.

The baron's sharp voice brought her back to reality. "What do you want, princess?"

"A loan, Baron Frederic."

His voice had an undercurrent of ice. "My first duty is to my stockholders. We cannot make unsecured loans. Without lands, without souls, I'm afraid ——"

She put her hand over her throat in womankind's age-old reaction to fear. "Oh. Then it's a question of tears."

"I'm afraid—yes," said the Baron.

She thought for a moment before speaking. "Prince Ivan always said, 'There are two kinds of tears. Sometimes a woman needs one, sometimes the other.' He was always making jokes with me." She smiled. "Even his teasing was in rules. He often said, 'Tears from a woman's eyes are the salt of the land. The other kind are mothered by the salt of the sea. Every woman should have both.'"

"Prince Ivan was talking in riddles, princess," the baron said.

She unfastened the gold clasp which gathered up the opening of a tiny Damascus-brocade pouch and poured the contents on his desk. Three irregularly shaped white objects tumbled out of the opening like drops of cream from a pitcher. They wobbled uncertainly in little eccentric circles and stopped. The startled eyes of the baron saw on the desk three enormous teardrop pearls. They were absolutely identical.

The princess looked at him fearfully. "These are my last possessions." Her hands trembled. "When they are gone—I shall go."

The baron pushed a button. "Many of our loans are secured by jewels, princess. For the protection of the stockholders we require an appraisal by Doctor Luback." He smiled. "Bankers are cold. They even handle women's tears mechanically."

Doctor Luback resembled one of the gnarled little trolls of Teutonic mythology. He looked at the pearls through his watchmaker's eyepiece. His bright troll eyes flashed up at them. "Beautiful—and perfectly matched," he said.

He bowed to the princess and he and the baron left the room. The baron returned smiling. "They are worth about eighty thousand talers apiece. We can lend you fifty per cent of their value, or forty thousand talers on each one."

The princess' lovely face showed her disappointment. "But baron, Prince Ivan said it was impossible to find three teardrop pearls of such size so perfectly matched in shape and color. This factor alone is worth twice the value of each pearl." She took out a gold pencil and laboriously started to multiply. "If one pearl alone sells for eighty thousand talers, the three matched together should, under Prince Ivan's rule, bring at least four hundred and eighty thousand. Didn't Doctor Luback mention this?"

The baron drummed nervously on the table. "No, he didn't mention that," he said. She sensed he was lying, but he was her last resort. "The bank can lend only one hundred and twenty thousand talers on the three."

"What will become of my pearls if I cannot repay you?"

The baron showed by his lifted shoulders that such a thought was ridiculous.

"But," she insisted, "what would happen to my pearls? They are all that stand between me and"—she hesitated—"death."

The baron cleared his throat. "In that extreme case," he said with reluctance, "the pearls would belong to the bank."

She tried again. "You are obviously too much of a gentleman, baron, to take advantage of a lady in distress." She smiled. "Even to protect your stockholders. If you assure me that the proposition is fair, I will take it."

His blue eyes dropped to the desk, but his answer came quickly. Almost too quickly, she thought. "It's fair, your highness," he said.

"With that assurance I will accept, baron." She hesitated a moment. "But I will pledge only one pearl today."

The princess saw something violent flash across Baron Frederic's face. It was exasperation and impatience. "But, princess," he protested, "wouldn't you rather have the money for all three pearls now—when you are sure you can get it? No one can predict the future. Inflations are always unpredictable. They always catch everybody by surprise. A month from now your pearls may be worthless."

Her intuition rang a danger bell. She hesitated and then lifted her chin in the quick negative motion of the Turkic people. "Prince Ivan said, 'Money is valueless. It is only the shadow of things it can buy. Never sell substance to pile up money.' I need only forty thousand talers. When I need more I will return." She looked at him firmly through her tears. "I will pledge only one pearl."

As the baron prepared the formalities her thoughts wandered. Her superstitious mind appreciated the hopelessness of her position in dealing with such Western complications. She had never been alone before. She longed for her sheltered life with her father, the khan, and later with Prince Ivan. Although she had barely arrived in Stanzolen, she knew rumors were buzzing about her. People were even saying she planned to rent the huge, haunted Konstadt Palace near the *Rathaus*. The rumor was perfectly true. She dimly realized that that sort of living would swiftly eat up the forty thousand talers Baron Frederic was advancing, but the thought of cutting expenditures never even occurred to her.

The princess commenced a life of luxury that electrified the staid and wealthy city of Stanzolen. Almost daily her dark-blue sedan, with its red-liveried chauffeur and footman, would flash past the baron's window. She would see him and wave gaily. He would wave back. Once on an impulse she blew him a kiss. He laughed and blew one back to her. What a magnificent-looking man he was.

Once she invited him to dinner. As the doorman admitted him, Princess Handan was standing at the top of the famous marble stairway of the Konstadt Palace. Baron Frederic bowed and kissed her hand. The princess smiled. It was considered chic that year barely to touch a lady's hand with one's lips. The baron's lips pressed her hand, though, firmly. He must want to feel the softness of her flesh against his lips. Her hand was small and beautifully manicured. It had that slight fleshiness she knew men liked. He held her hand a moment too long and then abruptly released it. She frowned. Somewhere in that handsome head a door must have slammed shut.

She laughed mischievously. "Your lips are so much colder than the rest of the men in your country, baron. Prince Ivan always said, 'A man with cold lips is not to be trusted.'"

"A man that can be trusted with a beautiful woman is not a man, your highness."

She gave his hand a quick squeeze. "Baron Frederic the man talks differently from Baron Frederic the banker." She wrinkled her nose at him. "Baron Frederic—the Lord High Protector of the Stockholders!"

They strolled together through the outchamber into the main hall. It was crowded with guests. She smiled up at him. It was exciting to see him staggered by the splendor of her huge marble reception hall. She had had the electric lights removed. Hundreds of beeswax candles were burning in scores of brackets and chandeliers all over the huge chamber. The floors glowed with red Bokhara rugs from Turkestan, Khotans from Mongolia, and lovely geometric-patterned Kazaks from the Caucasus. A twenty-piece orchestra was playing *The March of the Bojaren*. Hanging on the walls were rich tapestries and colored plaques containing illuminated suras from the Koran. The suras were painted in matchless Arabic calligraphy. Her servants wore oriental livery—brightly-colored galabias and sandals, and turbans wound around brilliant, pointed green skullcaps. Gold knives were thrust through garish silk sashes. The conventional Konstadt Palace had become a barbaric Asiatic pavilion.

The princess smiled delightedly at the baron. "See how happy I am, baron. Prince Ivan always said, 'Even a tiger is happiest in his own jungle.'" She drank in the baron's frank look of admiration. Her dress was an aberration of the latest Paris creation. The Paris styling was there, but the material was a Damascus brocade, a copy of a Persian miniature. Hundreds of tiny Mongol and Persian horsemen were galloping madly over it, swinging swords and shooting arrows. The extreme neckline of her dress appeared to leave a small, frantically galloping squadron of horsemen no alternative to that of charging right out across her luscious bare skin.

"Prince Ivan always said, 'A woman wears a dress, instead of nothing at all, because the dress makes her more beautiful.'" She looked mischievously at him. "Does this dress make me more beautiful?"

Baron Frederic reddened and laughed stiffly. "Unfortunately I haven't the facts to apply Prince Ivan's standard." He surveyed her carefully and turned his head away. "It does make you very beautiful," he muttered.

The dinner was spectacular, even for postwar Stanzolen. Long lines of turbaned servants marched in holding flaming silver swords high above their heads. On each sword were skewered morsels of yearling lamb. Brandy-soaked cotton above each hilt sent flickering yellow flames around the smoking meat.

The baron looked at the orgy—for that was what it was—with a conflict of emotions that didn't escape the princess. Her cool fingers barely brushed his hand. "You are thinking that the loan from your bank is being eaten up as swiftly as the shashlick," she said innocently. The baron reddened again. Perhaps he was already considering her three matched pearls to be the property of the bank.

The next day the princess' car stopped at the bank. A red-liveried footman jumped out and opened the door. A moment later she was in Baron Frederic's office. There were no tears this time. She smiled brilliantly at him. "Baron, I am using money even faster than I expected. My forty thousand talers will soon be gone. I need more—much more. This terrible inflation makes everything so frightfully expensive." She poured her two remaining pearls out on his desk.

The baron's formality was back. There was a subdued satisfaction in his demeanor. "We can lend you four hundred thousand talers on each one of the two remaining pearls," he said.

Her eyes opened wide and then her mouth. She felt more like a little girl than a princess. "Four hundred thousand talers," she gasped. "Ten times more than before! How could they have gone up so much?"

The baron looked at her peevishly. "They haven't gone up at all. In fact, they have probably gone down. The value of our money, though, has fallen even faster—because of the inflation. It makes commodities change unpredictably in

... ...

Office Announcement

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Though she hasn't unveiled
her solitaire
And none of the others
know,
You can always tell it in
the air
When a girl has something
to show.
While she strips off her gloves
with a lowered gaze
And artfully straightens
her seams,
You'd better prepare for
the blinding blaze,
The clatter of heels and
the screams.

... ...

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price." He frowned. "Pearls are after all just very special commodities."

She looked distressed. "I do not understand. I wish —— Prince Ivan would know what to do."

The baron took one of her pearls and handed her four hundred thousand talers. She stared at him. It was evidently too difficult, keeping an expression of triumph off that handsome face. He now had two of her three pearls. Soon she would be penniless—and dead. She separated the money into two piles and pushed one back across the table. "I am redeeming the pearl I pledged last time."

"But princess," he looked angry, "you are not required to repay until the end of the year."

Her eyes were calm. "It sounds silly," she said, "but I must have my first pearl back. Prince Ivan said, 'Money is worthless. It is only the shadow and not the substance.' If I get four hundred thousand talers for one pearl, and can get an identical one back for forty thousand talers, Prince Ivan would never want me to miss such a bargain. I make a profit of three hundred and sixty thousand talers."

"A profit?" the baron protested. He looked confused. She could almost read his thoughts: *Perhaps it is a profit—but if it is, who lost the three hundred and sixty thousand talers? Was it the stockholders of the bank—and me?*

Reluctantly he returned her first pearl. Again he had only one. She could sense that he was feeling a deep sense of loss. Her eyes had a faraway look. "Baron Frederic, I am still disobeying Prince Ivan's rules. I have no land. How can I buy land?" There again was that shadow of reluctance in his eyes.

"Everyone is trying to sell their land because the inflation is ruining them. Land prices are unpredictable—a poor investment."

His argument shook her. Her background had taught her to accept a man's word as law. Her instinct warned her, though, that this was different. She did not belong to this man. And he belonged to the stockholders. Slowly the stubborn line reappeared around her mouth.

That afternoon Princess Handan and the baron made the rounds. Their relationship, she decided wistfully, was distressingly like that of father and daughter. He advised her what land to buy and how much to pay. Now the big decision was made; she took his advice on details. She bought three hundred thousand talers' worth of land. They disagreed only once. He wanted her to buy an apartment building. The baron and the seller seemed to be friends. She shook her head. "Prince Ivan said, 'Land is land, and houses are houses. Never mix the two more than necessary. One grows wheat and potatoes and lambs and chickens on land. In a house one grows only one's own children.'" She looked at the apartment building sadly. "That's not land, baron." Out of the corner of her eye she caught the flash of disappointment that passed between them. Would he always belong to the stockholders?

The princess bought nothing but farmland. "I don't want to look at land," she told him, "unless crops are growing on it. Things I can see and feel and smell. Prince Ivan always said, 'Never buy a horse until you can hold it between your knees and feel it run.'" Again the princess had that stubborn look.

Soon Doctor Luback was again examining her two remaining pearls. The inflation had taken on a wild galloping quality that made the princess' hot blood run like ice. It didn't seem to follow any predictable rules. All the ancient banking and business principles evidently counted for nothing.

Doctor Luback looked up. "Princess your pearls are now worth eight million talers apiece."

"Two hundred times as much as they were the first time—impossible."

Again the baron went into a technical description of inflation. "When money goes down commodity prices go up. Pearls are just a very special commodity. This is nothing yet. In the German inflation commodities went up a billion times in price. Money became worthless."

The baron pushed 8,000,000 talers across the table, and again she pushed part of it back. Again, "I will take my other pearl back, baron. Prince Ivan said, 'Money is only the shadow and——'"

"Yes, I know," the baron interrupted hastily, "—and not the substance," he finished for her. Again his eyes had that glazed, puzzled look as he handed back her pearl and still retained only one. She knew what he was thinking: *I still have only one pearl—so who is paying for the Kronstadt Palace and the lavish parties, and the farms and the expensive car, and the dresses —— Who?* The princess and the baron stared at each other.

While he was preparing the formalities, the faraway look returned to her eyes. What would Prince Ivan do now, she wondered. Prince Ivan with his black turned-down mustache and those fierce yellow Mongol eyes. She shivered deliciously. She knew what he would do to her, but what would he do about the inflation?

The princess put the two pearls back in the Damascus-brocade bag and closed its golden clasp. She looked up. "I have been thinking of Prince Ivan's rules." Her words came out hesitantly. "Prince

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Ivan always seemed to mention land first. I think he would want me to pledge my last two pearls also and buy farms." She looked up. Her woman's intuition had caught the soundless shout of delight that echoed behind the baron's calm blue eyes. She put her hand to her throat. The Lord High Protector of the Stockholders. It was the most important decision of her life. She felt the firmness of the two pearls nested inside the lovely brocade—the magic tears that mysteriously purchased each other back and forth and poured millions of talers into her life. Could they keep doing that forever? Were they enchanted?

The princess looked out the large window at the busy, frantic traffic. Each week as the inflation destroyed the value of their money, the people on the street had become more wild-eyed and hurried. It was easy to see her own reflection in their tortured faces. The princess' lips parted and she lifted her head. Way out beyond the river the fields were green. Complacent little faraway dots were working and cows were grazing and chickens were feeding. She could almost smell the hay and the manure. There is no pearl magic out there beyond the river, she thought, but—she looked at the fields. Prince Ivan would have loved them. If she gave up all three pearls and bought land, it would be risking everything on one last desperate dice throw. It was frightening that the baron wanted her to do it. She was strongly attracted to him, but the fact that she did not belong to him frightened her. He had made it clear that his first loyalty was to the stockholders. If she could only somehow turn that loyalty toward herself. She looked at the baron beseechingly, begging him with her eyes to give her honest advice. "What shall I do?" she cried.

"Pledge the pearls and buy land."

She looked at him in quiet desperation. Again she gazed out across the river at the luscious green fields. Cows and sheep were munching. Men were plowing, and inside the barns women were milking. Suddenly resolution sharpened her face. She pushed the pearls violently across the table. "I want to pledge everything!" she cried. "Every single thing!" She snatched the solitaire diamond ring from her finger and placed it beside the pearls. "Call Doctor Luback," she cried.

Everyone was being ruined by the galloping inflation. There were thousands of bankruptcies, and, as business stopped, millions of jobs stopped. Vast quantities of distressed land were dumped on the market as the public sold its assets just to buy food. The nation's whole financial system was crumbling, and Baron Frederic was crumbling with it. Hunger stalked the streets. As hundreds of billions of talers came off the government presses their value dropped daily and then hourly.

The princess' superstitious mind more and more made a fetish of following Prince Ivan's rules, the fundamental barbaric rules of the Kara Kum desert. She would close her eyes and dream. Suddenly she would hear the old familiar sound from the past, the low angry howl of the steppes' wind sweeping over the black sands of Kara Kum. And there would be Prince Ivan with his curved Cossack sword and his bright-quilted coat looking at her with those fierce yellow eyes—telling her about his rules. She would write them down and puzzle over what they meant and try to apply them to the discussions that raged around her. Serious industrialists arguing abstruse points with conservative merchants and bankers—citing the age-old rules of economics, with reasons why they no longer applied.

"How far would the taler fall?" they asked each other. "After World War One the German inflation dropped the mark to more than one-billionth of its original value. A million marks would not even buy a stalk of celery. If someone owed you money he owed you nothing. How can we run a bank when the loans that constitute the bank's assets are worth only stalks of celery?"

Their obvious confusion frightened her. "I feel like my father's felt tent on the black sands at the edge of the Kara Kum," she whispered to herself. "The way it would feel if it had no poles to support it." She looked wistfully at the baron. *How wonderful it would be to have a man to lean on! If it were not for his stockholders*, she sighed, *he would be my protector—my lover.* The attachment between them grew constantly but was never admitted. The stockholders separated them like an iron gate.

One morning the princess left the baron's offices and got into her car. There was a frightened and determined look on her face. The bank had just taken possession of all her land-title certificates and had lent her 75,000,000 talers. It was the largest loan in the bank's history—in talers. The baron no longer tried to conceal his satisfaction. He was still the Lord High Protector of the Stockholders. There seemed, though, to be a wistfulness about his victory that made her feel warm and contented. When he wins, she thought, and I lose, when he gets my pearls for the stockholders, then his love will come out and protect me. Then his stockholders will be no more important than Prince Ivan's other wives.

Thousands of billions of talers were now being printed by the government. People were saying it was almost as bad as the famous German inflation. Money was rapidly becoming worthless. Insurance premiums were being written in wheat instead of money.

The princess was radiant as she came into the baron's office. Her eyes danced. Over her arm was a farming basket overflowing with vegetables and eggs. She smiled delightedly at the baron and opened her basket. "First, before we talk business, I want you to admire these."

She took out a dozen large brown-speckled eggs, four big heads of cabbage, a dozen turnips and six beets and laid them on his desk. "Look how large and healthy they are, especially the beets." She looked at the baron proudly. "The eggs are almost a quarter bigger than my competitor's. Prince Ivan would love them. He always loved the things that came from the land—beets and lambs and horses and wheat and potatoes and lovely peasant girls."

The baron gingerly picked up one of the brown-speckled eggs. "Very big and nice," he admitted.

She laughed mischievously. "Precious little you know about eggs, baron. She opened up her little red notebook and started figuring. "I now owe the bank seventy-five million talers, plus twenty per cent interest for six months, which is seven million five hundred thousand more—a total of eighty-two million five hundred thousand talers." She looked proudly at the vegetables and eggs. "I have just checked at the central market. This basket of turnips, beets, cabbages and eggs is now worth one hundred and twenty million talers. The basket itself is worth fifteen million talers. I want to pay off my loan and get my three pearls back."

Baron Frederic stared at the princess as if he were seeing a ghost. His mouth dropped open and then closed. He stammered painfully. "A basket of vegetables pays off our loan?" he whispered. "The biggest loan in our bank's history! Seventy-five million talers for one basket of vegetables!"

The princess looked at the basket. "Prince Ivan always said, 'Money is like the shadow of a beautiful woman's body on the ground—you cannot get pleasure from her shadow.'"

The baron stumbled to his feet and took the vegetables into another room. She heard a conference going on. She couldn't catch the words, but she could hear the sounds of argument.

Finally the door opened. In the baron's hand was the tiny Damascus-brocade bag. She took it and poured the three pearls and the solitaire diamond ring out on the desk. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably. He was looking at her and then through her. She knew he was thinking of her possessions: the vast Konstadt Palace and the huge chancery next to it . . . the central market . . . hundreds of farms in the richest part of the countryside around Stanzolen . . . a fleet of trucks which brought her produce to her market each day . . . thousands of eggs and beets and turnips and tomatoes and pigs and cattle . . . the orchestra that lived in the palace annex, ready to play when the whim struck her . . . four souls whose only job day after day was to light and replace burned-out beeswax candles . . . four chefs and an expert at sauces. And the whole chancery full of people with calculating machines, adding and subtracting, multiplying and dividing, milk, meat, beets, turnips, honey and brown-speckled eggs . . . her private railway car . . . the *Khanzade* perched full of fuel on a brand-new cement air strip with the old crew entrenched there, armed to the teeth, waiting to flee from the *Jacquerie* again. And, last of all, her possessions, the ones that she knew moved him the most—the three matched pearls and the diamond ring, which she was clutching in her tiny hand. She stared at them and tears of relief came to her eyes.

The baron looked up. All the confidence and pride had vanished from his handsome face. His voice was barely a whisper. "The old rules of banking are dead," he stammered. "And our bank is dead with them—and also the stockholders." He closed his eyes. "All order has gone. A runaway inflation follows no rules."

"Except"—her voice was also a whisper—"those of Prince Ivan."

She had, she knew, utterly defeated him. She sensed intuitively that he was forever lost to her. The bank and the stockholders were dead. They were no longer her rivals. But it mattered little now. He could never take a strong man's pride in having conquered her. Whenever he looked at her he would be reminded of his weakness rather than his strength—rather than her beauty.

More tears of self-pity welled into her eyes. Suddenly she knew that although unlimited land and souls were finally hers, it was still, as in the beginning, a question of tears—tears because she would never be enjoying them with him. Suddenly, more than anything else on earth, she wanted and needed him.

The princess' slanted Mongol eyes turned braver and more inscrutable. "I am going to America," she said suddenly. He hardly heard her. He was staring fixedly out the huge window of his dead bank as if he was bewitched. She raised her voice slightly and put her hand on his arm. "Prince Ivan always said, 'A beautiful woman should never travel alone and unprotected. She should always have a strong man to guard her and protect her from harm on the journey.'" The tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I am frightened of America and of its barbarous people." She looked at him beseechingly. "I would be so happy and feel so safe if you would come with me to guard and protect me."

Suddenly for the first time his arms were around her, and their lips met in their first kiss. They clung to each other. She closed her eyes and sighed. She heard a faint sound coming from far, far away. It was the wind blowing over the black sands of Kara Kum—very faint now—fading away. There was a silent little whisper in her sigh. "Prince Ivan, my lord, please forgive me, forgive me for that last rule. I needed it to make me completely happy." THE END

"Well, anyway, you showed him up for what he really is. A potential heavyweight champion."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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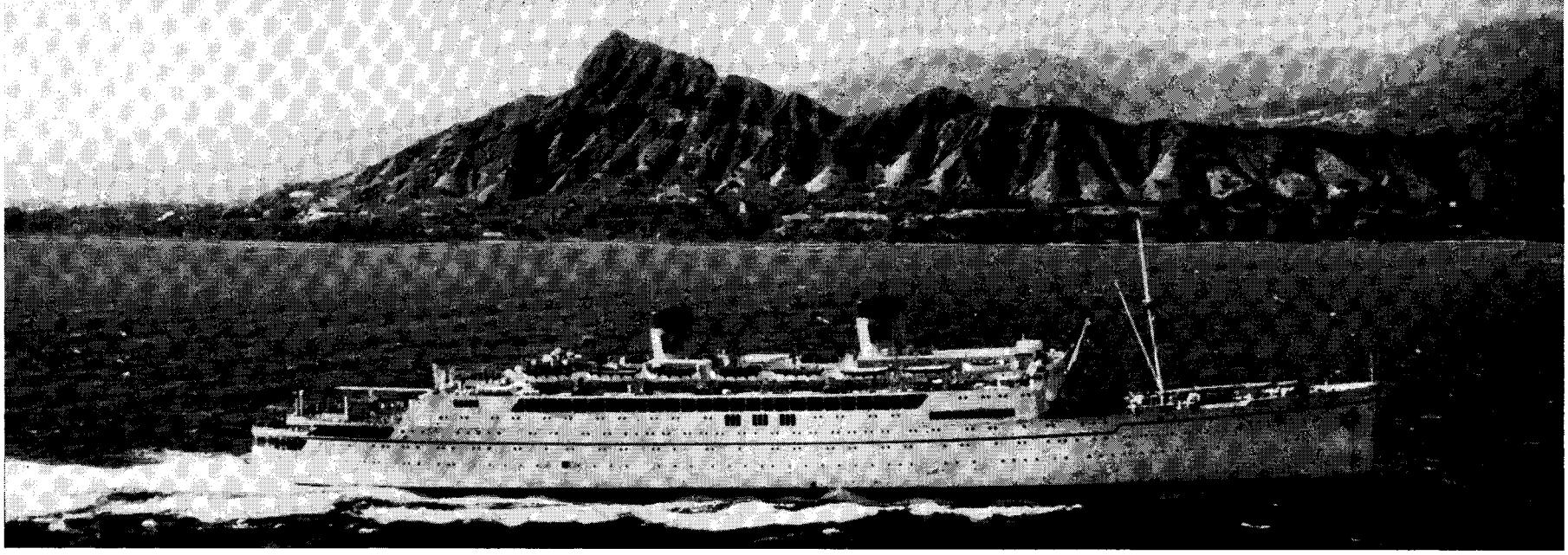

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 43)

the water line, to be protected from shot. And lastly, the draft of the furnaces must be made independent of a smokestack which could be shot away. So I devised a stack that telescoped. I, sir, introduced these innovations successfully in the controversial *Princeton*. With that vessel I opened the way to the age of iron warships."

"Our Navy," Greeley said, "neglects to avail itself of your knowledge and abilities."

"Sir," said Ericsson stiffly, "the day will arrive when those antediluvian chair-warmers will have to come to me."

"You are ahead of your times," said Greeley.

"Perhaps," Ericsson said, "the times are getting ahead of themselves. It is an age of inventions, of original investigation. The result already is visible in mechanical contrivances which tend to destroy individual initiative and skill. Great manufactories are displacing small workshops where skills and character were developed. I dread to contemplate a future in which gadgets will dispense with intellect, and monotonous muscular labor will do away with mechanical skills."

Greeley got to his feet. "We must talk again, sir. You have stimulated my imagination. I am grateful to Madame Ouverard for bringing me here. Unfortunately an editor in these days has little time for social or philosophical conversations. I look forward to seeing you again."

The visitors withdrew. Eric Nelson, regarding his employer out of the corners of his eyes, saw that the man was elated. The world, in John Ericsson's estimation, was beating a path to his door. Horace Greeley did not visit nonentities.

Eric, as always, was amused by his chief's childlike vanity; but his mind was upon quite another person. While their elders had been talking of important things, he and Yvonne Constant had been whispering in a corner of the room, becoming better acquainted with each other. Even so, Eric's ironic mind was able to look beneath the surface of things. Why, he asked himself, had Madame Ouverard paid this unexpected visit upon John Ericsson? Why had she brought with her that so-desirable niece? And how and why had she induced the powerful editor of the *Tribune* to break his afternoon and to make a call upon this engineer, whose abilities were rejected by officials of the Navy and who rested under a cloud of suspicion and disapproval?

"There," said Eric of Madame Ouverard, "is a woman who does nothing without a reason—one whose eye never is removed from the main chance."

"Young man," said Ericsson suddenly, "I must go at once to Greenpoint, to the shipyard. Those engines being installed in Esmeralda. I must keep an eye on the work. There is enough of the afternoon left to make the trip. Come with me."

They made their way northward to James Slip at Thirty-fourth Street and took the Long Island ferry to the Long Island City Terminal, where the steam train which had been making that run since 1844 carried them to their destination. Ericsson clambered over the little vessel still on the ways, making his scrupulous inspection and finding, to his satisfaction, that his drawings had been followed meticulously. He complimented the workmen, as was his way when good work was being done. After some waiting they caught a train back to Long Island City and ferried across the river. In the ferry house at James Slip they parted. Just why Captain Ericsson had asked Eric to accompany him to the shipyard Eric could not make out. Perhaps the great man was lonesome.

Eric strolled. He had turned south for a couple of blocks and was walking westward on Thirty-second Street. Darkness had descended swiftly; the moon had not risen. Few people were abroad because it was the dinner hour. It was not the best-lighted neighborhood in the city, and Eric's footsteps sounded hollowly on the pavement. Involuntarily he hastened his pace, though the locality was not one in which one might expect to be molested. That would not have been true some distance southward, where existed what were probably the most noisome slums on earth—Five Points, where prowled the powerful underworld gangs with picturesque names. There marauded the Plug Uglies, the Shirt Tails, and Mayor Fernando Wood's Dead Rabbits—in slight fear of police interference.

Eric walked along the north side of the street. Approaching on the south side of the street from the direction of Fourth Avenue came hurriedly a man in frock coat and high silk hat. Another person, taking long strides, came from the east, also on the south side of the street. They met before the steps of a brick residence, spoke and turned under the steps to the basement entrance. From the darkness there emerged a burly figure to block their way. Eric halted and took a sidewise step into the shadows. Perhaps it was a meeting of Freemasons or some other lodge with a tiler to whom arrivals must give a password.

The first arrival spoke in a tone so low that his words did not cross the street to Eric's ears; but the second man's voice was a harsh basso which made his reply to the challenge audible.

"Jefferson Davis," he rumbled.

"Enter," said the tiler, and the men passed from view under the steps.

Here was, indeed, a thing to stir the curiosity of a young man whose shortcoming—or admirable quality—was to meddle with what interested him. This was no lodge meeting or peaceful secret society. No company with innocent intentions and loyalty to the Government would choose for its password the name of the President of the Confederate States of America.

Eric drew farther back into the recess under the steps. It did not occur to him that his position might be dangerous or that, if detected in his amateur spying, the consequences might be unpleasant.

It was not so much the urge of patriotism that compelled him to lurk there as it was plain, youthful curiosity. New York, as he was well aware, was full of talk of subversiveness, of Southern agents and spies and saboteurs. Under the surface New York's loyalty was not of the soundest. Its sympathies were not with abolitionists nor with "that blundering backwood ape," Abraham Lincoln. The bass voice Eric had heard uttering the name of the chief executive of the rebelling states was not a Northern voice. Its texture and inflection identified it as coming from the Deep South.

Eric crouched farther into the black, concealing murkiness. Next, to his surprise, came a carriage drawn by spanking horses. Here was no stealthy approach, but boldness that scorned the secret approach. This equipage stopped before the house opposite. The coachman—a liveried black man—descended and assisted a lady to alight. She made no entrance under the steps but brashly mounted to the front door. The tiler emerged and challenged, but she spoke contemptuously with sharp arrogance and proceeded to mount to the door with its fan light and side lights. She rang the bell and waited impatiently. In a moment the door was opened and light disclosed her figure and her face. Eric drew a gasping breath of surprise. The woman was Madame Carlotta Ouverard. And the man who opened the door to her was the ex-slaver, Capt. Hugo Tempest!

The young man remained in his place of concealment. There were no other arrivals. His position was uncomfortable and the night was chilly, but he stood motionless, watching. It may have been an hour and a half that he waited there before Madame Ouverard emerged, tripping gracefully down the steps as if she were leaving some innocent social gathering. She was helped into her carriage and driven away. Here was a woman, thought Eric, in whom caution found no residence. She might be a plotter, but her arrogant nature ill fitted her for the part.

Shortly after her departure three men, emerging one after the other with minutes intervening between their appearance, slunk out of the basement entrance and went hurriedly away.

But, though Eric lingered another fifteen minutes, Captain Tempest remained inside. From this Eric deduced that the house was his residence and that he had been host to the conspirators—if conspirators they were. At last, certain that nothing more of interest would happen, he stepped out upon the sidewalk and hastened away. He was not observed. No one followed to molest him.

He walked to his rooming house and went up to his bedchamber where, before undressing, he sat on the edge of his bed to mull over what he had seen and to wonder what he should do about it. And as he reviewed the events, his thoughts turned to Yvonne Constant. He hoped fervently that in spite of her Southern origin and her residence in the home of Madame Ouverard she was not implicated in this matter. He convinced himself that she would not be. She was too young, too impulsive, to be entrusted with such secrets.

He undressed slowly, blew out his lamp and went to bed. He was wakeful. Where lay his duty? Should he notify the police? Was there some Federal department that ferreted out conspiracies and spyings? He did not know. Being young and in excellent health, these questionings and reflections became confused and vague as sleep overtook him. Without meaning to do so, he was sleeping on his problem.

It was Sunday afternoon. Eric Nelson had slept late after his experience the night before in Thirty-second Street. He went out for breakfast at a nearby restaurant and then returned to his room, where he lounged and read before dressing in his Sunday best. He was a young man with problems. Two houses had become important: the house in Thirty-second Street and the house in The Row on Washington Square. Each had its secrets, and those secrets tied them together. The one house was a stealthy, seedy house, inconspicuous—a fit place for secret meetings. The other was a mansion occupied by a lady of wealth and social position who entertained the elite of the city. The sentiments of its mistress were not disguised. She was a Southerner and she did not hesitate to make public her sympathy with her homeland. In her mansion she entertained not only stable and important citizens, but such persons as Mayor Fernando Wood and his brother Ben, whose hatred for Mr. Lincoln was militant. Her open disloyalty did not render her socially unacceptable, because it was shared by all too many of the city's upper crust.

Eric had regarded her attitude more or less as the harmless posturing of a beautiful woman from Louisiana. He had formed the opinion that she traded on her sex and beauty and that she considered it smart in the social sense to be so outspoken in her partisanship. She flaunted her Southern aristocracy. To the indulgent men and women who frequented her salon she seemed a fine example of Southern womanhood, to be pampered, accepted, not taken seriously. Eric had accepted, with reservations, that appraisal. The reservations had to do with what he perceived to be a keen and subtle mind, and a scarcely perceptible hardness to be read in her steel-blue eyes and her manner of studying and appraising her guests.

Now, in the sunlight of this Sabbath day, she took on a different coloration.

There was something more to the woman than a stereotyped, artificial, snobbish veneration for the land of her origin. Something more than a female affectation to be tolerated with smiles.

A woman who boldly attended a meeting—apparently the only woman present at the gathering—whose password was the name of the President of the Confederacy—was not the mere pampered social beauty she made herself appear. It was protective (*Continued on Page 82*)

"Just the car, Mac!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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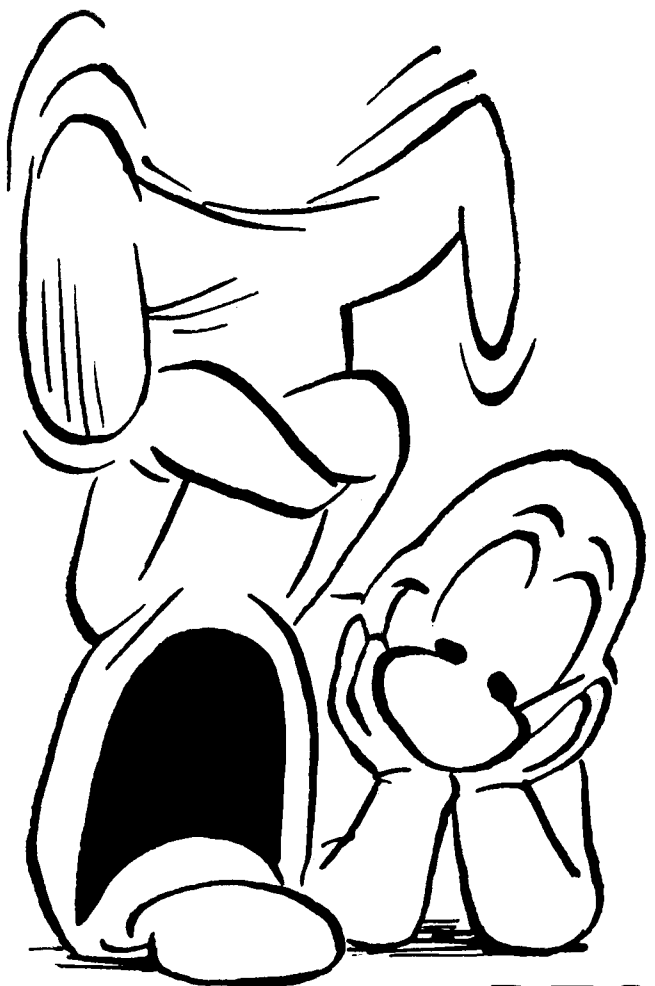

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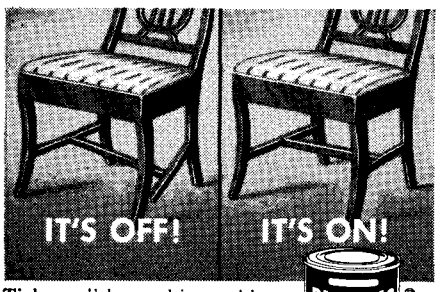

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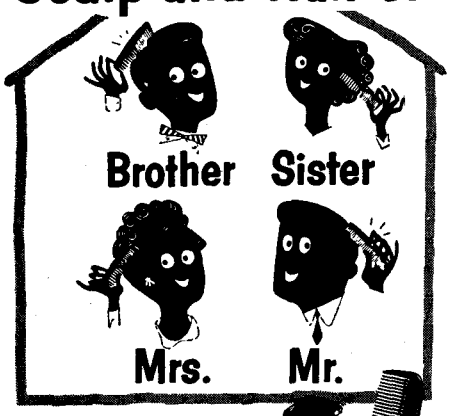

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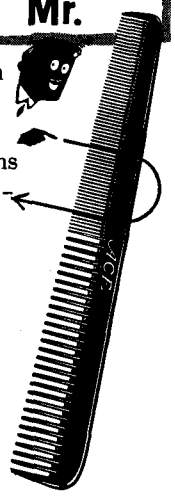

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(*Continued from Page 80*) coloring. Who could suspect her, who so openly flaunted her sentiments, to be a person of secret and dangerous purposes and potentialities? Her mansion, behind this façade, might well be a hotbed of treason.

This possibility, even probability, troubled Eric because of something apart from all political implications. As he realized this, he was surprised at himself. It dismayed him to find that the point was so important to him. He found that it was not treason, not conspiracy, that engaged his most serious thoughts. It was Yvonne Constant and her presence in that house and her possible involvement in the cabal. He was suddenly disquieted to come face to face with the fact that anything in Yvonne's character, anything she did or suffered, could be of acute importance to him.

He was unhappily aware that he was personally involved. He tried to reassure himself, to assert that it was nonsense. But the more he asserted the contrary, the more definitely he was convinced that he cared very much. He realized that here was no mere Platonic liking for a girl of startling physical beauty, but a deep concern such as he never had experienced before.

He looked at his fashionable coat, at the tall hat resting on the table, and knew that he had selected this finery with a purpose. That purpose was to make an afternoon call at the house in The Row on the north side of Washington Square.

Perhaps it was unwise, even dangerous. But there had formed subconsciously in his mind the intention to find the answers to questions that cried out for answers. And above and beyond this necessity was the more happy, the more normal urge to be with this girl, to take that pleasure in her society which a young man may take in the nearness of a lovely young woman.

He waited with impatience until a suitable hour arrived, and then, not without trepidation, he walked to Washington Square and mounted the eight steps to the classic door and rang the bell. The black butler responded, and over the man's shoulder Eric heard the sound of several voices in jovial conversation. Evidently Madame Ouverard was keeping a sort of open house to her friends, and the butler did not question Eric's right to be there. His hat and cane were taken from him and he entered the drawing room.

Madame Ouverard greeted him graciously. There were no introductions. Evidently those present were supposed to be acquainted with one another—or it was unimportant whether they were or not. Eric chatted a moment with his hostess before she turned away. Eric saw the mayor. He saw the merchant, A. T. Stewart, he saw the editor and poet William Cullen Bryant—a man stanchly loyal to the Union and to Mr. Lincoln. There were other faces familiar and unfamiliar. He saw across the room Yvonne Constant standing in animated chitchat with two young gentlemen—one, though in civilian clothes, with military bearing. The other was handsome almost to the point of beauty. Eric crossed to her side. She smiled up with real welcome in her eyes and presented him to her two companions.

"Capt. Ross Lane and Mr. John Andrews. . . . Mr. Eric Nelson," she said.

"Not captain," said Lane quickly. "Plain mister."

"But I thought ——" Yvonne began, but he interrupted.

"Merely a very junior man of business," he said and then extended a finely formed hand to Eric. "Charmed to meet you, Mr. Nelson."

Eric shook hands also with John Andrews and, because he was a reader of Roman history, thought of Antinoüs. The four young people talked of this and that—of weather, amusements, the theater, horses—until a gentleman whose face was vaguely familiar approached.

"Young gentlemen—Mr. Andrews and Mr. Lane," he said in a voice which had carrying power and which could not be modulated, "I wonder if you could spare me a few minutes in the library."

That voice! Eric's ear was one that did not forget sounds. The voice that invited the two young men into the library was the voice of the second man to arrive at the house in Thirty-second Street—who had spoken so stridently the password, "Jefferson Davis."

"Now," said Eric, concealing his sudden uneasiness, "I have you to myself."

"So you have, Mr. Nelson," Yvonne answered solemnly, but with a roguish twinkle.

"I had no idea there would be a soiree," he said. "I had hoped on this lovely afternoon that we might go for a stroll."

She half closed her eyes as she considered the suggestion. "I doubt if I'll be missed," she said. "Be waiting for me at the door."

She tripped out of the room and up the stairs. Eric unostentatiously retrieved his beaver and waited at the foot of the stairs. She came down, flushed and lovely, and, without exciting notice, they went out the front door to the sunlit sidewalk. They turned to the right, to Fifth Avenue.

"I have no carriage," Eric said. "Shall we walk?"

"I love to stroll," she said gaily.

They walked briskly, and Eric was aware that people they met turned to glance after the lovely girl at his side. She prattled, and he, more perturbed as the time came when he must ask questions, was grimly silent.

She looked up at him pertly. "Has the cat run away with your tongue?" she asked.

"I'm thinking," he said lightly. "I want to impress you with my brilliance, but I don't seem to be able to think of anything witty."

"I like just talk," she said. "It makes me uncomfortable when people try to be brilliant."

So they just talked—about the mansions they passed, about the styles worn by the ladies with long full skirts, and about the astonishing bustles; about how peaceful the city was under the spring sunshine.

The time and the distance passed most pleasantly until they came to Forty-first Street and that agglomeration of buildings occupied by Rutgers Female College, known interchangeably as The House of Mansions and The Spanish Row. Across the avenue rose the massive masonry of Croton Reservoir to a height of more than forty feet, from the top of which one might get a view of the city in all directions. They mounted to this coign of vantage. Eric was humorously informative.

"Twenty million gallons of drinking water there," he said.

"How many cups of tea would that make?" she asked.

"If something should happen to this water supply," he said soberly, "it would be worse for the city than the loss of cups of tea."

"What do you mean? Why suddenly so lugubrious?"

"We're at war," he said.

"What has that to do with water?"

"It might have a great deal," he answered. "If the Confederates could blow up this reservoir, New York would go thirsty—with dreadful suffering, with danger of fires that might destroy the city."

Her eyes were big and wondering. "But who would do such an awful thing?"

"Confederate agents. Confederate spies. Confederate sympathizers. Copperheads."

It was the last word that caught her attention. "Copperheads! What are Copperheads?"

"Copperheads, Miss Constant," said Eric, "is a bad word that lately has appeared in the language. Until this war began, 'copperhead' meant a venomous snake. Now it means a more venomous creature—a Northerner whose sympathies are with the South. Copperheads are traitors who, by overt acts or passive resistance, give aid and comfort to the enemy. The movement is strong and organized in the Middle West, but it has many and powerful adherents in this city."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "That would be dreadful. As if people who live in New Orleans should do things to help the North against us."

"Its spokesmen and leaders here," Eric said, "are Mayor Fernando Wood and his brother Ben, who is the editor of the *Daily News*. This paper stirs people

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to hatred of Mr. Lincoln and the Union and allows its personal columns to be used by spies and plotters and conspirators to communicate with each other."

"But that," she said and used a most unexpected word, "is ungentlemanly. It is dishonorable. No man or woman of family or position would do or permit such treachery. How can you know this is so, Eric?" It was the first time she ever had used his given name.

"I know," he said, "because I have seen evidences of it. Mr. Ericsson has seen more and knows more. His business in shipyards and foundries and manufacturing plants brings him into contact with workingmen. He has a way with them. They like him and talk to him. He even has a way with the wild Irish who fled to this country during the potato famines in their homeland. Men who live in squalor—in Five Points and other dreadful slums. These agents and spies stir them up to hate Negroes—to make them afraid freed black men will come North and take their jobs. These people tell him facts. The city is overrun with Copperheads in all walks of life."

"But," Yvonne protested, "Mr. Davis and General Lee and our leaders are upright gentlemen. They wouldn't tolerate such underhanded things—such criminal things as blowing up reservoirs and making people suffer. War," she said with uplifted head, "is for soldiers and gentlemen."

Eric listened eagerly, and her words made him happy. She was frank, open. He hoped he was seeing her as she was, but he found need to make sure.

"You are a Southerner," he said.

"A Louisianan," she said promptly.

"You hope the South will win this war?"

"Of course, Eric. Just as you hope the North will win it."

"But," he asked, and this was the crucial question, "would you help your cause if you could?"

She pondered that. "Any honorable Southern woman would help if she could."

"But," he persisted, "*how* would you help? What would you do to help destroy the North and bring victory to the South?"

"Why," she said, and paused in puzzlement, "I—why, I would sew. I would nurse the sick. I would do anything to make our men happy and comfortable."

"Of course," Eric said, "but suppose some agent sent here by the South were to ask you to—oh, for instance—help him plant a bomb to blow up the Brooklyn Navy Yard! Or, to revert to it again, to destroy Croton Reservoir. Or to incite ignorant people to rebellion ——"

"No gentleman who would be received in my aunt's house could make such a hateful suggestion," she said angrily. "You come near to being insulting, Mr. Nelson." The "Eric" was gone now. "We Southerners fight a war as gallant soldiers should. Soldiers fight soldiers. They are honorable enemies. Sir, it is an insult to suppose that any Southerner would be guilty of treachery or anything dishonorable." Her face was flaming with resentment. "I think you had best take me home, Mr. Nelson. You must have a most peculiar mind even to think of such things."

Eric smiled. He was happy. She was young and ignorant and completely naïve. Nothing that was not straightforward and honest could find lodgment in her mind. It simply was inconceivable to her that people she knew, gentlemen and ladies, could be guilty of betrayal of their class. War to her was a matter of chivalry; of knights in gleaming armor without fear and without reproach. Bayards all.

"Miss Constant," Eric said contritely, "you must not misunderstand me. You must not be angry with me. I simply, in my fumbling way, was endeavoring to find out if you were as confident of the high-mindedness of your leaders as I am of the rectitude of Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan and *our* great men."

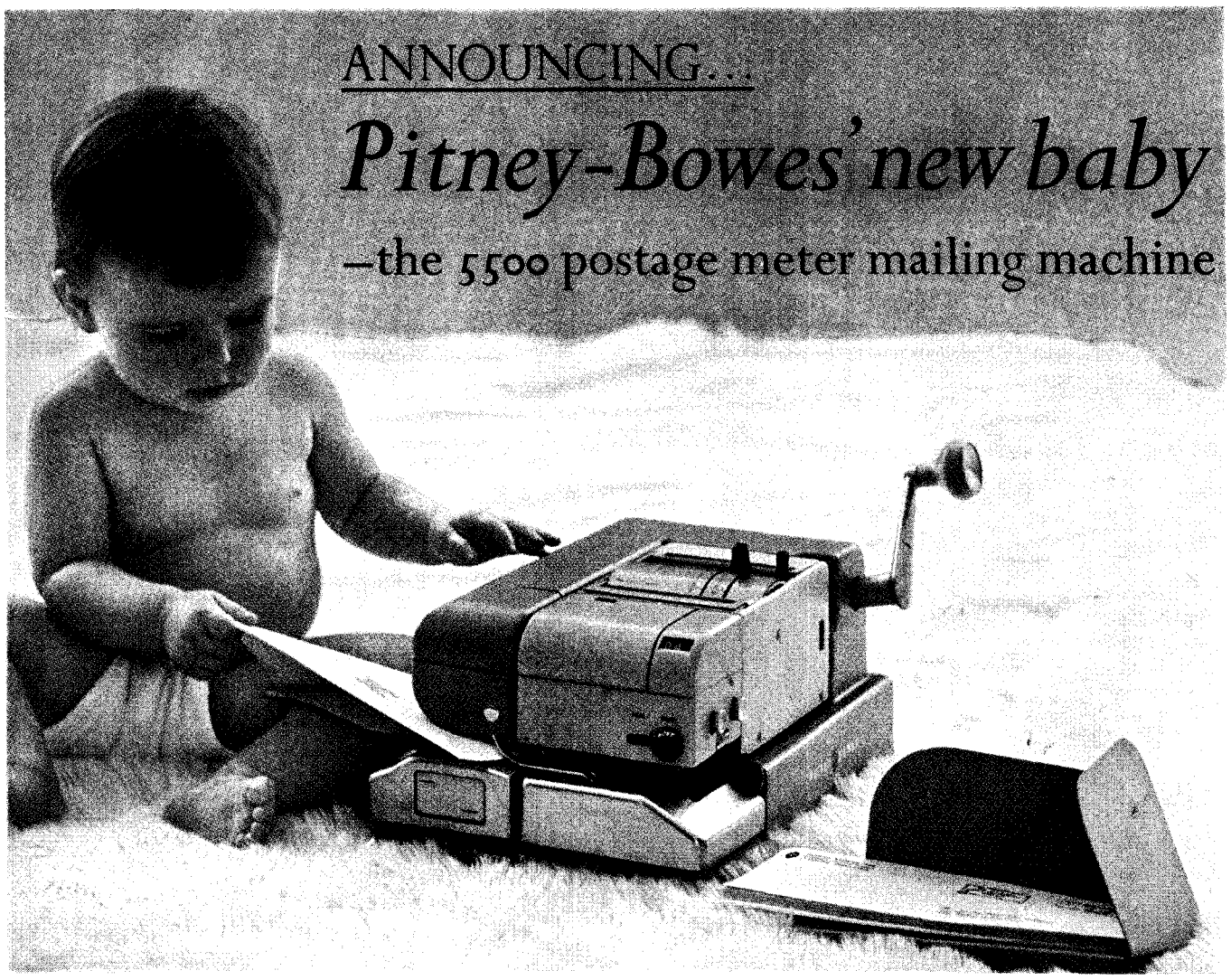
"But," she said with wrinkled brows, "why question it?"

Why indeed? he asked himself. And his eyes were dark with foreboding as he looked down into her piquant face, wondering how the tragedy of it would affect her on the inevitable day when she discovered that her beautiful aunt was a conspirator, venal and treacherous, involved in plots with desperate enemy agents whose motto certainly was not *noblesse oblige*.

He was not yet to become aware of the sturdiness in her that had enabled her to surmount the dreadful discovery that her aunt, Madame Carlotta Ouverard of the elite of Louisiana, was a member of that ignoble profession which owned and sailed slaving ships from the barracoons of Africa to this side of the Atlantic.

Many days were to pass and many tragic events were to transpire before Eric Nelson came fully to understand and appreciate the indomitableness of little Yvonne Constant of Val-Fleury plantation.

Because a naval officer named Com. Charles McCauley was unequal to the emergency that confronted him at the Gosport Navy Yard in Norfolk, the life of Capt. John Ericsson in New York City was modified, and destiny fell upon his shoulders and gave him a lasting place in history. Had the commodore been a man of high resolution and determination, the



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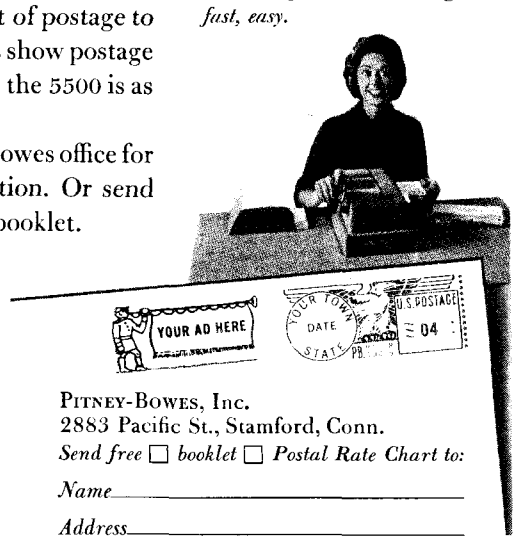

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name of Ericsson might now be forgotten. Had not Commodore McCauley authorized the burning of one of the most splendid of the nation's warships, Ericsson might have died in obscurity. When the dire news reached the newspapers of the North that Norfolk, with its splendid dry dock and military stores and hundreds of irreplaceable cannon, had been abandoned, Captain Ericsson felt only that sense of calamity shared by his fellow countrymen. The name of the steam frigate *Merrimac*, sunk at the dock, had no personal significance for him.

On a day early in June of 1861 Ericsson sat at his desk busied with the perfect mechanical drawings which his accurate fingers produced. His Irish servant, who never hesitated to intrude and stood in no awe of his temper, bustled into the room to announce that his friend, Cornelius Delamater, of the Phoenix Foundry, was calling. Ericsson laid down his drawing instrument and stood up with cordially extended hand to greet the caller. They exchanged amenities. Delamater spoke pleasantly to Eric Nelson, who would have withdrawn, but the proprietor of the iron foundry bade him remain. "Nothing confidential," Delamater said easily. "Just to gossip."

He drew from his pocket a small, folded newspaper. "See what I have here, John," he said. "A copy of the Norfolk *Day Book*. Only a week old."

There was nothing to astonish in this. The Norfolk paper, even papers printed in Richmond and other Southern cities, reached the North without grave difficulties, just as the *Tribune* and *Herald* and *Daily News* reached the capital of the Confederacy. Censorship did not exist. The papers printed what they wished to print, and both sides could, with reasonable accuracy, inform themselves about the military movements and plans of their enemies merely by reading.

"It says here," Delamater said, "that the frigate *Merrimac* has been raised. Is that possible?"

"Surely possible," Ericsson said. "As I understand it, only her top hamper burned and possibly superstructure. She won't be much good to the rebels though. Her engines are practically worthless. That's why she was lying in Norfolk. To be fitted with new engines."

"Their Secretary of the Navy seems an energetic fellow," Delamater said.

"Stephen R. Mallory," Ericsson responded. "Used to be a senator before the war. On the Naval Affairs Committee." He nodded emphatically. "Didn't know too much, but was willing to learn. Had an open mind." Ericsson frowned. "He was interested in ironclads."

"So!" exclaimed Delamater. "This article says he's exploring the possibility of turning the *Merrimac* into an armored vessel."

"Where will they get the armor?" Ericsson asked sharply. "The South has no facilities for making plate."

"The Tredegar Iron Works," Delamater answered. Being an ironmaster himself, he would know about such matters.

"I think," Ericsson said, "the whole thing is a story for Northern consumption—to create fear. The *Merrimac's* engines are useless. No ship can be dangerous if it hasn't the power of movement."

"I hope you're right, Sir John. But to me there seems to be the ring of truth in this report."

Reports of progress continued to disturb New York. Frightening descriptions of the armor and armament of the *Merrimac*, newly renamed *Virginia*, fanned the alarm of the people and of officials. Nothing, it was reported, neither warship nor fort, could cope with this monster. It would steam up the Potomac and level Washington. It would destroy New York and Boston. It would break the blockade and end the war. For weeks these estimates of the potentialities of the Confederate floating battery were printed in the *Day Book* and other Southern papers and reprinted in the Northern press. Then suddenly there came a change. Pessimism succeeded optimism. The *Day Book* was discouraged. The *Virginia-Merrimac* was not coming up to specifications. Armor was not being delivered. Her stability was questioned. Her draft was too great. If one were to credit these lugubrious items of news, he would be convinced that the monster was a complete failure and that the project of converting her to an armored menace was about to be abandoned.

"I never," Ericsson confided to Eric Nelson, "was worried about this contraption until now. So long as they bragged and boasted I thought it was nothing but an effort to create terror."

"Why change your mind, sir?" Eric asked.

"That Mallory," said Sir John, "is a smart man. He's a wily bird. This sudden confession of failure smells to high heaven. He aims to lull us. I tell you, young man, they are succeeding beyond their expectations with this battery. We'll heave a sigh of relief and relax—and suddenly its cannon will be thundering in our ears."

Fortunately for the nation, Gideon Welles, he of the most luxuriant whiskers in the Cabinet, shared Ericsson's incredulity. Washington was alarmed. Welles became convinced of the need for armored vessels and of their practicality. Congress authorized President Lincoln

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to appoint a board to investigate the whole subject of armored vessels. If the studies of this board indicated the desirability of ironclads, then the Navy Department would be authorized to spend $1,500,000 to build a ship, or a number of ships, according to a design approved by the board. Cmdrs. Hiram Paulding and Charles Davis and Com. Joseph Smith were the men selected for this important duty. The Navy Department issued public advertisements asking that designs be submitted.

For days Ericsson's temper had been flaring. Again he had been affronted and ignored by Washington. He stamped up and down his office, swinging his powerful arms and bellowing, and Eric Nelson sat in mock terror, covering his ears with his palms. The captain, scorning to have any dealings with bureaucrats in the Navy Department, had written an eloquent letter to President Lincoln himself, and the letter had not so much as been acknowledged. Some understrapper, Ericsson roared, had diverted the letter, had buried it in some aptly described file. Stupidity had prevented it from reaching the President's desk. Lincoln was not the sort of man to affront a person of John Ericsson's eminence. He threatened to journey to Washington and seek out the this-and-that secretary who had sidetracked his letter and drawings and break him in two with his hands.

"I," he shouted, "who have received personal thanks and a medal from Emperor Napoleon! I who have been honored by my native land of Sweden and raised to the order of knighthood—I, John Ericsson, who invented the screw propeller and the caloric engine. To be insulted so by some blear-eyed secretary with inky fingers!"

Eric Nelson took his life in his hands. "Maybe, sir," he said meekly, "your letter was so modest that it made no impression. You can't hide your light under a bushel, sir. You have to assert yourself."

"Modest! Modest! Of course I am modest! Why should I not be modest? Do I need to boast? Pah!"

Eric, who had filed away the copy of the letter, remembered its modesty, its self-effacing text. He remembered one phrase written in Ericsson's copperplate script. "Due weight," the letter told President Lincoln, "should be given to the circumstance that its projector possesses practical and constructive skill possessed by no engineer now living."

Sir John's rampaging was interrupted by the barging in of his Irish servant.

"Sor!" she shouted above his rumblings. "'Tis a visitor ye have. A gintleman av high class that gives the name of Bushnell, wit' a goold watch chain to his vest."

"I know no Mr. Bushnell," stormed Ericsson. "Send him away."

"He says to tell ye he was sent to ye by your friend Mr. Delamater."

"So!" said Ericsson. "What d'ye mean by keeping him waiting? Send him in. Stir your stumps. Send him in! A friend of Delamater's?"

Mr. Bushnell did, indeed, sport a gold watch chain across his handsome vest. A well-brushed beaver hat was in his hand. The skirts of his well-tailored coat flared modishly. He advanced with extended hand.

"Your friend, Mr. Delamater," he said, "advised me to come to you as the greatest maritime engineer in the world."

"Cornelius," said Ericsson, preening himself, "is given to slight exaggerations. . . . Be seated, Mr. Bushnell. The young man is Eric Nelson. Is your errand of a private nature?"

"It is not," Bushnell said, seating himself in Eric's chair. "I have submitted to the board that is considering plans for ironclad war vessels the design for such a ship."

"Have you so? Have you so? The damned, ignorant, chair-warming ignoramuses! And what had they to say to your designs, sir?"

"They said my ship would not float under its weight of armor and cannon."

"Have you your plans and specifications?"

"I brought them for your inspection, sir," Bushnell answered. "Delamater said to me that your opinion would settle the matter definitely and with accuracy. I chanced to meet him on the steps of Willard's Hotel in Washington. A fortunate chance, Captain Ericsson. He desired me to convey his respects and affection to you."

"Give me the papers," Ericsson said. "I will be pleasured to examine them today. If you can return tomorrow I will present you with my opinion."

"At this same hour?"

"Yes, sir," Ericsson answered, and Bushnell took his departure.

Neither gentleman knew how important this meeting was to become in the lives of them both. Neither realized that, had not Bushnell and Delamater encountered each other on the steps of Willard's Hotel, the history of the United States might have been other than it became. Two gentlemen, confronting each other by sheer accident at the entrance to a famous hotel, resulted in a revolution in naval construction and warfare which has changed the face of the world.

On the succeeding day C. S. Bushnell returned to hear the great engineer's verdict upon the stability and practicality of his proposed warship, *Galena*. Captain Ericsson minced no words.

"The nincompoops, as usual, displayed their ignorance," he said. "Your ship will easily carry the load you propose and will withstand a six-inch shot at a respectable distance."

Bushnell expressed his gratitude. Ericsson offered refreshments, which were accepted cordially. The three—Bushnell, Ericsson and Nelson—chatted pleasantly until Mr. Bushnell was ready to take his leave and return to his home in New Haven.

"By the way, sir," Ericsson said, "have you time to cast your eye over the model of a floating battery which I designed some years ago? It will be impregnable absolutely to the heaviest shot and shell."

Bushnell reseated himself while Captain Ericsson brought in from the storeroom the cardboard model of his strange little craft and displayed it on his desk. Bushnell examined it with growing excitement, as its inventor explained its virtues, advantages and superiorities.

"Sir," Bushnell exclaimed, "this is tremendous! This is magnificent! Genius, sir, sheer genius produced this masterpiece. It must be adopted. It must be constructed. This invention of yours, sir, will make us masters of the oceans! I am not unknown to Secretary Gideon Welles. Will you entrust this precious model to my hands? Secretary Welles is at his home in Hartford, and I will take it to him at once."

Ericsson hesitated. "For the Navy Department," he said, "I have scant respect. It has treated me scurvily—scurvily."

"But Mr. Welles," protested Bushnell, "is not a naval man. He is a civilian—an honorable and intelligent man. Of all the members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet he is the most loyal and zealous. He is building our Navy and perfecting the blockade of Southern ports. I assure you, Captain Ericsson, Gideon Welles is a gentleman upon whose intelligence and integrity you may rely."

"I accept your assurance, Mr. Bushnell. . . . Eric, will you replace this model in its case so that Mr. Bushnell can transport it?"

Eric packed the model carefully, and Bushnell, with the bulky package under his arm, bade Ericsson a warm farewell and started on his way to Hartford. At last by chance and luck Capt. John Ericsson's large, Swedish feet were planted on the road to immortality. But before they could travel that path there would intervene discouragements and the hidebound prejudices of bureaucrats with closed minds. The battle was by no means won.

Ericsson was a man of moods. One day his head would be in golden clouds; the next day he would be mired in the Slough of Despond. Now, when Bushnell had taken away the cardboard model of the *Monitor*, and there was certainty that it would be shown to Gideon Welles, he was excited as a boy on his way to the circus.

Never had Eric Nelson seen his employer so cheerful, so sprightly. For once all was well with the world. He even made saturnine jokes about naval men with britches worn threadbare by chair seats.

"I've put them in their places at last," he told Eric. "They'll lick my boots. I've circumvented them. Clear the decks for action, boy. It'll be full steam ahead now. I'll have my *Monitor* in the water in a hundred days—and then we'll sweep Jeff Davis from the oceans and the war will be won."

Eric almost expected to see the captain's powerful frame execute a pirouette, but the inventor did not let his delight carry him that far.

"Sir John," Eric said warningly, "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

"Not this time, young man, not this time. Have no fear. We've upset bureaucracy's applecart at last."

"I hope so, sir. I hope so," Eric said fervently. "But mossbacks die hard."

And so the days passed with no word from Washington. And then the Irish servant announced that Mr. Bushnell was calling.

"Show him in!" shouted the captain. "He's welcome as wedding bells. Don't stand there, woman. Show Mr. Bushnell in!"

He himself rushed forward with extended hands to welcome the gentleman. But as Bushnell stood in the archway, Ericsson saw that he carried in his arms the crate containing the model of the *Monitor*, which he had taken away in such a sanguine mood.

"What is it? What's the word, Bushnell? When do we go to work?" he bellowed.

Bushnell advanced into the room and placed the model on the desk. His face was gloomy, grim.

"Sir," he said, "we did our best. We convinced Paulding and Smith. But Davis! That man wouldn't budge. Confound his stubborn, bigoted, piddling, stiff-backed soul! The man's impervious to reason or argument."

"So?" asked Ericsson ominously.

"He pushed this model into my hands," Bushnell said. "He shoved it at me with incredible rudeness. And here, sir, is what he had the effrontery to say."

"Yes?" Ericsson said.

"'Never let me see the thing again,' says this Commander Davis. 'Take it home with you and worship it. You will not commit idolatry, for it has no likeness to anything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.' Those were his very words, Captain Ericsson. The narrow-souled ——"

Captain Ericsson snatched the model from Bushnell's hands and raised it high above his head. With his powerful arms, in his black rage, he was about to dash it to the floor. But Eric Nelson threw his arms about the man and averted the destruction.

"Whoa, Sir John! Whoa!" he panted.

"I'll not endure it!" Ericsson roared, struggling with the young man.

"Sure you'll not. Where's your Swedish blood? Hitch up your galluses, sir, and send the word that we Swedes haven't begun to fight."

Ericsson heaved a great sigh. He lowered his arms. The pallor of rage left his strong face and he frowned at Eric.

"Thank you, boy," he said. "Thank you for reminding me."

TO BE CONTINUED

"What kind of mileage ya getting?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Saw What Makes Communism Work

(Continued from Page 24)

consisted entirely of Communist clichés: "We must march forward in the building of socialism under the leadership of the P.M.R." (The P.M.R. is the Romanian Communist Party.) There was never a smile, never a joke, never the slightest intimation of originality of thought or word. At the very end the speaker loudly pronounced the name of Gheorghiu-Dej, Romania's No. 1 Communist.

On hearing that name, the whole crowd instantly leaped to its feet and began a rhythmic clapping: CLAP . . . CLAP . . . CLAP . . . (*pause*) . . . CLAP . . . CLAP . . . CLAP. Then loudly in unison, three times: "P.M.R. . . . P.M.R. . . . P.M.R.!"

On the third "P.M.R." everybody sat down. A national youth leader got up to address the rally. He was about thirty, a born politician who spoke with a certain force and skill. "You see," said the interpreter, obviously impressed, "he speaks entirely without notes." I was not impressed. I have heard a lot of politicians on the stump, and this one had obviously made this speech word for word at least a hundred times. He spoke in favor of "voluntary work in the building of socialism" which would prove that "our future intellectuals, unlike the former intellectual class, do not despise work with the hands." He wound up with a modest proposal—that every student contribute fifty hours of voluntary work to the building of socialism, working on the roads or on the state farms, twenty-five hours in the first semester and twenty-five hours in the second; and that each student also collect ten kilos of scrap iron.

Again the name of Gheorghiu-Dej, and again the instant reaction: CLAP . . . CLAP . . . CLAP . . . (*pause*) . . . CLAP . . . CLAP . . . CLAP . . . (*pause*) . . . "P.M.R. . . . P.M.R. . . . P.M.R."

In my notebook I wrote: "Does it sound more like '*Heil* Hitler' or 'Yale, Yale, Yale'? Perhaps a bit of both." The answer is still tentative in my mind. For, looking around at the students, I was mystified. A good reporter ought to be able to tell the difference between boredom camouflaged as enthusiasm and the real article. But I simply couldn't be sure. A few of the boys were obviously bored, and one girl yawned repeatedly—but in what crowd is there no one at all who is bored or sleepy? Many of the others seemed to be enthusiastic, with about the same level of enthusiasm you might find in a college rally before a basketball game. There was also a smell of do-goodism, the odor of earnestness emitted by large numbers of young people dedicated to a righteous cause.

That last "P.M.R." ended the political part of the program, and the entertainment that followed was worth waiting for—native songs and dances by the students in peasant costume, with much leaping about and shouting. It had an authentic air, since most of the students were from peasant villages, and also a certain sweaty vitality. After the entertainment there was a dance in the basement.

The jazz was slow and cautious, and the dance had an air of excessive gentility, like a dance at some small, very strict college many years ago. But the dance must have been very popular, for the basement was crowded to suffocation, and while I was talking to the national youth leader a tremendous banging on the locked doors leading into the basement began. The youth leader instantly marched up to the doors, banged loudly on his side and shouted, "If you do not cease this conduct, you will be arrested as hooligans!" When we left we found outside a great milling mass of students waving tickets and trying to get in.

Later I lunched with half a dozen or so journalists at the Journalists' Club (the former Millionaires' Club) in Bucharest. To the journalist on my right, a handsome and clever man and a leading Communist, I confessed that I was mystified by what I had seen at the students' rally and asked for his explanation.

"I can understand," he said, "how to you of the West such a demonstration might seem mystifying and, indeed, I say this frankly—some of these demonstrations have become too ritualistic. But you must understand that what you saw was the outward expression of the deep inner spiritual experience of these boys and girls, the experience of helping to build socialism with their own hands."

At this point the man opposite, a pugnacious and far less intelligent fellow and an obvious careerist, broke in. "Yes," he said, "let me give you an example. My mother is an old lady approaching eighty, and she was asked to do voluntary work on the great highway we are building. At first she was angry and said why should I, an old woman, be forced to work on the roads? But she returned from her first day on the highway with her eyes glowing with enthusiasm. It is wonderful, she said to me, out there on the road in the sunshine, building socialism together with one's good comrades."

I could not suppress a small giggle, and the man on my right, who was quite shrewd enough to see that even a foolish Westerner could hardly be expected to buy such hogwash as that, tried to shush up the careerist. But it was too late.

Nothing is more difficult in Communist countries than to distinguish careerist hogwash from genuine conviction. And yet it is important, all the same, to make the attempt, for conviction is as much an element of national power as tanks or missiles in the ideological struggle which has seized the world.

In the month I spent in Russia four years ago, I became convinced that the majority of Soviet citizens, especially the young ones, really do believe essentially what the Soviet regime wants them to believe. (See THOSE SMUG, SMUG RUSSIANS, *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 31, 1955.) They may dislike Khrushchev and execrate the memory of Stalin, but most of them believe, nevertheless, that their system will ultimately triumph over all other systems, which are caught up in a process of inevitable decay. Why should they not believe such things? The Russian Revolution is now in its middle age, and only the old have ever been exposed to any real competition in ideas. And the Russian Revolution was, after all, made in Russia.

The revolutions in Eastern Europe were not made in the countries of Eastern Europe. They were imposed on those countries by Russia. That is a simple, obvious fact which is nevertheless often overlooked. And it is one reason why I am convinced after my long tour of Eastern Europe and after talking to a lot of experts on that area that the vast majority of the people in the satellite countries, including those students I saw that night at Cluj University, do *not* believe what the Communist regimes want them to believe. Another reason is that, because of their history and geography, it is impossible hermetically to seal the minds of the people of Eastern Europe as the minds of the Russians have been sealed. And the third reason is Hungary.

Before the Hungarian revolt in 1956 there was a small but very hard core of Communist fanatics in all the Eastern European countries. They were the True Believers—the young men and women who had dreamed great dreams in the cafés and prison cells in the war and prewar years, dreams of the coming time when the rivers would be dammed and the power of the earth harnessed for the good of the people, and all men would be brothers. Dreamers can be ruthless people, and the need to satisfy the ruthless fanaticism of the True Believers had much to do with the postwar irrationalities of East European Communism—the madly overambitious economic plans, the disproportionate ferocity which met any whisper of dissent. Yet the True Believers were an important instrument in the establishment of total Communist power over half of Europe—almost as important as the guns of the Red Army.

Now I am convinced there are hardly any True Believers left. In some countries, notably Poland and Hungary, there are almost none left at all. The Soviet tanks which shot down the teen-agers in the streets of Budapest killed at the same time the Communist faith of the True Believers which had somehow survived the miseries and treacheries of the Stalinist years.

All Western observers in Eastern Europe agree that this post-Hungary crisis of faith among hard-core Communists is a real thing and an important phenomenon. Among Polish Communists, who differ from all other Communists in that they talk quite freely and even make jokes about Russia, the crisis of Communist faith is a favorite subject, and the more intelligent Communists of the other satellites agree in private conversation that the crisis of faith exists. In Poland and Hungary especially, the Communist parties are now mere whited sepulchers. Membership has dropped by half or more, meetings are unattended, and those who remain active Communists are almost all mere timeservers and careerists. The same is true, to a less striking degree, in the other satellite states and in nonsatellite Yugoslavia as well.

"I hear he's loaded."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My guess, then—and it is a rather confident guess—is that a lot of the boys and girls who clapped and shouted "P.M.R." in that hall in Cluj were there because they wanted to see the entertainment and go to the dance; and that a lot of others were there because they knew that clapping and shouting with the proper enthusiasm would help them get ahead in the world. No doubt some clapped and shouted out of sincere conviction. I remember a tall, gaunt girl with a Mamie Eisenhower hairdo whose eyes shone with an enthusiasm which could not have been simulated, as she clapped her hands. No doubt there were others, children of peasant or worker families, who were grateful to the system for giving them a chance at an education. But less than 10 per cent of the student body of Cluj University were in the hall. And I am reasonably certain that the great majority of the boys and girls who were there and who clapped their hands so eagerly knew in their hearts that they lived in a dictatorship imposed by a foreign power; and that Gheorghiu-Dej, the dictator they saluted with their clapping, was a Russian stooge and quisling.

The young people of Eastern Europe, in short, now regard Communism quite cynically as both the instrument of Russian domination of their countries, and at the same time the only open avenue for their own advancement. An ambitious young man in the satellites joins the Communist Party in much the same spirit as an ambitious young man in America might wed the boss's unlovely daughter.

The almost total disappearance of the Communist True Believers in Eastern Europe is a most significant development. But it should not be taken to mean that the satellite Communist regimes have no popular support at all. They may even have a broader base of support than they had in the time before the Hungarian massacre destroyed the faith of the True Believers. It is a different kind of support—the support of committed careerists rather than idealist fanatics.

The economies of the East European countries have now progressed to the point where a shrewd careerist can do quite well for himself. Americans visiting the satellite capitals these days are apt to be surprised by the sight of tweedy gents in well-shined shoes, well-fed ladies in imitation-French costumes and impressive displays of consumer goods in the stores. What they are seeing, of course, is by no means typical of the whole country—there is still aching poverty in the villages and in the industrial slums. And the tweedy gents and stylish ladies represent a tiny fraction of the whole population—what disillusioned Yugoslav Communist Milovan Djilas has dubbed "the New Class." But although the New Class is so small a proportion of the whole population, it is an important phenomenon all the same.

Members of the New Class are managers of state enterprises, upper bureaucrats, plus some favored intellectuals, and some (*Continued on Page 88*)

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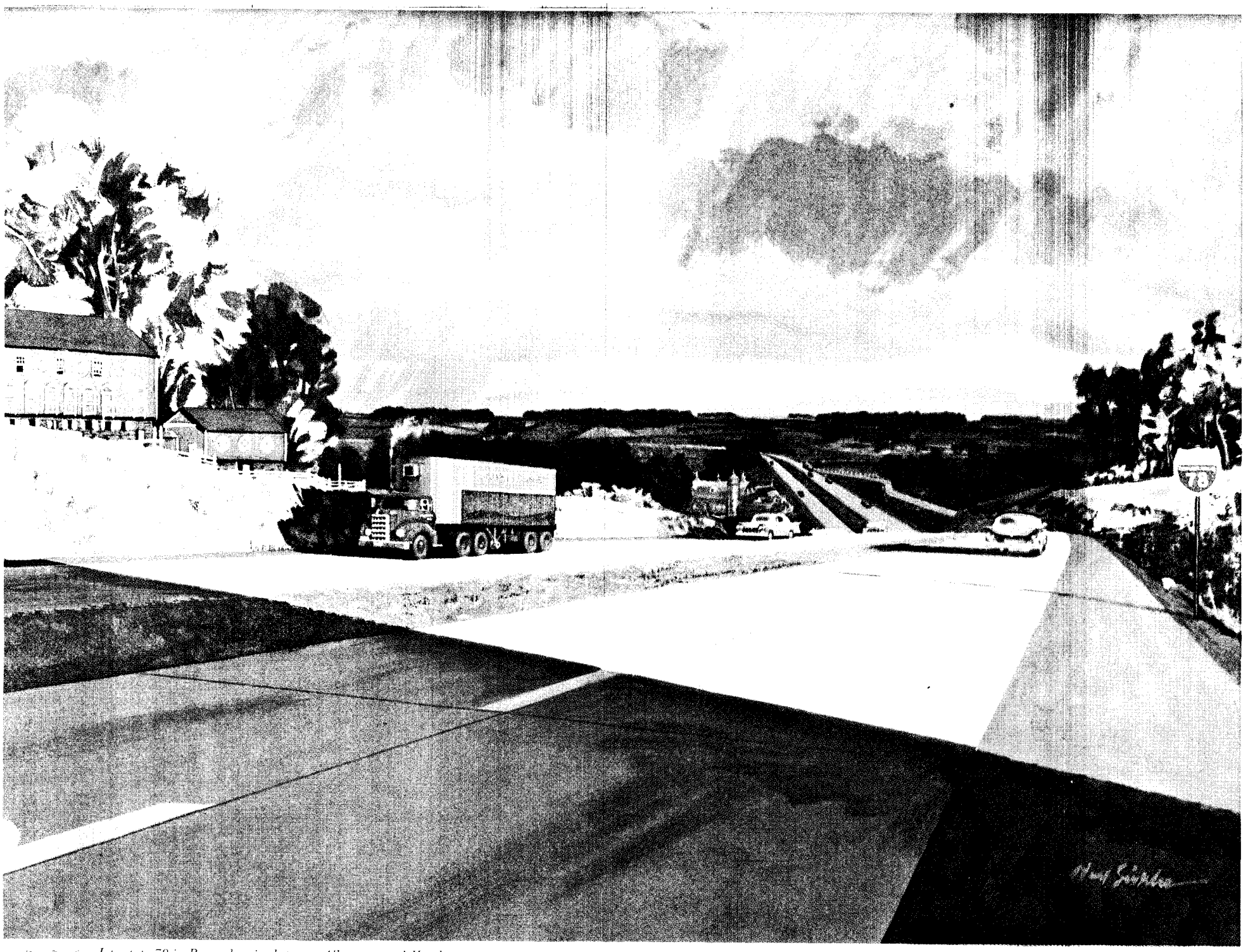

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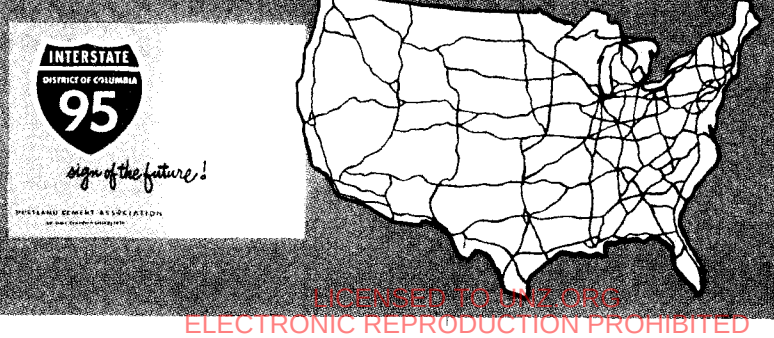

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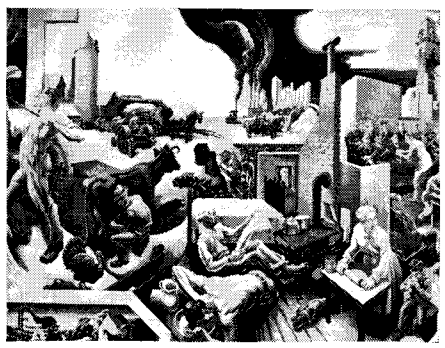

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(*Continued from Page 86*) professional men, notably the doctors—the medical profession in the Communist bloc, as in the United States, is the most lucrative of all professions. The members of the New Class are rarely True Believers. But like any ruling class they believe deeply—indeed passionately—in the wisdom of maintaining their own privileged positions.

Consider, for example, the case of the huge, mustachioed manager of the state farm at Ujpuszda, in northern Hungary. Rowland Evans of the *New York Herald Tribune* and I had set out in our car with an interpreter—a nice, pleasant-faced journalist, who shied away from all political talk—for a tour of the countryside. It is not true, incidentally, that "they show you only what they want you to see" in the satellite countries. In a journey of more than 3000 miles we wandered everywhere at will—except in Romania, where we were escorted from border to border—and frequently we wandered not at will, since we often got hopelessly lost. On this occasion we chose our route, which led us past heavy concentrations of Russian troops, and we chose the places we wanted to stop and the people we interviewed. Our last stop was the state farm at Ujpuszda, which I had spotted from the road.

This farm looked precisely like the state farms I had seen in Russia four years previously. State farms were first created by Stalin during the terrible agricultural purges of the 1930's, and they were hailed by him as the epitome of Communism. A state farm is run like a factory. Whereas in a collective farm the farm workers share—or are supposed to share—in whatever profits the collective makes and are allowed a small plot of land of their own, on a state farm the workers are paid wages, as in a factory. As in all Communist factories, their wages are determined by a piecework and speed-up system long ago outlawed by American trade-unions.

This state farm seemed to have been transported bodily from Russia. In front of the main administration building, for example, there was the same military-looking, red-decorated bulletin board you find on all Soviet state farms, with pictures of Stakhanovites who had "exceeded their norms," and such announcements as:

FOR THE CALF WORKERS: 500 forints extra for each worker if the calves gain 25 kilos in weight in the next three months. 300 forints if there is not more than 7 per cent tuberculosis.

In his office in the administration building we found the manager—a very big man with a huge handle-bar mustache. At first he was surly and suspicious; he held out his hand to the interpreter and said curtly, "*Documenti.*" While the manager was examining the interpreter's identification papers, Evans and I were examining the manager. We agreed later that what impressed us most was his tweed coat—it looked like the very best and softest Scotch tweed.

Satisfied by the *documenti*, and astonished to find himself in the presence of two indubitably authentic Americans, the manager began to thaw out. The farm, he explained, was a big one—more than 6000 acres, with 300 workers. Like most state farms this one had previously consisted mostly of a big estate. In former times, the manager told us, he had been the head gardener on the estate. At this Evans and I read the same thought in each other's eyes—the manager had liberated that wonderful tweed coat from his former master.

Proudly the manager showed us around the calf barns, all solidly built of brick, showed us other outbuildings and machinery, and then some new workers' housing. All the houses were exactly alike—very small, plain brick, square, neat, a kitchen-dining room, a bedroom-living room, a storage room, no running water, one electric-light bulb. One house—only one—had a television aerial.

In the end I gave the manager a picture of him I had taken with my one-minute camera—which caused wonder and admiration everywhere in Eastern Europe—he gave us each a small bottle of excellent apricot brandy, and we parted friends. He seemed to me an interesting figure—for here was an undoubted member of the New Class. He seemed a tough and able man, and he is certainly genuinely proud of the huge enterprise he now manages. Despite that marvelous tweed jacket, he no doubt works harder and lives a lot more simply than his former master. But the farm workers who encounter him give him a little bow, the same little bow he no doubt once gave to his former master. And in terms of power and prestige, his situation as boss of a 6000-acre, 300-worker empire is hardly less enviable than that of an aristocrat of the old regime.

The manager was a Communist Party member, of course—anyone who aspires to high position in the satellites must be a party member. I don't think he has ever bothered his huge head for a minute about Marxist-Leninist doctrine. But I am quite sure that he was and is a loyal supporter of the regime of Hungary's contemptible Communist quisling, Janos Kadar. From his point of view Communism is a "good thing."

Or consider the case of the five men around the blue-felt table in the chairman's office at the steel mill in Bulgaria. As in the case of the state farm, and so much else in the satellites, what amazed me about the steel mill was how much it was like the steel mills I had seen in Russia. There was the familiar pompous wedding-cake architecture of the main administration building; the inevitable huge statue of Lenin; the hortatory signs: WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY TO FULFILL YOUR NORM AND WHAT WILL YOU DO TOMORROW?; the pictures of the Stakhanovites and the admonitions to emulate them; the wall newspapers; the overcrowded cafeteria with a smell of bad plumbing. There were the old ladies idly sweeping the sidewalks; the horse-drawn carts; the young, obviously healthy workers who didn't have enough to do; the vast blast furnaces; the same queer atmosphere of disorganized bustle.

After the tour of the factory we went to the chairman's office to see the chief managers of the factory. This was exactly as in Russia too. There was the plain desk with four telephones, the long conference table covered with an electric-blue felt cloth, the vase of the bedraggled flowers, the big picture of Lenin, the boasts about how the norm had been surpassed, the toasts to "peace and friendship among all peoples."

Talking to the men around the table—the chairman, an assistant, the planner of norms, the chief of production, and the young engineer who had acted as our guide in the factory—I soon learned why the factory seemed to have been bodily transported from Russia. All five had been trained in Russian steel mills, from two to four years at a stretch. They had simply reproduced a Russian steel mill on Bulgarian soil. And they were proud—quite genuinely and intensely proud—of what they had done.

It might not be a very good steel mill—it looked remarkably messy and inefficient to my inexpert eyes—but at least it was there and it was turning out steel. They were also proud of their own positions. Before, they had been, as they said, "simple workmen," or "simple peasants," and now, thanks to Communism, they were the bosses. Again, I don't think any one of those men around the table bothered his head about Communist doctrine. But I am sure that all five were firmly loyal to the Communist regime in Bulgaria.

But what about the others, the vast majority who are not bosses, who have not become members of the New Class?

The production chief, a man with a great shock of tangled brown hair and vast vitality, volunteered to show us the workers' apartments, built directly across the road from the steel factory. The workers' apartments consisted of great gray blocks of flats, plumped down in what was farmland a few years ago. We went first to the Young Workers' Quarters. The entrance hall, decorated with a bust of Lenin, photographs of Stakhanovites, and the usual slogans—LONG LIVE THE RUSSIAN-BULGARIAN FRIENDSHIP—smelled of bad plumbing, a familiar smell in every Communist country. We climbed past broken window panes to the third floor, and were shown a "bedroom for young unmarried workers." The kind of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please, Clifford! Everybody's looking!"

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life suggested by that bedroom impelled me to write in my notebook, "Oh, God, how horrible."

Seven beds, crowded so close they could be entered only from one side, one electric-light bulb, a plain table with four chairs, one rickety wardrobe, and that was all—no pictures, no decorations of any kind. It was, of course, not a bedroom at all, but a barracks. Surely, I suggested, people living in such close quarters must have disagreements, fights? "No, they do not have fights, because they are comrades, and all get up to work and return from work at the same time, so there is no cause to quarrel."

Again, there is the feeling of something alien and mysterious, the need for X-ray eyes. The seven occupants of those seven beds are, of course, being mercilessly exploited. Their conditions of life would certainly have brought on some sort of explosion, even in the most closely controlled company town in the bad old days of American capitalism. It is just because the workers are exploited as in an old company town, thus permitting a huge proportion of their output to be turned back into capital investment, that the Communist states are able to accelerate industrial production at such a rapid rate. But how long can such a system last, I found myself asking, without a Homestead steel strike—or a Poznan uprising? Are the seven boys in the seven beds not like other boys? Do they never whisper to each other, never complain, never dream of a better and easier life?

Again, because I lack X-ray eyes, my answer can only be tentative. I talked to a good many workers at the Bulgarian steel factory and in other factories and other satellite countries. They seemed healthy and reasonably cheerful. The vast majority of the young ones had come from peasant villages, where even bad plumbing and simple spring beds like the seven cots in that room are unknown. Allowance must certainly be made for the fact that what might impel a luxury-loving member of the *bourgeoisie* to write "Oh, God, how horrible" in his notebook might seem quite tolerable to a Bulgarian peasant boy. And yet I am sure that the seven boys in those seven beds are, indeed, like other boys and do, indeed, dream of a better and easier life. I am sure that most of them, like most of the students in that hall in Cluj, are aware that they live in a dictatorship imposed by another country and absolutely responsive to that country's orders.

But, especially since the crushing of the Hungarian revolt, they don't think anything can be done about it and they don't intend to try. There is very little faith in Communism now, in the satellite states. But there is still fear. Each one of the seven boys in the seven beds knows that another boy—perhaps his best friend, in the bed next him—may betray him to the police, if anything he says has a subversive sound. And he knows that in that case his punishment would be swift and condign.

Even without faith, fear is a sufficient glue to keep the Communist system functioning; so long as the regimes are supported by a well-rewarded New Class, the level of life of the masses is less than intolerable, and the Red Army stands ready to repeat its Hungarian exploit. Predictions about what may happen in Eastern Europe usually turn out to be wrong—the most expert of the experts were caught by surprise by the Hungarian revolt. But for what it is worth, my guess is that national explosions on the Hungarian or East German pattern are unlikely in the satellite states—except perhaps in Poland. In the long run, the very long run, I do not believe that the Soviet attempt to transplant the Soviet system bodily to Eastern Europe—as the state farm and factory were in effect transplanted—can succeed. But for the time being, except perhaps in Poland, the people have no hope, and no choice but to try to live with the regime as best they may.

To a Westerner it is the smell of fear in the air and the twin smell of hopelessness which make the Eastern European Communist countries such depressing places after a while. This is not to suggest that there is no such thing as personal happiness anywhere in the Soviet Union's vast European empire. Of course there is. I went for a stroll late one night in Budapest, and I came upon a little party in a back street—three pretty girls were taking turns with a stop watch to see which of their three men could stand on his hands longest. There was a wonderful abandon in the way they laughed, and they were certainly having fun. Another time in Kraców at dusk, I saw a young man and his girl skipping up a street hand-in-hand in big, outrageous leaps, laughing. Those two were happy and in a very special way that their elders, however prosperous and free, will never experience again.

This sort of personal happiness exists in the satellites, as anywhere in the world where people have enough food in their bellies to laugh or to love. There are other, lesser kinds of happiness—the greedy gladness of a Czech family splurging on a roast goose and beer; the joy of a young girl in Warsaw in her new, light-blue, fake-cashmere sweater, which shows off her figure nicely; the pleasure of a middle-level Romanian bureaucrat in the tiny People's Car, which is the mark of his enviable station in life.

And yet the provinces of the satellite empire, except perhaps for Poland, are sad places, all the same—sad in the hopelessness of brave Hungary, sad in the terrible inner surrender of Czechoslovakia, sad in the grayness of life in the gray cities. But saddest of all to an American is that this system, kept glued together by fear, works in its peculiar way. It produces national power at its Soviet center more rapidly than ours does, whether power is measured in rockets or annual percentage increase in steel production. And it is just beginning to show that it can also produce for the masses all the necessities of life, and for the privileged of the New Class some of the luxuries. An American traveling in Europe cannot suppress the thought that this may really be how the world ends—not with a bang, not with a whimper either, but with a gradual descent into a kind of gray dustiness in which beauty and elegance and freedom are all traded in for a full-bellied bovine security in which there are only the occasional small, private pleasures to leaven the great gray lump of life.

This could be us in time, an American finds himself thinking, as he looks around him at the carefully expressionless faces in the gray sad cities. "This could be us, or if not us, our children, or our children's children." And it could be, too, if America does not find again its old sense of purpose and direction.

But it need not be. For there are terrible weaknesses in the Communist system, too, which will be examined in a third and final report on Communist Europe. If the West, without the glue of fear, can somehow keep glued together all the same, there is no reason why the cruel and essentially irrational Communist doctrine should win the world. The more ancient and compelling doctrine of man's freedom could still win in the very long run—as it has won before.

Next week, in the last of three articles, Mr. Alsop reports on the future of Khrushchev's fragile European empire. —THE EDITORS.

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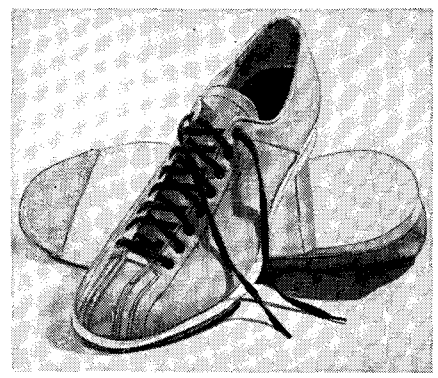

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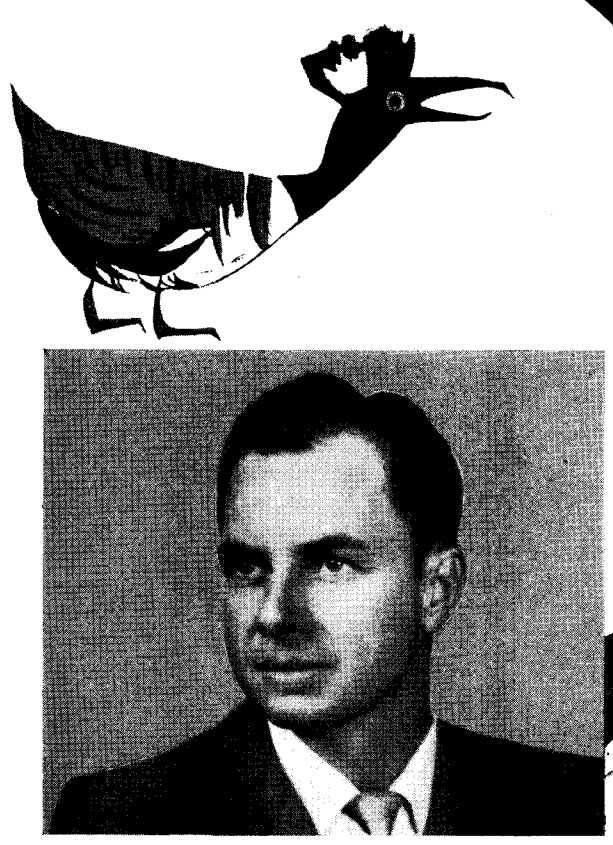

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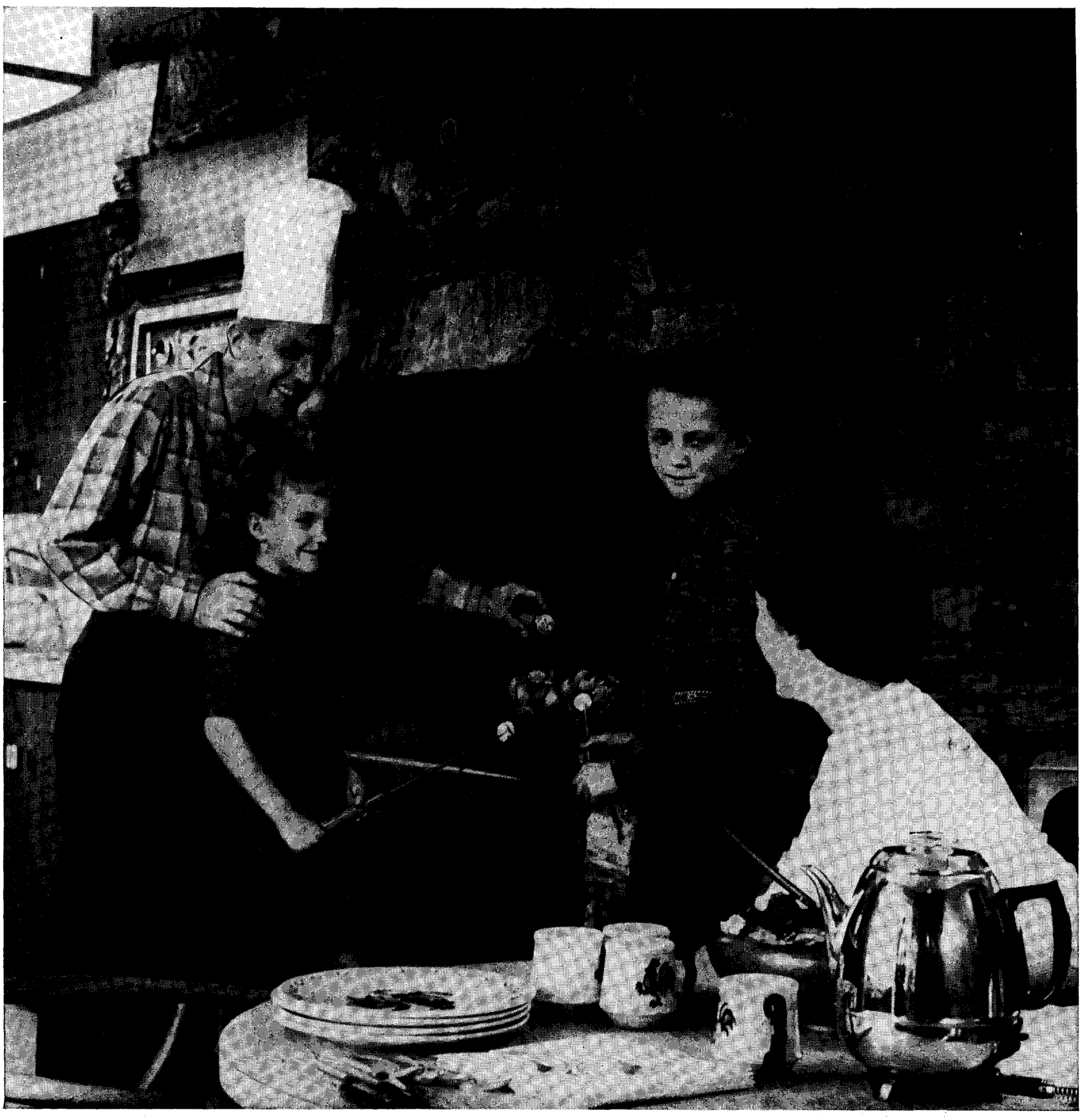

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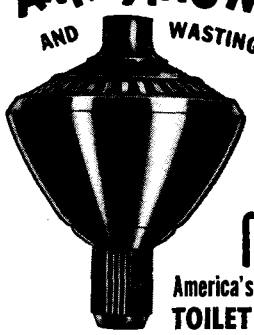
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Method Three for Murder

(Continued from Page 35)

that the dead body of a woman named Phoebe Arden was found in your cab. I am certain that Mira didn't kill her, but she is probably going to be charged. I am not certain that the murderer tried to get her tagged for it, but it looks like it. I would be a fathead to tell the murderer about her movements. Wouldn't I? Answer with your brain."

"Yes." She was meeting my eyes.

"O.K. Give me one good reason why I should cross you off. One you would accept if you were in my place. Mira has, naturally, but why should I?"

"Because there's not the slightest ——" She stopped. "No. You don't know that. All right. But don't try twisting my arm. I know some tricks."

"I'll keep my distance if you will. Did you kill Phoebe Arden?"

"No."

"Do you know who did?"

"No."

"Have you any suspicions? Any ideas?"

"Yes. Or I would have if I knew anything—where and when it happened. Did Phoebe come out to the cab with Waldo Kearns?"

"No; Kearns didn't show up. Mira never saw him."

"But Phoebe came?"

"Not alive. When Mira saw her she was dead—in the cab."

"Then my idea is Waldo—the sophisticated ape. You're not any too bright. If I killed her in my own cab while Mira was driving it, I already know everything you do and more. Why not tell me?"

I looked at Wolfe, who had opened his eyes off and on. He grunted. "You told her to use her brain," he muttered.

I returned to Judy. "You certainly would know this: Mira got there before eight o'clock and parked in front. When Kearns hadn't showed at eight-thirty, she went to the house and spent ten minutes knocking and looking in windows. When she returned to the cab, the dead body was in it. She never saw Kearns."

"But my gosh." Her brows were up. She turned her hands over. "All she had to do was dump it out!"

"She hasn't got your temperament. She ——"

"She drove here with it? To consult with you?"

"She might have done worse. In fact, she tried to. She phoned you and got no answer. What's your idea about Kearns?"

"He killed Phoebe."

"Then that's settled. Why?"

"I don't know. He tried to shake her and she hung on. Or she cheated on him. Or she had a bad cold and he was afraid he would catch it. He put the body in the cab to fix Mira. He hates her because she told him the truth about himself once."

"Did you know Phoebe well?"

"Well enough. She was a widow at thirty, roaming around. I might have killed her, at that. About a year ago she started scattering remarks about me, and I broke her neck—almost. She spent a week in a hospital."

"Did it cure her? I mean of remark-scattering?"

"Yes."

"Let's finish with you. You told Mr. Wolfe that Mira left your place around half-past seven, and about an hour later you went out to keep a date. So you might have left at a quarter after eight."

"I might, but I didn't. I walked to Mitchell Hall on Fourteenth Street to make a speech at a cabdrivers' meeting, and I got there at five minutes to nine. After the meeting I walked back home, and two cops were there waiting for me. They were dumb enough to ask me first where my cab was, and I said I supposed it was in the garage. When they said no, it was parked on Thirty-fifth Street, and asked me to come and identify it, naturally I went. I also identified a dead body, which they hadn't mentioned. Is that Inspector Cramer dumb?"

"No."

"I thought not. When he asked me if I knew Mira Holt, of course I said yes, and when he asked when I last saw her I told him. Since I had no idea what had happened, I thought that was safest, but I said I hadn't told her she could take the cab and I knew she wouldn't take it without asking me."

"How well do you know Gilbert Irving?"

That fazed her. Her mouth opened and she gawked with her big brown eyes. "Are my ears working?" she demanded. "Did you say Gilbert Irving?"

"That's right."

"Who let him in?"

"Mira mentioned him. How well do you know him?"

"Too well. I dream about a lion standing on a rock about to spring at me, and I suspect it's him. If my subconscious is yearning for him, it had better go soak its head because, first, he's married and his wife has claws, and, second, when he looks at Mira or hears her voice he has to lean against something to keep from trembling. Did she tell you that?"

"No. Who is he? What does he do?"

"Something in Wall Street. Why did Mira mention him?"

"Because I made her. She phoned him last evening and told him she was going to drive your cab and why. She wanted to know what he thought of it. I want to know what motive he might have for killing Phoebe Arden."

She opened her mouth to reply, then decided to laugh instead. "Your subconscious taking over?" I inquired.

"No." She sobered. "I couldn't help it. It struck me that, of course, Gil killed her. He couldn't bear the thought of Mira's husband being unfaithful to her, it was an insult to her womanhood, so he killed Phoebe."

"Does anything else strike you? A motive for him you wouldn't laugh at?"

"Of course not; it's ridiculous. Have you finished with me?"

I looked at Wolfe. His eyes were closed. "For now, yes," I told her, "unless Mr. Wolfe thinks of something."

"How can he? You can talk in your sleep, but you can't think." She stood up. "What are you going to do?"

"Find a murderer and stick pins in him—or her."

"Not sitting here you aren't. Why don't you go and tackle Wally Kearns? I'll go with you."

"Thanks, I'll manage."

"Where did the inspector take Mira?"

"Either to Homicide West, Two-thirty West Twentieth, or to the district attorney's office, One fifty-five Leonard. Try Twentieth Street first."

"I will." She got up and was off. I followed, to let her out, but she was a fast walker and I would have had to trot to catch up. When I reached the door, she had it open. I stepped out to the stoop and watched her descend to the sidewalk and turn west. The floodlights and ropes and police cars were gone, and so was Judy's cab. My wrist watch said five minutes past midnight as I went in and shut the door. Back in the office Wolfe was on his feet, with his eyes open.

"I assumed," I said, "that if you wanted something from her that I hadn't got you would say so."

"Naturally."

"Have you any comments?"

"No. It's bedtime."

"Yeah. Since you're with me on this, which I appreciate, perhaps I'd better sleep here. If you don't mind."

"Certainly. You own your bed. I have a suggestion. I presume you intend to have a look at that place in the morning and to see Mr. Kearns. It might be well for me to see him too."

"I agree. Thank you for suggesting it. If they haven't got him downtown, I'll have him here at eleven o'clock." I made it eleven because that was Wolfe's earliest hour for an appointment, when he came

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Waverley, you're letting that cold win."

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down from his two-hour session up in the plant rooms with the orchids.

"Make it a quarter-past eleven," he said. "I will be engaged until then with Mr. Anderson."

"Didn't you phone him not to come?"

"On the contrary, I phoned him to come. On reflection I saw that I had been hasty. In my employ, as my agent, you had made a commitment, and I was bound by it. I should not have repudiated it. I should have honored it and then dismissed you if I considered your disregard of the rules intolerable."

"I see. I can understand that you'd rather fire me than have me quit."

"I said 'if.'"

I lifted my shoulders and dropped them. "It's a little complicated. If I have quit, you can't fire me. If I haven't quit, I am still on your payroll, and it would be unethical for me to have Miss Holt as my client. It would also be wrong for you to accept pay from me for helping me with the kind of work you are paying me to do. If you return the twenty-five to me and I return the fifty to Miss Holt, I will be deserting an innocent fellow-being in a jam whom I have accepted as a client, and that would be inexcusable. It looks to me as if we have got ourselves in a fix that is absolutely hopeless, and I can't see——"

"Confound it, go to bed!" he roared and marched out.

By eight-fifteen Tuesday morning I was pretty well convinced that Mira Holt was in the coop, since I had got it from three different sources. At seven-twenty Judy Bram had phoned to say that Mira was under arrest and what was I going to do. I said it wouldn't be practical to tell a suspect my plans, and she hung up on me. At seven-forty Lon Cohen of the *Gazette* phoned to ask if it was true that I had quit my job with Nero Wolfe, and if so what was I doing there, and was Mira Holt my client, and if so what was she doing in the can, and had she killed Phoebe Arden or not. Since Lon had often been useful and might be again, I explained fully, off the record, why I couldn't explain. And at eight o'clock the radio said that Mira Holt was being held as a material witness in the murder of Phoebe Arden.

Neither Lon nor the radio supplied any items that helped, nor did the morning papers. The *Star* had a picture of the taxi parked in front of Wolfe's house, but I had seen that for myself. It also had a description of the clothes Phoebe Arden had died in, but what I needed was a description of the clothes the murderer had killed in. And it gave the specifications of the knife—an ordinary kitchen knife with a five-inch blade and a plastic handle—but if the answer was going to come from any routine operation like tracing the knife or lifting prints from the handle, it would be Cramer's army who would get it; not I.

I made one phone call, to Anderson, to ask him to postpone his appointment because Wolfe was busy on a case, and he said sure, it wasn't urgent; and I put a note on Wolfe's desk. I wanted to make another call, to Nathaniel Parker, the lawyer, but vetoed it. For getting Mira out on bail he would have charged about ten times what she had paid me, and there was no big hurry. It would teach her not to drive a hack without a license.

At a quarter past eight I left the house and went to Ninth Avenue for a taxi, and at half-past I dismissed it at the corner of Carmine and Ferrell, and walked down Ferrell Street to its dead end. There were only two alternatives for what had happened during the period, call it ten minutes, when Mira had been away from the cab. Either the murderer, having already killed Phoebe Arden, had carried or dragged the body to the cab and hoisted it in, or he had got in the cab with her and killed her there. I preferred the latter, because you can walk to a cab with a live woman in much less time than you can carry her to it dead, and also because there is much less risk of being noticed. But in either case they had to come from some place nearby.

The first place to consider was Kearns' house, but it only took five minutes to cross it off. The alley that led to it was walled on both sides, Mira had been parked at its mouth, and there was no other way to get from the house to the street. On the left of the alley was a walled-in lumberyard, and on the right was a warehouse. Neither of them seemed an ideal spot for cover, but across the street was a beaut. It was an open lot cluttered with blocks of stone scattered and piled around, some rough and some chiseled and polished. A whole company could have hidden there. As you know, I was already on record that Mira hadn't killed her, but it was nice to see that stoneyard. If there had been no place to hide in easy distance —— Three men were there, two discussing a stone and one chiseling, but they wouldn't be there at eight in the evening. I recrossed the street, entered the alley and walked through.

By gum, Kearns had a garden, a sizable patch, say forty by sixty, with flowers in bloom and a little pool with a fountain, and a flagstone path leading to the door of a two-story brick house painted white. I hadn't known there was anything like it in Manhattan, and I thought I knew Manhattan. A man in a gray shirt and blue jeans was kneeling among the flowers, and halfway up the path I stopped and asked him, "Are you Waldo Kearns?"

"Do I look it?" he demanded.

"Yes and no. Are you Morton?"

"That's my name. What's yours?"

"Goodwin." I headed for the house, but he called, "Nobody there," and I turned. "Where's Mr. Kearns?"

"I don't know. He went out a while ago."

"When will he be back?"

"I couldn't say."

I looked disappointed. "I should have phoned. I want to buy a picture. I came last evening around half-past eight and knocked, but nothing doing. I knocked loud because I heard the radio or TV."

"It was the TV. I was watching it. I heard you knock. I don't open the door at night when he's not here. There's some tough ones around this neighborhood."

"I don't blame you. What time did he leave last evening?"

"What difference does it make when he left if he wasn't here?"

Perfectly logical, not only for him but for me. If Kearns hadn't been there when Mira arrived in the cab, it didn't matter when he had left. I would have liked to ask Morton whether anyone had left with him, but from the look in his eye he would have used more logic on me, so I skipped it, said I'd try again and went.

There was no use hanging around because if Kearns had gone to call at the district attorney's office by request, which was highly probable, there was no telling when he would be back. I had got Gilbert Irving's business address, on Wall Street, from the phone book, but there was no use going there at that early hour. However, I had also got his home address, on East Seventy-eighth Street, so I hoofed it along Ferrell Street back to civilization and flagged a taxi.

It was nine-fifteen when I climbed out in front of the number on Seventy-eighth Street, a tenement palace with a marquee and a doorman. In the lobby another uniformed sentry sprang into action, and I told him, "Mr. Gilbert Irving. Tell him a friend of Miss Holt." He went and used a phone, returned and said, "Fourteen B," and watched me like a hawk as I walked to the elevator and entered. When I got out at the fourteenth floor, the elevator man stood and watched until I had pushed the button and the door had opened and I had been invited in.

The inviter was no maid or butler. She might have passed for a maid in uniform, but not in the long flowing silk number which she probably called a breakfast gown. Without any suggestions about my hat she said, "This way, please," and led me across the hall, through an arch into a room half as big as Kearns' garden, and over to chairs near a corner. She sat on one of them and indicated another for me.

I stood. "Perhaps the man downstairs didn't understand me," I suggested. "I asked for Mr. Irving."

"I know," she said. "He isn't here. I am his wife. We are friends of Miss Holt, and we're disturbed about the terrible—about her difficulty. You're a friend of hers?" Her voice was a surprise because it didn't fit. She was slender and not very tall, with a round little face and a little curved mouth, but her deep strong voice was what you would expect from a female sergeant. Nothing about her suggested the claws Judy Bram had mentioned, but they could have been drawn in.

"A new friend," I said. "I've known her twelve hours. If you've read the morning paper you may have noted that she was sitting on the stoop of Nero Wolfe's house with a man named Archie Goodwin when a policeman found the body in the taxi. I'm Goodwin, and she has hired me to find out things."

She adjusted the gown to cover a leg better. "According to the radio, she has hired Nero Wolfe."

"That's a technical point. We're both working on it. I'm seeing people who might have some information, and Mr. Irving is on my list. Is he at his office?"

"I suppose so. He left earlier than usual." The leg was safe—no exposure above the ankle—but she adjusted the gown again. "What kind of information? Perhaps I could help?"

I couldn't very well ask her if her husband had told her that Mira had told him she was going to drive Judy's cab. But she wanted to help. "Almost anything might be useful, Mrs. Irving. Were you and your husband also friends of Phoebe Arden?"

"I was. My husband knew her but you couldn't say they were friends."

"Were they enemies?"

"Oh, no. It was just that they didn't hit it off."

"When did you see her last?"

"Four days ago, last Friday, at a cocktail party at Waldo Kearns' house. I was thinking about it when you came. She was so gay. She was a gay person."

"You hadn't seen her since?"

"No. . . ."

She was going to add something, but checked it. It was so obvious that I asked, "But you had heard from her?"

"How did you know that?"

"I didn't. Most detective work is guessing. Was it a letter?"

"No." She hesitated. "I would like to help, Mr. Goodwin, but I doubt if it's important, and I don't want notoriety."

"Of course not, Mrs. Irving." I was sympathetic. "If you mean, if you tell me something will I tell the police, absolutely not. They have arrested my client."

"Well." She crossed her legs, glancing down to see that nothing was revealed. "I phoned Phoebe yesterday afternoon. My husband and I had tickets for the theater last evening, but about three o'clock he phoned me that a business associate from the West Coast (*Continued on Page 95*)

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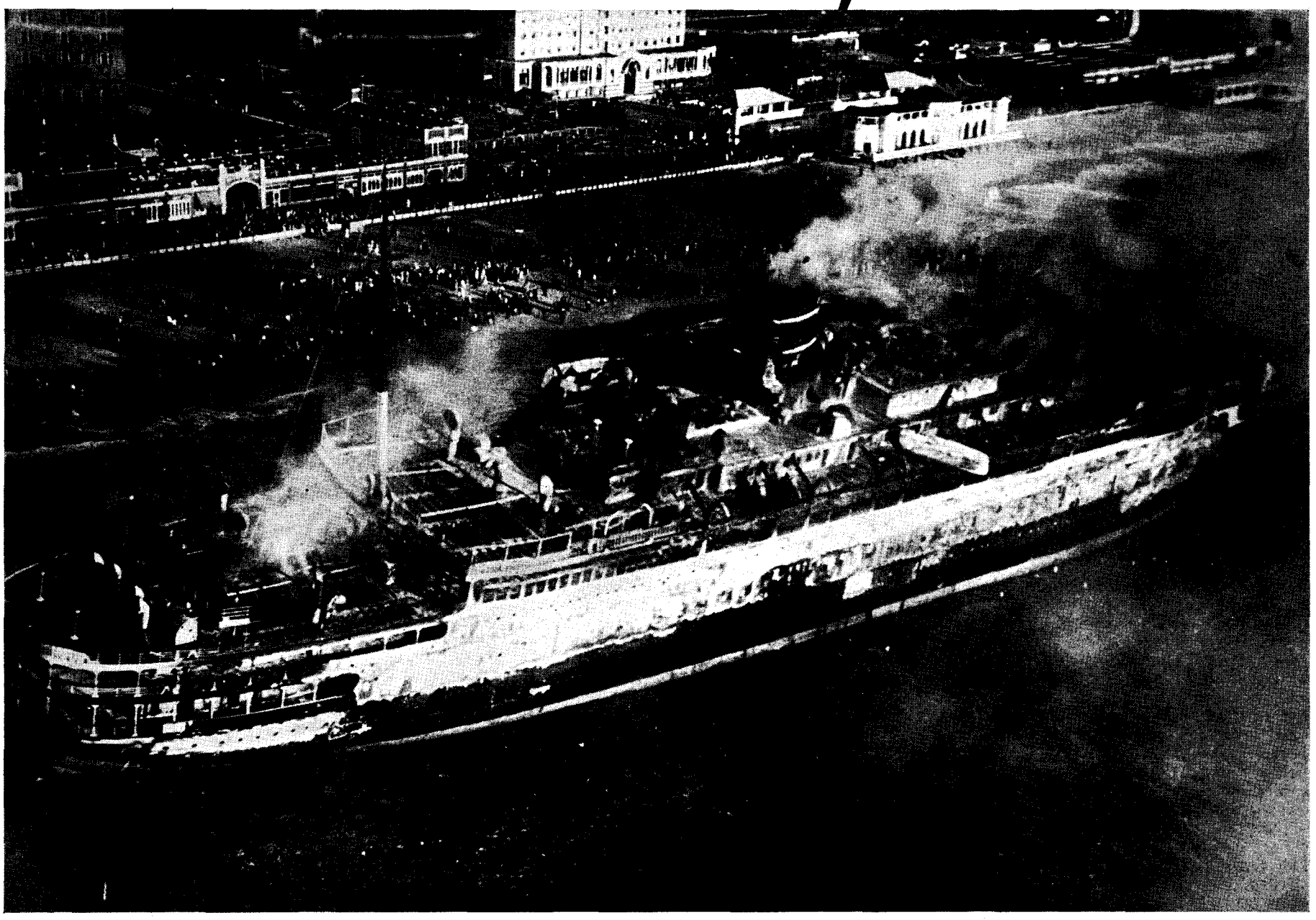

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

It is the last night at sea—but the traditional ball has been cancelled because of the Captain's death. On the bridge, the First Officer scans the darkness for the friendly beacon of Sea Girt Light. It is 2:50 A.M. A seaman reports strange smoke midship. Minutes later the fire is beyond control and the wireless begins to crackle "SOS . . . SOS," followed by "KGOV," call letters of the Morro Castle!

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(*Continued from Page 93*) had arrived unexpectedly, and he had to take him to dinner. So I phoned Phoebe and we arranged to meet at Morsini's at a quarter to seven for dinner and then go to the theater. I was there on time, but she didn't come. At a quarter past seven I called her number, but there was no answer. I don't like to eat alone at Morsini's, so I waited a little longer and then left word for her and went to Schrafft's. She didn't come. I thought she might come to the theater, the Majestic, and I waited in the lobby until after nine, and then I left a ticket for her at the box office and went in. I would tell the police about it if I thought it was important, but it doesn't really tell anything except that she was at home when I phoned around three o'clock, does it?"

"Sure it does. Did she agree definitely to meet you at Morsini's?"

"It was definite, quite definite."

"Then it was certainly something that happened after three o'clock that kept her from meeting you. It was probably something that happened after six-thirty or she would have phoned you—if she was still alive. Have you any idea at all what it might have been?"

"None whatever. I can't guess."

"Do you think Mira Holt killed her?"

"Good heavens, no! Not Mira. Even if she had ——"

"Even if she had what?"

"Nothing. Mira wouldn't kill anybody. They don't think that, do they?"

Over the years at least a thousand people have asked me what the police think, and I appreciate the compliment though I rarely deserve it. Life would be much simpler if I always knew what the police think at any given moment. It's hard enough to know what I think. After another ten minutes with her I decided that I thought that Mrs. Irving had nothing more to contribute, so I thanked her and departed. She came with me to the hall and even picked up my hat from the chair where I had dropped it.

It was ten minutes to ten when I emerged to the sidewalk and turned left for Lexington Avenue and the subway, and a quarter past when I entered the marble lobby of a towering beehive on Wall Street and consulted the building directory. Gilbert Irving's firm had the whole thirtieth floor, and I found the proper bank of elevators, entered one and was hoisted straight up three hundred feet for nothing. In a paneled chamber with a thick conservative carpet a handsome conservative creature at a desk bigger than Wolfe's told me in a voice like silk that Mr. Irving was not in and that she knew not when he would arrive or where he was. Did I care to wait?

I didn't. I left the building and went to another subway, this time the West Side; and, leaving at Christopher, walked to Ferrell Street and on to its dead end and through the alley. Morton, still in the garden, greeted me with reserve, said Kearns had not returned and there had been no word from him and, as I was turning to go, suddenly demanded, "Did you say you wanted to buy a picture?"

I said that was my idea, but naturally I wanted to see it first, left him wagging his head, walked the length of Ferrell Street the fourth time that day, found a taxi and gave the driver the address which might or might not still be mine. As we turned into Thirty-fifth Street from Eighth Avenue, at five minutes past eleven, there was another taxi just ahead of us, and it stopped at the curb in front of the brownstone. I handed my driver a bill, hopped out and had mounted the stoop by the time the man from the other cab had crossed the sidewalk. I had never seen him or a picture of him, or heard him described, but I knew him. I don't know whether it was his floppy black hat or shoe-string tie, or neat little ears or face like a squirrel, but I knew him. I had the door open when he reached the stoop.

"I would like to see Mr. Nero Wolfe," he said. "I'm Waldo Kearns."

Since Wolfe had suggested that I should bring Kearns there, so that we could look at him together, I would just as soon have let him think that I had filled the order, but of course that wouldn't do. So when I escorted him to the office and announced him, I added, "I met Mr. Kearns out front. He arrived just as I did."

Wolfe, behind his desk, had been pouring beer when we entered. He put the bottle down. "You haven't talked with him?"

"No, sir."

He turned to Kearns, in the red leather chair. "Will you have beer, sir?"

"Heavens, no." Kearns was emphatic. "I didn't come for amenities. My business is urgent. I am extremely displeased with the counsel you have given my wife. You must have hypnotized her. She refuses to see me. She refuses to accept the services of my lawyer, even to arrange bail for her. I demand an explanation. I intend to hold you to account for alienating the affection of my wife."

"Affections," Wolfe said.

"What?"

"Affections. In that context the plural is used." He lifted the glass and drank and licked his lips.

Kearns said, "I didn't come here to have my grammar corrected."

"Not grammar, diction."

Kearns pounded the chair arm. "What have you to say?"

"It would be futile for me to say anything whatever until you have regained your senses, if you have any. If you think your wife had affection for you until she met me twelve hours ago, you're an ass. If you know she hadn't, your threat is fatuous. In either case what can you expect but contempt?"

"I expect an explanation! I expect the truth! I expect you to tell me why my wife refuses to see me!"

"I can't tell you what I don't know. I don't even know that she has refused, since in your present state I question the accuracy of your reporting. When and where did she refuse?"

"This morning—just now, in the district attorney's office. She won't even talk to my lawyer. She told him she was waiting to hear from you and Goodwin." He turned to me. "You're Goodwin?"

I admitted it, and he said to Wolfe, "It's humiliating! It's degrading! My wife under arrest! Mrs. Waldo Kearns in jail! Dishonor to my name and to me! And you're to blame."

Wolfe took a breath. "I doubt if it's worth the trouble," he said, "but I'm willing to try. I presume what you're after is an account of our conversation with your wife last evening. I might consider supplying it, but first I would have to be satisfied of your bona fides. Will you answer some questions?"

"It depends on what they are."

"Probably you have already answered them to the police. Has your wife wanted a divorce and have you refused?"

"Yes. I regard the marriage contract as a sacred covenant."

"Have you refused to discuss it with her in recent months?"

"The police didn't ask me that."

"I ask it. I need to establish not only your bona fides, Mr. Kearns, but also your wife's. It shouldn't embarrass you to answer that."

"It doesn't embarrass me. It would have been useless to discuss it with her because I wouldn't consider it."

"So you wouldn't see her?"

"Naturally. That was all she would talk about."

"Have you been contributing to her support since she left you?"

"She didn't leave me. We agreed to try living separately. She wouldn't let me contribute to her support. I offered to."

"The police certainly asked you if you killed Phoebe Arden. Did you?"

"No. Why in heaven's name would I kill her?"

"I don't know. Miss Judith Bram suggested that she may have had a bad cold and you were afraid you would catch it, but that seems farfetched. By the way ——"

"Judy? Judy Bram said that? I don't believe it!"

"But she did—in this room last evening, in the chair you now occupy. She also called you a sophisticated ape."

"You're lying!"

"No. I'm not above lying, or below it, but the truth will do now. Also ——"

"You're lying. You've never seen Judy Bram. You're merely repeating something my wife said."

"That's interesting, Mr. Kearns, and even suggestive. You are willing to believe that your wife called you a sophisticated ape, but not that Miss Bram did. When I do lie I try not to be clumsy. Miss Bram was here last evening, with Mr. Goodwin and me, for half an hour or more; and that brings me to a ticklish point. I must ask you about a detail that the police don't know about. Certainly they asked about your movements last evening, but they didn't know that you had arranged with Judith Bram to call for you in her cab at eight o'clock—unless you told them."

Kearns sat still, and for him it is worth mentioning. With many people, sitting still is nothing remarkable, but with him it was. His sitting, like his face, reminded me of a squirrel; he kept moving or twitching something—a hand, a shoulder, a foot, even his head. Now he was motionless all over.

"Say that again," he commanded.

Wolfe obeyed. "Have you told the police that you had arranged with Miss Bram to call for you in her cab at eight o'clock last evening?"

"No. Why should I tell them something that isn't true?"

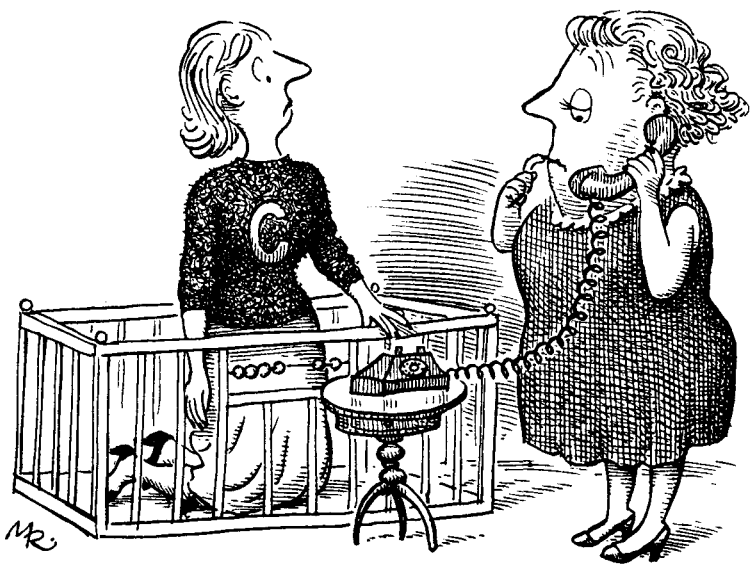
"You shouldn't ideally, but people often do. I do occasionally. However, that's irrelevant, since it would have been the truth. Evidently Miss Bram hasn't told the police, but she told me. I mention it to insure that you'll tell me the truth when you recount your movements last evening."

"If she told you that she lied."

"Oh, come, Mr. Kearns." Wolfe was disgusted. "It is established that her cab stood at the mouth of the alley leading to your house for more than half an hour, having come at your bidding. If you omitted that detail in your statement to the police, I may have to supply it. Haven't you spoken with Miss Bram since?"

"No." He was still motionless. "Her phone doesn't answer. She's not at home. I went there." He passed his tongue across his lower lip. I admit I have never seen a squirrel do that. "I couldn't tell the police her cab was there last evening because I didn't know it was. I wasn't there."

"Where were you? Consider that I know you had ordered the cab for eight o'clock and hadn't canceled the order."



The Perfect Squelch

Marilyn, who never had visited in the West, was more than outmatched in this respect by her mother, who had never even let her thoughts wander west of the Hudson. So when a college friend from the Rocky Mountains area invited Marilyn out for the holidays, her mother developed a nervous tizzy. She worried over travel conditions, blizzards and avalanches and acted in general as if her darling daughter were about to brave an untamed frontier.

The college friend and her parents, in long-distance calls, tried to calm the mother's fears. With every cause for concern eliminated, however, the mother still balked.

Finally the college chum's mother said, "If it is hostile Indians you're worried about, let me reassure you—we live inside the fort."

Ann Brown

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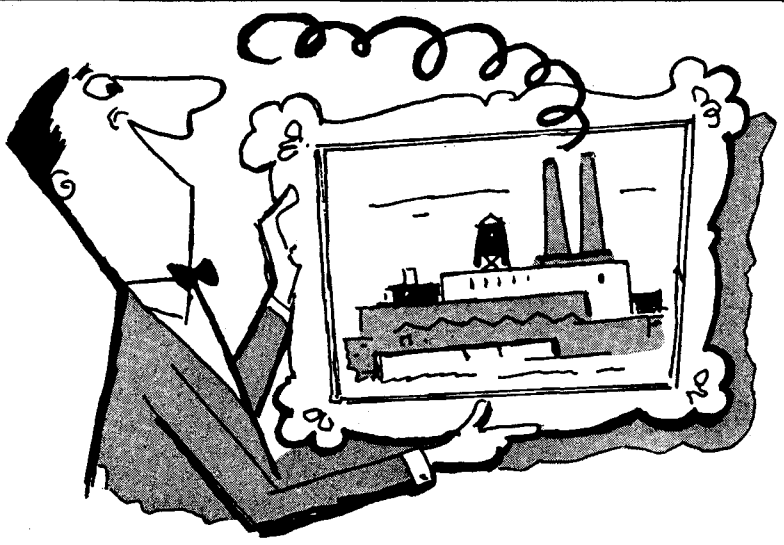

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"I've told the police where I was."

"Then your memory has been jogged."

"It didn't need jogging. I was at the studio of a man named Prosch, Carl Prosch. I went there to meet Miss Arden and look at a picture she was going to buy. I got there at a quarter to eight and left at nine o'clock. She hadn't come and ——"

"If you please. Miss Phoebe Arden?"

"Yes. She phoned me at half-past seven and said she had about decided to buy a painting, a still life, from Prosch, and was going to his studio to look at it again and asked me to meet her there to help her decide. I was a little surprised because she knows what I think of daubers like Prosch, but I said I would go. His studio is on Carmine Street, in walking distance from my house, and I walked. She hadn't arrived, and I had only been there two or three minutes when she phoned and asked to speak to me. She said she had been delayed and would get there as soon as she could, and asked me to wait for her. My thought was that I would wait until midnight rather than have her buy a still life by Prosch, but I didn't say so. I didn't wait until midnight, but I waited until nine o'clock. I discussed painting with Prosch awhile, until he became insufferable, and then went down to the street and waited there. She never came. I walked back home."

Wolfe grunted. "Can there be any doubt that it was Miss Arden on the phone? Both times?"

"Not the slightest. I couldn't possibly mistake her voice."

"What time was it when you left Mr. Prosch and went down to the street?"

"About half-past eight. I told the police I couldn't be exact about that, but I could about when I started home. It was exactly nine o'clock." Kearns' hands moved. Back to normal. "Now I'll hear what you have to say."

"In a moment. Miss Bram was to come at eight. Why didn't you phone her?"

"Because I thought I would be back. Probably a little late, but she would wait. I didn't phone her after Miss Arden phoned that she was delayed because she would be gone."

"Where was she to drive you?"

"To Long Island. A party. What does that matter?" He was himself again. "You talk now, and I want the truth."

Wolfe picked up his glass, emptied it and put it down. "Possibly you are entitled to it, Mr. Kearns. Unquestionably a man of your standing would feel keenly the ignominy of having a wife in jail—the woman to whom you have given your name, though she doesn't use it. You may know that she came to this house at nine-twenty last evening."

"I know nothing. I told you she won't see me."

"So you did. She arrived just as Mr. Goodwin was leaving the house on an errand, and they met on the stoop. No doubt you know that Mr. Goodwin is permanently in my employ as my confidential assistant—permanently, that is, in the sense that neither of us has any present intention of ending it or changing its terms."

Kearns was fidgeting again. I was not. He said, "The paper said he had left your employ. It didn't say on account of my wife, but of course it was."

"Bosh." Wolfe's head turned. . . . "Archie?"

"Bosh," I agreed. "The idea of quitting on account of Miss Holt never entered my head."

Kearns hit the chair arm. "Mrs. Kearns!"

"O.K.," I conceded. "Mrs. Waldo Kearns."

"So," Wolfe said, "your wife's first contact was with Mr. Goodwin. They sat on the stoop and talked. You know, of course, that Miss Bram's cab was there at the curb with Miss Arden's body in it."

"Yes. What did my wife say?"

"I'll come to that. Police came along in a car and discovered the body and reported it, and soon there was an army. A policeman named Cramer talked with Mr. Goodwin and your wife. I went to the door and invited them to enter—not Mr. Cramer—and they did so. We talked for half an hour or so, when Mr. Cramer came with Miss Bram, and they were admitted. Mr. Cramer, annoyed by the loquacity of Miss Bram, and wishing to speak with your wife privately, took her away. You demanded the truth, sir, and you have it. Furthermore, I will add one item, also true. Because your wife had engaged Mr. Goodwin's services, and through him mine also, what she told us was confidential and cannot be divulged. Now for ——"

Kearns bounced out of the chair, and as he did so the doorbell rang. Inasmuch as a man who might have stuck a knife in a woman might be capable of other forms of violence, I was going to leave it to Fritz, but Wolfe shot me a glance and I went to the hall for a look. On the stoop was a tall guy with a bony face and a strong jaw. Behind me Kearns was yapping, but had drawn no weapon. I went to the front and opened the door.

"To see Mr. Wolfe," he said. "My name is Gilbert Irving."

The temptation was too strong. Only twelve hours ago I had seen a confrontation backfire for Cramer, when he had brought Judy Bram in to face Mira, but this time the temperament was already in the office, having a fit, and it would be interesting and possibly helpful to see the reaction. So I told him to come in, took his Homburg and put it on the shelf beside the floppy black number, and steered him to the office.

Kearns was still on his feet, yapping, but when Wolfe's eyes left him to direct a scowl at me he turned his head. I ignored the scowl. I had disregarded another rule by bringing in a visitor without consulting Wolfe, but as far as I was concerned Mira was still my client and it was my case.

I merely pronounced names, "Mr. Gilbert Irving. Mr. Wolfe."

The reaction was interesting enough, though not helpful, for it was no news that Kearns and Irving were not pals. Perhaps Kearns didn't actually spit at him because it could have been merely that moisture came out with his snort. Two words followed immediately, "You dirty ——"

Irving must have had lessons or practice, or both. His punch was swift and sure and had power. It caught Kearns right on the button, and he swayed against the corner of Wolfe's desk.

TO BE CONCLUDED

• •

Winter Scene

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Before me, like a ghostly
presence,
My frosted breath, my
living essence,
Seems, like another self, to
grow
And haunt me everywhere
I go,
Definitive, substantial, valid,
And tangible as it is pallid.

• •

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Love Is a Waiting Game (Continued from Page 37)

"Let's walk the rest of the way," she reminded Montey. "In the moonlight."

"Oh. Oh, sure." Montgomery pulled off the asphalt road onto a sandy shoulder and angled out of the car. He started to amble along, then recollected himself and loped back to open her door for her. Anne Lee felt the warmth in her face. The pantomime would be all too delightfully obvious to the sharp, perceptive eyes on the terrace.

She placed her right foot on the road and, with a little assist from her left, ejected herself gracefully in one motion, just as that book on charm had directed.

Montgomery was looking into the pine woods. "Be fun to walk in there with my flash camera now," he said. "Might get a raccoon or a possum with a big surprise on its puss."

"I'd wreck my stockings," Anne Lee objected primly.

"I didn't think you were wearing stockings," Montgomery said, looking with interest.

"They're very sheer, seamless," Anne Lee informed him gravely. "That's why I can't very well walk in the woods."

"Gee, no!" Montgomery agreed. "How about tomorrow then? Pick you up after lunch?"

"All right."

Montgomery moved closer to her. Montey had grown up, especially since acquiring his sports convertible.

"Have you taken any good pictures lately, Montgomery?" Anne Lee asked quickly, starting to walk. Fortunately it was still possible to divert him.

"Last winter I won a blue ribbon and two honorable mentions in the New Rochelle Nature and Camera Club contest," Montey began eagerly. They strolled toward the cottage where John was sitting with her father on the veranda. While Montgomery talked passionately—about photography—Anne Lee carefully kept her head tilted, looking up at him in total absorption.

At the foot of the private walk she whispered, "Please don't come any farther. Thanks for taking me to the carnival, Montey." In a high, sweet, audible treble, she added, "I'll never forget this evening as long as I live!"

She left Montgomery quickly—before he had a chance to close his mouth. In a dreamy trance she glided up to the terrace, cradling the pink-and-green space rabbit on her arm. When her father cleared his throat, she started prettily.

"Oh, daddy! It's you. We had the most wonderful time."

"I'm glad, honey. But see who's here. John has arrived!" Her father pronounced the name as if he'd said, "Santa Claus." Somehow he had an idea that she was pining away just because John, during his college years, had either skipped coming to the beach altogether or appeared for only a few neglectful days.

She permitted her eyes to shift dreamily. "Hello, there, John," she greeted her childhood summer friend indulgently. Triumph coursed through her. John had scrambled to his feet. John had heaved his long lazy frame out of a chair for her just as he always had for her mother, but never, never before for her.

She smiled at him approvingly but mistily, the way a woman in love—with Montgomery—would smile if interrupted in her reverie by well-meaning but rather insensitive friends.

"Good night, daddy. . . . Good night, John," she said kindly, absently.

"Stay a few min——" her father started to protest, but Anne Lee had drifted into the house.

Her mother was sitting in an easy chair, knitting restfully near a portable air conditioner. "Hello, honey. Your father and I helped Lila and Andrew with some packing," Peggy said, referring to John's parents. "And then a few minutes ago John arrived." Again "John" was made to sound like "Santa Claus." Peggy's clicking needles abruptly stopped. "Didn't you see John? Isn't he still on the terrace?"

"Yes, he's with father," Anne Lee dismissed him lightly while her heart sank. His family was already getting ready to close their house. He would be around for only a day or two this year, and by next year anything could happen. Raising her voice to an ecstatic drama-league treble, she projected, "Oh, mother, I had the most exquisite time this evening."

Peggy started. "You had what? With Montgomery?"

Fortunately Peggy had a naturally low voice that probably did not carry to the terrace. But Anne Lee took no further risks.

"I'm collapsed. Think I'll take a cool bath," she explained and hurried to her bedroom in the rear of the cottage.

"Don't open the window with the lights on, sweetie," her mother cautioned her. "Your father took the screens down to paint them for next year."

Next year! And this year started only ten minutes ago. Anne Lee opened a window without turning on a light. She could see John's cottage facing a lane running at right angles to the beach road. It was a much better buy than beach property, John had explained once when they were children and wrestling for supremacy on any and all grounds.

"We live right on the bay!"

"So. What's that? We're just as close practically, for half the price. My father's the smartest man in the whole world."

"What a ridicklus thing to say!"

Then John had chased her. She was reed slim, long-legged and fleet as an arrow. She had never learned during their childhood what John would have done to her if he had caught her. But she had acquired the word "ridiculous" when she was seven and the priceless knowledge that John hated it, when applied to himself, soon afterward.

"Want me to kiss you?"

"Don't be ridicklus!"

John's face flamed, and he shot out as she sped away, "I wish you were a boy! Since our families have to come here and be together every summer, I only wish you were a boy!"

"That's nothing," she flung over her shoulder. "I wish you were a girl."

"I wouldn't be a girl for anything."

"Well, I wouldn't be a boy—and especially not just to please you."

Anne Lee heard her father come into the house and, at almost the same moment, she saw John coming around the corner of the cottage, taking a short cut home. With a quick dive she caught up the space rabbit from her bed and perched on the window sill, hugging the souvenir and resting her head at a flattering angle against the window frame.

John didn't see her. With her class ring she absently but loudly tapped a bop beat on the sill. Her eyes averted, gazing at the moon, she continued the absentminded rhythm as John stopped, turned and walked slowly over to her.

A lovely, warm-tinted harvest moon shone over the scrub pines. Her concentration on the beauty of nature had never been so complete. John was standing within inches of her, and she was still unaware of his presence. She didn't realize

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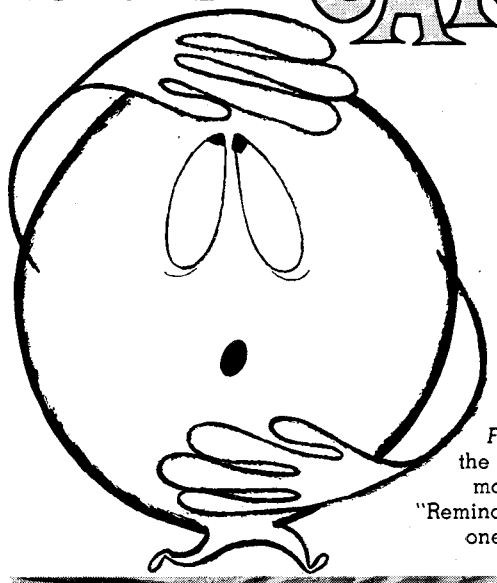

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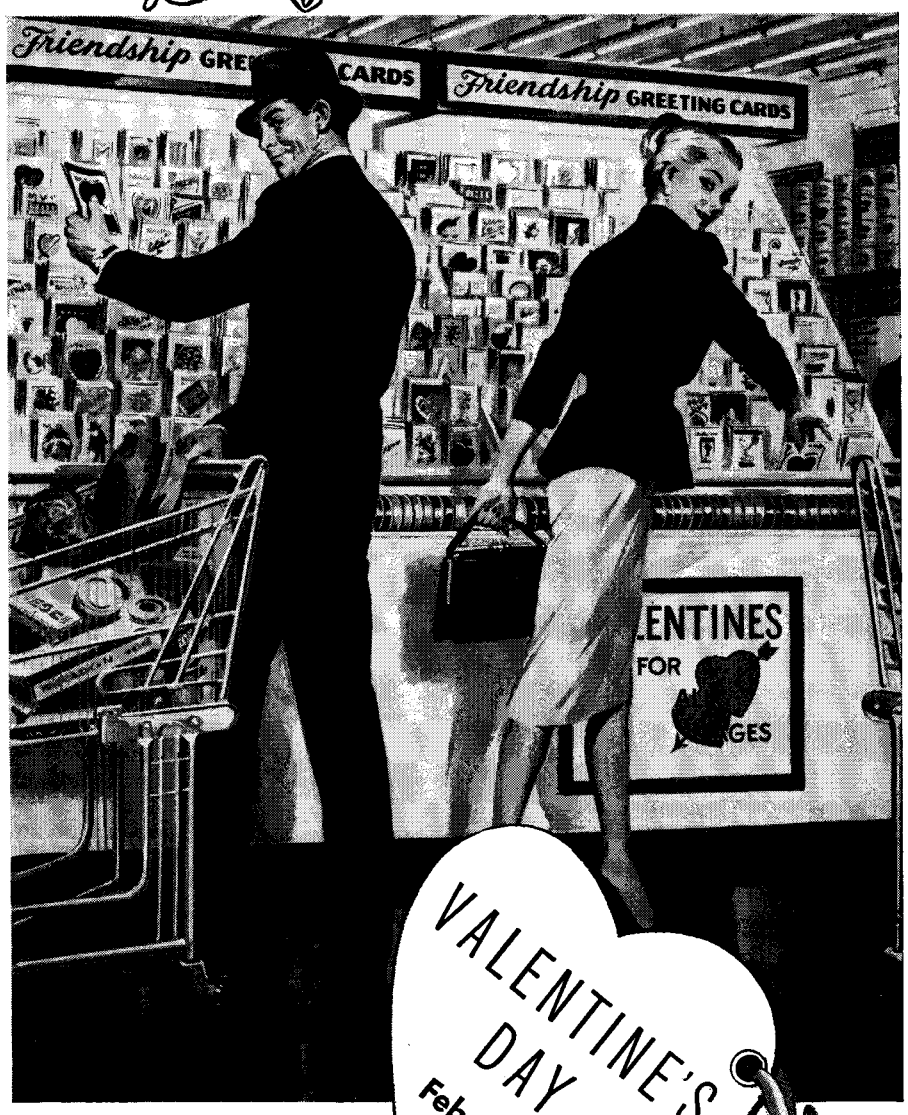

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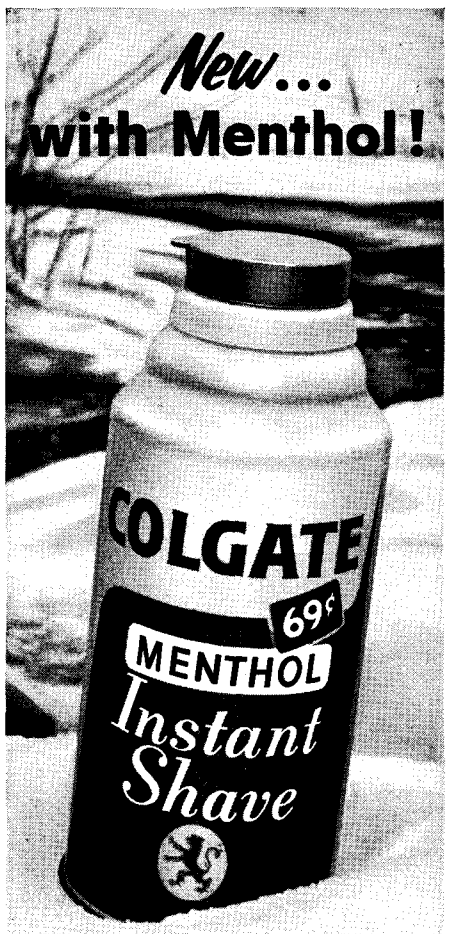

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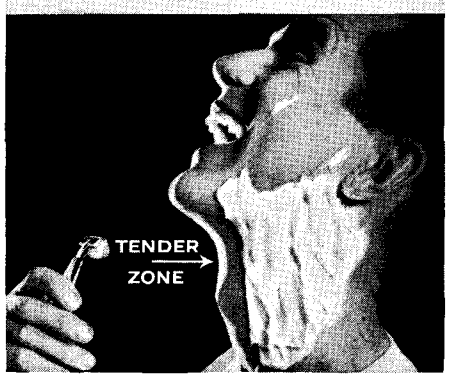

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he was there until he leaned over and snatched her sentimental keepsake out of her arms.

Anne Lee reacted instantly and from old habit. Swinging her legs outside, she dropped the three feet to the ground and darted toward him. Laughing, John held the rabbit aloft. Running, dodging and twisting, he held it just out of her grasp.

"That's mine! You give that back!" Abruptly she stopped running. He had tricked her into behaving like a child. He stepped toward her, extending the prize tantalizingly, but ready to jerk it away. Anne stood still with an indulgent smile. He looked disappointed. Then, just as he would have done when they were children, to make her pay a forfeit for abandoning the game, he tossed the rabbit onto the cottage roof. It flopped onto a blue slate gable and slid off, splashing into a rain barrel half filled with water.

Anne Lee cried out in distress. John derided her dismay. "A silly toy!"

"It was a souvenir," she explained, lowering her eyes sadly.

"A souvenir of a date with Montgomery?" John exploded with laughter, remembering, of course, the countless times they had hidden from "that little pest, Montey."

"People change! People grow up!" she informed him coldly.

John's laughter redoubled. In helpless frustration she struck out at him. He grabbed her arm and then her shoulders and backed her against the cottage wall. She looked up into his eyes, and her heart jumped. John had done a little more than grow up. The boyish roundness had quite disappeared from his face. In its stead there was a lean-jawed, coin-clean firmness and, in his eyes, a new depth. He was at once a familiar friend and an exciting stranger.

She lifted her chin a trifle and felt her heart skip a beat. It was also time for him to see changes in her, to recognize she was no longer a child to be teased and tormented, to realize, in blinding revelation, that she was a woman.

John realized nothing. "Give up?" His eyes danced wickedly.

Anne nodded. He released her. "Going swimming tomorrow morning—about ten? Like we used to?"

"Oh, yes."

"O.K. Want a leg up to your window?"

Anne nodded again. Half a loaf was better than none. Grinning, John impersonally picked her up and swung her onto the window sill, facing into her bedroom.

"All right?" he inquired of her back. "Be seeing you, Annabel Lee."

Annabel Lee! A hazy recollection of Poe's familiar lines singsonged through her memory. *I was a child and she was a child in this kingdom by the sea.* She turned quickly. *But we loved with a love that was more than love, I and my Annabel Lee.* John's rapid stride had taken him halfway across the yard. Unexpectedly he faced around and waved. In his conceit he knew she would be watching. Flicking her fingers in a careless salute, she ducked out of sight. A few minutes later she dropped to the ground, retrieved the soggy, ruined rabbit from the rain barrel and placed it on the window sill to dry.

She lay in bed listening to the murmur of her parents' sleepy conversation coming through the thin partition. Then her mother raised her voice as she often did when summarizing a discussion.

"Whether anything comes of it or not, it was a sweet childhood friendship. They were just like brother and sister!"

Alone in the darkness, Anne Lee smiled wistfully. That was a familiar phrase used by both sets of parents. And she well remembered the first time John undertook, privately, to set the record straight.

"I wish I had a little sister," he said one day after she had won the junior fishing derby and he had failed to place in the senior division. "If I had a sister," he dreamed aloud, "she'd be a little round blonde with yellow ringlets and big blue eyes. She'd have dimples in her fat little cheeks and in her pink and white knees."

Anne was sitting beside him on the sand, her dark straight hair falling across her thin cheeks, her hands clasping her bony, brown knees, her straight slim shoulders held rigidly. Usually she could exchange taunts and insults with John without turning a hair. Then again, like this time, something he said or did unexpectedly hurt.

This weakness had something to do with being a girl, and therefore had to be concealed at any cost. She completed a minute examination of a quite ordinary seashell before trusting herself to speak.

"If I had an older brother," she said, "he'd always be smiling and patient and kind." She looked carelessly at John, sure that he'd recall he was usually unsmiling, impatient and unkind.

John's abrupt explosive laugh proved she hadn't even grazed him. And just to mock her, he was relentlessly smiling, patient and kind all the rest of that summer.

In the morning, shortly after breakfast, Anne Lee carefully selected her most becoming beach hat, sandals, jacket and swimming suit. When she tried on the strapless white suit, it wrinkled slightly at the waist. She substituted a red suit which was less effective with her dark hair and golden tan, but did fit perfectly. With dispassionate self-analysis she knew she looked better in a bathing suit than in anything else. A swimsuit revealed the softly curving lines of her slim figure more effectively than most dresses. Since the red suit was overpowered by her red beach hat and red plaid jacket, it was necessary to borrow her mother's gold hat and blue plaid jacket.

"Why, darling, you're breath-taking!" Peggy gasped when she was assembled. "Don't I remember that beach hat and jacket from somewhere?"

Anne Lee smiled and, carefully removing the hat and jacket, sat down in the living room to wait for ten o'clock. "I'll finish knitting the sweater you're working on, if you want me to," she offered.

"All right, but don't you want to swim first, dear? Looks as if the sun's going to be unbearable in another hour."

"No, I think I'll go out about ten."

Peggy's eyes widened in what was apparently sudden, distressed comprehension. "I saw John drive off with his mother this morning," she revealed gently. Tactfully she busied herself with a window planter. "Andrew said since the son and heir had just spared the 'old folks' the one day, Lila decided to make good use of him and have him drive her to Wilmington for some shopping."

"Wilmington! Then he won't be back for hours!" Anne's disappointment was so great her voice came out in a whisper. Emptily she moistened the lips which she had spent long minutes daintily coloring with a brush.

Peggy remained at the window. Her carefully casual tone politely ignored her daughter's embarrassing distress. "John told your father last night that he is starting his first job next week—with an investment firm on Wall Street."

"Sounds dull enough," Anne Lee managed to say indifferently. Then her heart twisted, and she couldn't stop herself from asking, "Did he leave any message for me when he left this morning?"

"No, dear. Should he have?"

"I guess not. I suppose we ought to have him for dinner tonight, since it's his first and last day." Anne tried to sound as if it would be an irksome duty.

"Yes, I thought of that. I invited him yesterday, sweetie; I told him what delicious shrimp Creole and frozen Bavarian cream you made for your father the other night." Anne Lee winced. "But," her mother continued regretfully, "John has to catch an early plane and he plans to grab a sandwich at the airport."

"Then maybe he won't come back here at all before he leaves for New

"One thing about a zero, there's nothing wishy-washy about it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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York," Anne Lee suggested miserably. "Not much point in it."

Her mother's voice was like a sympathetic caress. "I'm afraid that's quite possible, honey."

"It doesn't really matter."

"Why don't you go out and have a swim. I've never seen you so pretty as"—Peggy turned and looked at her with unconcealed pity—"as you were a few minutes ago."

Anne mechanically went out to the beach, forgetting to pick up the gold hat and blue plaid jacket. The beach, still a few blocks from the end of the lengthening boardwalk, which had been a mile away when she and John played together as children, was almost deserted. The unguarded strip didn't attract swimmers, and few sun bathers wandered this far north of the concessionaires. She felt listless and would not have entered the water at all except for the necessity of retrieving a huge ball for two little children in the care of a nursemaid—a genuine brother and sister, she guessed.

Her heart was heavy as she remained chest deep in the water and aimlessly dived into the breakers as they rhythmically rolled shoreward. For four years she had looked forward each winter to the summer at the cottage, and for four summers at the cottage she had looked forward all season to John's last-minute arrival—John, who scarcely knew she was alive. This year was to be different, but this morning was all that was left of this year; and it, too, had meant nothing. The blank, cloudless sky and empty ocean, unbroken to the horizon except for a solitary sail, echoed her loneliness.

At lunch she tried to be cheerful for the sake of her father, who managed to get away from his Washington law office only for weekends. On the other hand, her father and mother, who talked everything over and never failed to present a united front, hadn't been more solicitous since the time she failed to pass geometry.

Carefully she told them in a dozen indirect ways—no one mentioned John's name—that their sympathy was entirely misdirected. She chattered gaily about several of her winter friends, students at Georgetown, who were head and shoulders above John in every way.

She was in her room shortly after lunch when she heard John's resonant voice. Her breath caught. When she came out of her room, her mother, her father and John all beamed on her as if she were a birthday child.

"I thought you might like to go for a sail," John offered with his rare smile that always made her unexplainably happy. He glowed as he could hardly fail to under the thousand-watt brilliance of her mother's and father's gratitude. They were practically blessing him with their sparkling eyes and radiant smiles.

"That is awfully nice of you," Anne admitted as if politely agreeing with popular opinion, including his own. She let herself dwell for a fleeting moment on what it would mean to sail with him again. This was what she had looked forward to for a year, for four years, all her life.

"I'd really love to," she said, "except I promised Montey I'd go for a hike." She glanced down at her fitted blue clam-diggers and white blouse. "That's why I'm dressed this way. Montey wants to walk in the woods and take nature pictures."

Her father stared, and her mother gasped. John's eyes were disbelieving.

"But, Anne Lee, this is John's last day!" Peggy cried, trying to bring her to her senses with a strictly mother-to-daughter look. "You won't see John again for heaven knows how long!"

"I know," Anne acknowledged regretfully with a sweet smile for her anxious mother. "And I'm so sorry it worked out this way. But I can't disappoint Montey, really I can't. It's awful to disappoint people," she mentioned in passing, with a brief glance at John.

"Well, you go along with John, honey, and I'll see that Montey isn't disappointed. I'll drive him somewhere in the car. I'll drive Montey to that cypress swamp near Sussex and rent a boat. He can get some dandy pictures there," her father said heartily.

Anne Lee smiled at him affectionately. "Montey has his own car, father. He isn't a little boy any more."

"Oh, they've all grown up, all right," Peggy said helplessly. "Even little Montey."

John was thoughtfully looking from one face to another. When Montey's staccato horn sounded briefly, he walked out to the beach road with Anne Lee.

"I thought you'd go directly to the airport from Wilmington," Anne said.

"I almost did. Then I got to thinking what a nice day it was for a sail."

Anne sadly mulled this over—a nice day for a sail, not a nice day for a sail with anyone in particular. "It is a nice day," she agreed politely. "I hope you have fun."

"Since I'll probably have to leave for the airport before Montey brings you back," John said hesitantly, "there's something in the car ——" He opened the door of the station wagon parked behind Montey's convertible and produced a bright new space rabbit still in its plastic wrapping.

"I felt guilty when I saw yours drying on the window sill this morning," he apologized. "So when we came to that carnival near Dover, I stopped and collected this."

"That was very thoughtful." Anne wistfully glanced at the way a lock of his hair still tended to fall loose over his forehead. "But, you see, this one wouldn't be a souvenir."

John fingered the transparent wrapping unhappily. "Because it isn't the one Montey won for you?"

Anne felt a wave of impatience. "No, silly. Because it isn't the one that fell in the rain barrel." She felt his bewildered stare as she quickly walked ahead to join Montgomery.

From the beach road, as they returned, Anne Lee could see the terrace of their summer cottage and the young man rocking there all alone. He seemed to be leaning forward, watching Montey's car.

Her heart began pounding. She slid toward the door of the sports convertible. "I hope you take more prizes with those pictures, Montey. Good-by. And thank you."

"Thank *you!*" Montgomery said, reaching across her to open the door. "The cypress swamp was a great idea!"

Anne Lee ran up the private walk. Triumphantly she saw John haul his long lazy frame out of the rocker and stride toward her.

"You didn't go!" she cried as they met halfway.

"I couldn't." He shook his head and smiled his rare smile. He grasped her shoulders more gently than he had ever touched her before. He held her for a moment, and in his eyes she saw blinding revelation.

"Would you mind very much if I kissed you, Annabel Lee?"

"Mind? Don't be ridicklus!"

His grip tightened as if, from old habit, she might try to run away. But that was truly ridiculous.

I Call on Princess Grace (Continued from Page 31)

Based on a story Jack Kelly told me at that luncheon, I was prepared to find the prince a likable man, for Kelly had given me an enlightening description of Prince Rainier pinch-hitting as a baby sitter. "During their last visit to the United States," Kelly said, "Grace and the prince were staying at my daughter Liz's house. Liz had to go out, so she said, 'You two baby-sit for a while. I'll be back in an hour.' Liz has two babies—Grace, named for her aunt, and a son, Chris. Little Grace was three then, and Chris was nearly two and had begun to walk. He not only walked, he climbed on everything, then fell off. When Liz came back, Ray told her, 'I wouldn't watch your Crash-Bang again for a hundred dollars an hour.' He had rechristened our Chris." As he thought about it, a bemused and understanding look came into Jack Kelly's eyes. He said, "I don't know that I blame him.

"You may not have heard this," Kelly told me, "but in World War II the prince was attached to a Texas division as a liaison officer with our allies, and he was decorated by France and Great Britain for his services. But the point I'm trying to get at is this: if his reactions to people and situations are those any American, such as yourself, can understand, don't let it surprise you."

I thought about what Jack Kelly had told me when, after one of my interviews with her, Princess Grace invited me to the palace for cocktails and to meet the prince. She asked me what I'd like to drink. I suggested champagne, and a tall servitor in a starched white uniform poured it for me. However, when the prince appeared he was carrying a double-old-fashioned glass filled with pale amber and chunks of ice. When his glass emptied, he disappeared for a moment and returned with it replenished. I knew exactly what he was doing and I sympathized with him heartily. Like any other man who likes his drink made to his individual taste, with not too much of this and not too little of that, he was doing his own bartending.

The prince was not only amusing and entertaining; he was forthright. I tried to store some of the highlights of his conversations in my mind for future reference, but when my visit was over and I searched my memory, only four key subjects remained—Ernest Hemingway, bikinis, Elsa Maxwell and a love seat. The love seat was a round piece of upholstery made so that three people instead of the usual two could sit upon it at once. The prince was one of the three who sat upon this one, trying to glimpse the two others seated with him from the corners of his eyes. Finally he said, "Only the French would think of a three-way love seat."

When he first came into the room and I was introduced to him, he asked me, "How do you like our little principality? Elsa Maxwell says she is going to put it on the map, which was kind of her, because she also said she was going to put France off the map. She had a disagreement with the French customs officials, and after that she threatened to tell all of her friends to stay away."

The subject of bikinis came up when I cocked an ear in the direction of a bit of conversational byplay between the prince and the princess. "But you like bikinis," she told him. "At least you encouraged me to buy one in that shop."

"Yes," he said, as husbands the world over have said since the invention of that fragmentary bathing apparel, "to get a sunburn in when you're alone, not for anything else."

The mention of Hemingway had nothing to do with Hemingway the writer. It was solely concerned with Hemingway as a personality. The princess had already told me that reading *The Old Man and the Sea* had moved her so much that she had had to take off her glasses and wipe them from time to time; but apparently Hemingway as a luncheon companion was something else again. The prince said that when he was last in Spain he'd been asked to lunch with Hemingway and a group of other people. Everyone had had to wait until around two-thirty before the author chose to appear. "Then," the prince said, "he took his coat off to eat. All the others imitated the great man and took off their coats too—except me. I'm more comfortable when I eat with my coat on. But I saw him looking at me, and I sensed immediately that he disapproved of me because I refused to conform."

I had been told that the prince and princess would let me know when it was time to go. I wondered how they would go about it, but it was simplicity itself. They stood up, shook hands, said how pleasant it had been, and I found myself being guided to the palace gates by a member of the prince's household.

A few days later I had my second interview with Princess Grace. I began by asking, "Would you say that you receive more or less attention now that you are a princess than you did as a motion-picture star?"

"More," she answered unhesitatingly.

I told her that I had been among the small crowd who had waited outside of an amateur ballet, performed for the benefit of the Monacan Girl Guides, to watch her come out with Prince Rainier. I hadn't meant to applaud them, too, but everyone else was doing it, and it seemed so spontaneous and infectious that I had

... ...

Of a Favorite Painting

By Thomas John Carlisle

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trees close together
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hiding the sky
And dripping their branches
in improvised brooklets
Is simply that no one knows
better than I
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patch, fairy patch waits
In the part of the picture
that no one can see.
You are welcome to look
for your own invitation.
My path starts right next
to that juniper tree.

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found myself beating my own palms together. "I looked at the faces around me," I told her, "and while I'm no human thermometer capable of taking a crowd's temperature, it was clear to me that there was nothing phony about their liking for you.

"I never saw a crowd's reaction to the prince before your marriage," I added, "but it's an easy guess that you've added to his popularity. When a man marries and has children—becomes a family man—people in general are more apt to warm up to him. Don't you agree?"

"It is certainly a more normal and more sympathetic role," she said.

"What style of architecture is your summer villa, Roc Agel?" I asked. "I've heard it called a ranch."

"It's a combination of many things," she told me. "Basically it's Provençal, but we've added many ideas of our own. Some people here on the Côte d'Azur call it a ranch, although it's really not a ranch at all. However, we do have horses and a paddock there; and since I am an American girl, the French and the Monégasques add the horses and the paddock to my nationality and come up with the term 'ranch.'

"I worked with the architects when we started remodeling the old house at Roc Agel, but I had a terribly hard time convincing them I wanted what I wanted. I knew very little about French building, so there were a few very unhappy moments."

"Such as?" I asked.

"The first time I saw the plan there wasn't one closet and, as you can imagine, to an American girl that was a dreadful thing. We started all over again, and I redesigned the house around the closets. The architect was sure I was mad."

"What had he planned to use for storage space?" I asked her.

"Wardrobes," she told me, "which I had been brought up to think clumsy, ugly space eaters."

"Were there enough bathrooms in the original plans?" I asked.

"There weren't," she told me, "and when we tried to make room for them in the old house, we discovered that the stones in its ancient walls had been put together hundreds of years before with a substance resembling mud instead of cement—and when we dug into them to make bathrooms, they crumbled." The memory seemed to weigh her down. "I'm not about to build anything else for a while," she added.

"How would you describe the interior *décor* of your villa?" I asked her.

"I've tried to keep it in the spirit of the house. However, I'd rather not go into an exact description of the villa. I'd like to keep it apart from any form of publicity. I'd even like to avoid it in a friendly and informal conversation, such as the one we're having." She smiled apologetically. "Preserving its privacy is a kind of fetish with me."

"Now that I've been talking with you for a while," I said, "the next question I was planning to ask seems a little silly. I was going to say, 'Do you ever find time hanging heavy on your hands over here?' but I'll skip that one. The answer is obvious."

"I've never had that trouble ever, anywhere I've ever lived," she said.

"In spite of having to budget your time," I continued, "I imagine you try to reserve a few hours when you can relax and sit around with your husband and children and do things like having tea in the garden."

"That's why I try to arrange to spend our weekends at our villa," she said. "Since we've begun to do that, our weekends have become precious to us."

I said, "When you had your appendix removed by a Philadelphia surgeon in a Swiss hospital, I heard some people back home say, 'There must be good doctors in Monaco; so why did the Kelly family doctor have to go all the way from Philadelphia to Europe to do a simple appendectomy?' The conclusion some people reached—certainly the newspapers hinted at it—was that more than a mere appendectomy was involved."

She looked me squarely in the eye and said, "You probably know better than I do what the press can do with even such a small thing as having an appendix out, if the appendix happens to belong to somebody in the public eye. We tried to turn the spotlight away from that

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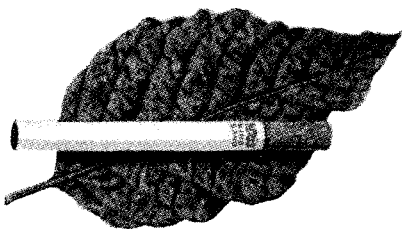

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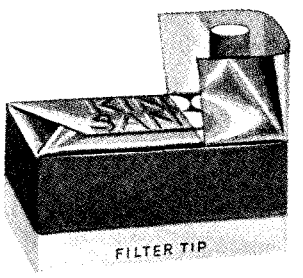
A fine new blend of selected tobaccos from which the nicotine is first filtered from the *leaf*. Then it is further reduced by a new superior filter to a level below all brands tested.



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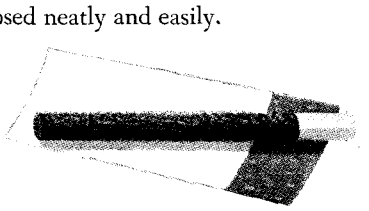
Unique new top opens both cellophane and foil in one stroke. Foil can be reclosed neatly and easily.



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Start today! You can smoke a whole pack of 20 King Sano Cigarettes . . . and get at least 40% less nicotine than with a pack of any of 15 other leading filter brands tested.* Now cut down on nicotine without cutting down the pleasures of smoking. Costs a few cents more . . . and well worth it! Only King Sano filters twice, filters both the tobacco . . . and the smoke.

*The nicotine in the smoke of King Sano is lower than in any of 15 leading filter brands, when 47 millimeters of each cigarette are smoked. This is based on a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.

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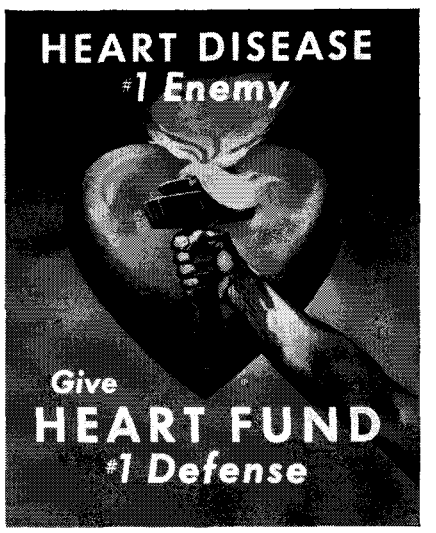

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operation. It was our hope that in going to Switzerland, to a quiet and unobtrusive clinic, we could cut down on exactly that kind of publicity. As for Doctor Lehman, the Kelly family doctor, he is a very dear friend. I have known him for a long, long time. So when my appendix became inflamed, he quite naturally was our choice to remove it." (In Philadelphia her father had told me, "There was the fear that it might rupture the next time she is in labor.") The princess explained further that a Swiss surgeon was also present—a necessity when the operating surgeon is unfamiliar with the language spoken by the nurses and the anesthetist.

"There was also the fact," Princess Grace went on, "that at the time of my appendectomy the new surgical wing in the old Monégasque Hospital was still under construction. The operating rooms and the rest of the equipment in the new surgical wing weren't ready until several weeks later. Otherwise I would have gone there despite my wish to avoid publicity in a quiet place."

That seemed to take care of that. "Naturally," I said, "you can't entertain or even see all of the people you know in the United States who come here. You would do nothing else if you did. Yet I can imagine that anyone who has known you even slightly feels that he is privileged to write you a letter and say, 'I'm coming to Monaco with my wife. May we see you?' I'm sure you get many such letters."

"Many," she said.

"What do you say to those people?" I asked. "Do you explain that your life is very busy and that you have certain duties to perform?"

"It depends on who writes," she told me. "When we're in residence, the palace is not open to casual visitors; nevertheless, all year long I receive letters from people who ask if they can come to see me or, if not me, the palace. They come not only from individuals but from groups of people planning tours. Fortunately most of the groups come here in summer when the state apartments of the palace are open for visitors anyhow, so they present no problem."

I mentioned the new railroad tunnel which is being bored under the principality, so that the trains between France and Italy will appear only once in Monaco—at the station and nowhere else. I had found that the project was the subject of much enthusiasm and excitement in the little state. Princess Grace shares the enthusiasm.

"It will be a fine thing," she told me. "Not only will it make things fresher, cleaner and less noisy, but we will be able to recover several acres of ground; and every inch is precious in Monaco."

I said, "The tunnel seems to be the prince's favorite project."

"There are many others," she said. "There is the urbanization program, which is a long-term plan to eliminate traffic bottlenecks and to beautify the principality for those who live here. He's also done a lot for the Monte Carlo Orchestra. Our orchestra has been improved so tremendously that it's beginning to make recordings and to tour other countries. Last summer my husband organized a series of five or six concerts here in the palace courtyard, with guest artists and conductors."

"I should think the crowds would overflow the courtyard," I commented.

She said, "We were able to accommodate only six or seven hundred for each concert, but many more people than that stood outside the palace walls in the Place du Palais and listened to the music floating overhead."

Switching from music to clothes, I asked her, "Must a princess have a bigger wardrobe than a motion-picture star?"

She said, "As a princess I must have a different kind of wardrobe than I had when I was in motion pictures. When I was acting I never needed anything like an afternoon dress. The California climate required a more casual kind of clothes."

I asked, "How shall I describe the different kind of wardrobe you need here, so that women who read this will know what I'm talking about? Certainly I don't know what I'm talking about."

She explained. "As far as my daytime clothes are concerned, they are more formal than they used to be. I still wear many of my American clothes. But I also order things from stores and designers on this side of the Atlantic. At least once during each autumn I visit Paris to buy winter clothes."

"Do you have a clothes budget to abide by?" I asked. "Or do you just buy what you please?"

"Certainly I don't buy just what I please," she said. "I have to keep within a given margin, but the truth is I don't spend a great deal of money on clothes. There are other things I'd rather use it for."

"Does the prince have any preferences or dislikes as far as your clothes are concerned?"

"He has extremely good taste in clothes," she said. "And, if it's possible, he likes to come with me when I choose mine. When we're in Paris and he has the time, he goes to see the collections along with me. Not only does he have definite ideas about what clothes he likes but his presence is very good for me in another way. I am terribly stingy, but my husband keeps telling me what a penny pincher I am and always urges me to buy more than I had intended. What's more, he instinctively likes the most expensive things without knowing how much they cost, which is a delightful quality in a man."

"Do you see any Hollywood films over here?" I asked. "If you do, what do you think of some of the more promising youngsters who are coming along?"

"We show films here quite often in wintertime," she said. "We have a projection room here in the palace. My father and some of his Philadelphia friends gave us our projection equipment. We transformed one of the palace garages into a projection room."

I asked, "Who selects the films you run in your projection room?"

"The prince and I do."

I couldn't help saying it, "I should think you'd know a lot more about them than he does."

"He has very definite ideas about what he likes to see," she said.

"Among your staff is there anyone who was particularly helpful in giving you a hand in adjusting to your new life here?" I asked. "Did Mrs. Tivey, who is one of your ladies in waiting, show you the ropes?"

"No," she said, "because Mrs. Tivey had no official function in the palace before I came, although she was working here. For that matter, my two ladies in waiting have joined me since I arrived in Monaco."

I said, "Then no one was really assigned to instruct you in proper protocol, in what a princess is supposed to do or not do."

"Not really," she said, "but everyone was most helpful. The prince was most helpful of all; but his father, Prince Pierre, was also very kind."

"Since I've been in Monaco," I said, "I've heard of a thing called 'Princess Grace weather.' The idea is that even if it's threatening, the weather seems to clear up for any important function in which you appear."

"That actually has happened a number of times," she said, laughing. "It happened first the day I arrived, before the wedding. Rain had been pouring, but just when the *Constitution* arrived with my wedding party on board, the sun came out; and it stayed out long enough for us to reach the palace, and then it rained again. Another time was the day of the wedding itself. Once more it poured for hours, but it was fine just when we needed it to be. It has happened on many other occasions too."

"Are you planning to send your children abroad to school?" I asked. "Or will they be tutored here at the palace or go to the local Monégasque schools? You and the prince must have given some thought to the problem."

"We haven't come to any decision about that yet," she told me. "After all, they're nowhere near school age."

"What kind of schooling did your husband have?" I asked. "When the time comes, he may want his son to have the same school background he had."

"The prince went to two English schools," she said. "Then he went to the Rosey, in Switzerland. I know he's always liked the Rosey, and it's likely he'll want Albert to go there too. As for the rest of it, I simply don't know."

"Do you have any favorite recipes?" I asked.

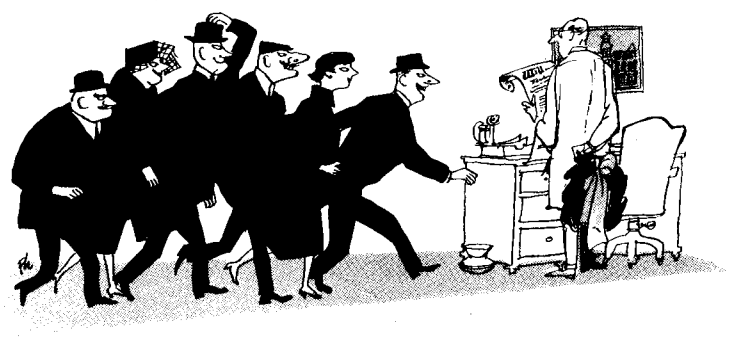
"I have many," she said, "and I often receive letters requesting a Monégasque recipe. Not any particular one—just one of my local favorites. When that happens, I usually send the recipe for Pissaladière, a Monégasque version of pizza. It's delicious—it needs lots of garlic, onions and tomatoes—but, unfortunately, to produce the dish at its best you have to have those lovely little black olives peculiar to Monaco."

I thought of something else. "Who takes care of your children on your nurse's day off?" I asked. "Do you do it?"

She didn't say it, but I got the idea she thought this a pretty silly question. "Yes," she said. "For that matter, I did it before I had the nurses; but fortunately I also have a young nursery maid who is very good at taking care of the children." When I asked about a nursery maid's duties, she explained, "A nursery maid is a maid who looks after the nursery and takes care of the children's clothes. Our nursery is separate from the rest of the palace. It has its own kitchen. The children's food is cooked there; and when the babies were smaller their formulas were prepared there. I have a washing machine and a dryer there too, and their diapers and all of their laundry is done in the nursery. So in a place like this a nursery maid can be very busy."

"Whom do your children have for playmates?" I asked.

"They're pretty small to be playing with anybody," she said. "But Caroline is almost old enough to make friends with other children. When the weather is suitable they go to the beach and have fun there watching the other children play. There is a little girl nearly the same age as Caroline—she is the daughter of one of the members of the government—and Caroline enjoys being with her. I'm not worried. There'll be quite a number



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Eighty-year-old Miss Perkins deeded her dwelling, $10,000 in cash and some seemingly worthless land to a home for old folks in return for lifetime care and proper burial. After three years in the home she died and was duly interred. Just about then oil was discovered on her former land. A horde of distant relatives promptly sued to claim the land.

"When our dear cousin entered the home," their spokesman argued, "she had such a short life expectancy that the home had no right to take all her property in return for her maintenance for a few years. We'll forget the $10,000 in cash, but her land should come to us, her loving relatives."

"Her loving relatives never came near her in her later years," counsel for the home replied. "And even though Miss Perkins was eighty when she signed the agreement and entered the home, she might have lived to be 100. The home complied with its part of the deal and is entitled to keep the land."

If you were the judge, to whom would you award the land?

• •

The home won on an appeal to the state supreme court. The court said: "The home took the chance of being underpaid in the event she lived for many years and required much medical and nursing care, and she took the chance of overpaying the home if she should live but a short time."

Based upon a 1947 Oklahoma decision.

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of children her age for her to play with once she's old enough.

"I had a party just recently for our children," she went on, "and most of the children who live in the palace were there. They played in the garden and had a grand time. Then, at Christmas, the prince and I always give a party for the children of the palace personnel. We show them a suitable film, and they're each given a present—a toy or something to wear. About seventy children attend that party. Another annual custom of ours is to give a party for all the Monégasque children between the ages of three and twelve."

"Where do you hold that?" I asked. "In the soccer stadium?"

She was kind enough to smile at my poor quip. "It does involve six or seven hundred small guests," she said, "but the party is very well organized, and we hold it right here in the palace. The children arrive in shifts. Each child is sent an invitation and a card with his name and number on it. No parents are allowed, although of course they bring the children to the doors of the palace. The children come up into the throne room and sit on the chairs, on the benches and even on the floor. We have a magician or a clown in, and the youngsters love it."

"Are you and your husband on hand?"

"Naturally," she told me. "We watch the entertainment with them; then we take the first group of children out into the big dining room, where the palace maids and several of the older Monégasque Girl Guides and a few of the nurses from the Red Cross are waiting for them. There they are given hot chocolate and buns and a little plastic bag in which to carry home another bun. There are always a few who get lost and weep, but most of them are delightful. Finally the prince and I give each one a present and a small bag of candy, so that when it's all over each is loaded down with candy, a present and buns. Then, at regular intervals, their parents call for them.

"Caroline has a delightful time at that party," she went on. "Last year she helped give out the presents and the candy, and everyone had so much fun that we didn't mind the several hundred sticky fingerprints which had to be cleaned from the wood paneling and brocaded walls and furniture when it was over."

"Do you ever get out the old prints of your pictures and run them in the palace cinema?" I asked.

"I have only three of them," she told me. "I have *High Noon* and *Country Girl*, but *To Catch a Thief* is the only one we really show very much. That one is lots of fun for people here because it was shot right here on the Côte d'Azur; and those who watch it recognize not only every scene but almost every corner in it."

"I'd like to talk about the kind of mail you get," I said.

"I get all kinds of it and lots of it," she told me.

"How many letters a day on the average?" I asked.

"About fifty," she told me. "But, of course, before and after the birth of each of my babies the mail was enormous."

"What did those letters say?" I asked. "Did they wish you well or give you advice?"

"Yes," she told me; "and not only that, people sent all kinds of gifts; then, after the babies were born, their best wishes."

"I imagine the letters you get sometimes ask you for your old, discarded dresses and gowns," I said.

"Often," she told me. She smiled. "The trouble is, I am not eager to give away my things just because they're worn. I keep my things longer than most people."

Speaking of clothing reminded her of something which had happened to her in New York. "There was a time when I was on the best-dressed list," she said. "All I can say is that miracles happen in that field too; although my friend, Edith Head, who designed my wardrobes at Paramount, was never able to understand how I made it. However, as a result of the publicity I got, I received many letters asking me for discarded clothing. One particularly pathetic letter came from a woman in the southern part of the United States. She said that she was just my size and that although she was young she had six children, and would I please send her some of my old clothes? I combed through my things and got together a lot of sturdy, practical things for her. After all, she lived in a small town and she had all those children and she did all of her own work, and so I thought I'd send her only things that would be useful.

"With many pangs, I parted with a dear old suit I had worn for years and years. It was a valued friend, but reluctantly I sent it off. Then, in a couple of weeks, all of those clothes came back to me without a word of explanation. The box had been opened, and its contents had been examined; but they had been found wanting. Suddenly it dawned on me—the woman who had written that letter had been expecting evening clothes and other glamorous feminine fripperies, and the six children and 'all my own housework' were fictional. However, I was delighted to get back my dear old friend, the suit I had worn for so many years. I wore it proudly and happily for two more years. I didn't give it away until just before I got married.

"You asked me what kind of mail I get," she went on. "Not long ago I received a letter which is one of my favorites. A little American girl eleven years old, whose name is Caroline, wrote to me and said, 'Dear Princess Grace, I have a dog named Miss Grace Kelly. My granddaddy helped me think up the name. Only sometimes I call her "Princess" or "Missy" or "Mutt." And now you have a daughter named Caroline. Isn't that funny? I have a dog named after you, and you have a daughter named after me.' I loved it."

"There must have been quite a number of Monégasque *grandes dames* who were watching and waiting to see what kind of girl you were when you arrived here," I suggested. "But I understand you passed their scrutiny with flying colors."

"I don't know," she told me levelly. "I would be the last to know about that. Incidentally, wouldn't the same scrutiny be applied to any girl who comes to a new town as a bride?" *Well, maybe*, I thought, *but with a difference.*

I told her I genuinely admired the way she has stepped into the job of being a princess without making mistakes in protocol and etiquette. "How do you explain how you did it?" I asked.

She ducked that one. "I am liable to make a misstep any minute," she said very seriously.

I gave up that line of inquiry and asked, "How many rooms are there in the palace? I've heard there are as many as two hundred."

"I honestly don't know," she told me. "But if you count antechambers and halls and baths and dressing rooms, I'm sure there are more than two hundred. However, I've never been in many of the rooms in the palace. For instance, a good many people live in the palace because they work here—such as Captain Dulaye, the commander of the palace guard, and his wife, the *régisseur* and his family, two of the palace chauffeurs and their families, the concierge and his family and the Swiss guard at the front door and his family. All those people make the palace their home. In addition, quite a number of servants live in. Oh, yes," she said, "and the official palace photographer, Monsieur Lukomski, who lives here with his wife and daughter. There are many households within our big household, and I do not intrude upon their privacy."

"Visiting around while waiting to see you," I told her, "I heard that the prince is a pro at automotive problems. I've been told that when the palace garage staff can't solve an automotive puzzle, he solves it himself."

"He loves nothing better than pulling a motor apart and then putting it back together again," she agreed. "But that sort of thing remains a mystery to me."

"I'm a mechanical moron myself," I admitted.

"Then I'm in your class," she told me. "But it is true that sometimes when the people in the palace garage can't solve a problem, the prince does pick up a tool kit and show them how to do it. At the moment, he's busy building a little racing car for Albert which will go sixty miles an hour. It's tiny, but a grown person could drive it."

"What age is Albert supposed to reach before he joins the go-go-go boys on the road?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm holding my breath about that."

"Is there anything you do to keep your acting talent alive and polished?" I asked.

"I have no way of keeping it polished," she explained. "The only way to do that is by acting."

My questions were flea-jumping now, but I didn't want to miss anything. "You have told me that you occasionally take your children swimming at the Monte Carlo Beach Club," I said. "Can you find any privacy there?"

"It's getting more difficult," she said. "There seem to be more and more people with telescopic lenses spoiling our fun for us."

"I've heard that you have redecorated your private apartments to make them airier, more modern and brighter."

"After we were married," she told me, "I closed my New York apartment and brought a lot of my things here and used them downstairs in the palace, in our apartment. I used the rest in our villa in the country. We have one bedroom we've done over with furniture the prince bought in Paris which once belonged to Toulouse-Lautrec; and in spite of that artist's odd personality, that room is very sweet and pretty."

"Is there a palace hairdresser, or do you do your own hair?" I asked.

"I sometimes have hairdressers come in from Monte Carlo to do my hair for special occasions," she said, "but ordinarily I do it myself."

"You do a good job," I told her. "It looks lovely and alive."

"Thank you," she said.

I looked at my watch. I had had two two-hour sessions with her. She had answered most of my questions freely. My trouble had been that when she preferred not to answer them I understood why. "This about wraps it up," I said.

On the way back to my hotel I found myself thinking of the prince and his wife, Princess Grace from Philadelphia. I hadn't needed to be psychic to get the message that they found each other excitingly attractive. Casting about in my mind for a phrase which would best describe Rainier III and his princess, I kept hearing two words offering themselves. They are the most "truly elegant" persons I have ever met.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Martin.
—THE EDITORS.

"I'd look him right in the eye and I'd say, 'Khrushchev . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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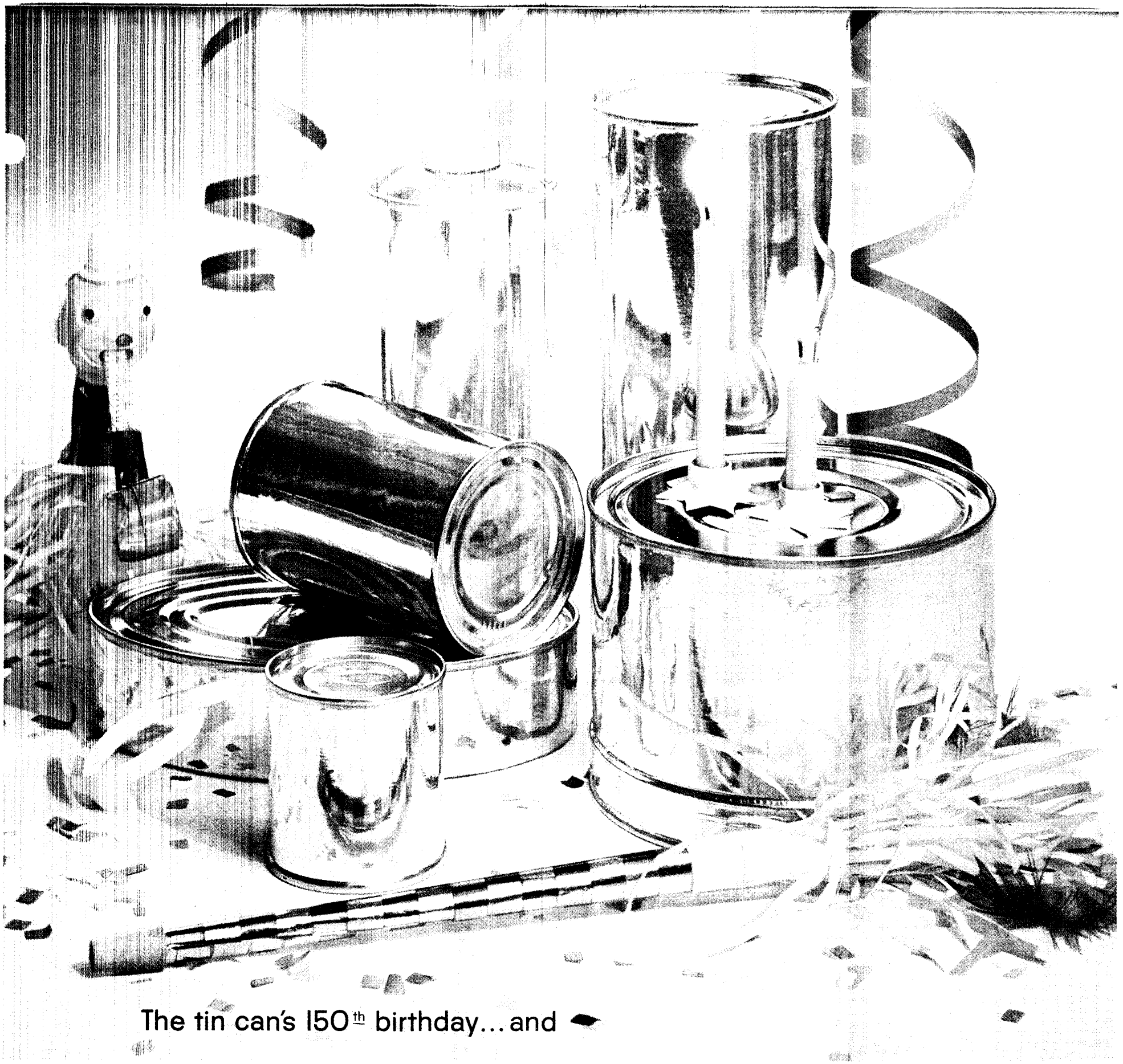

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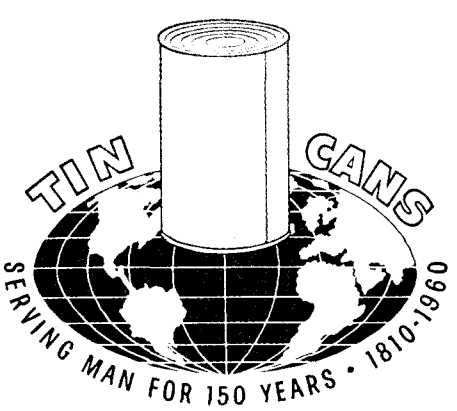

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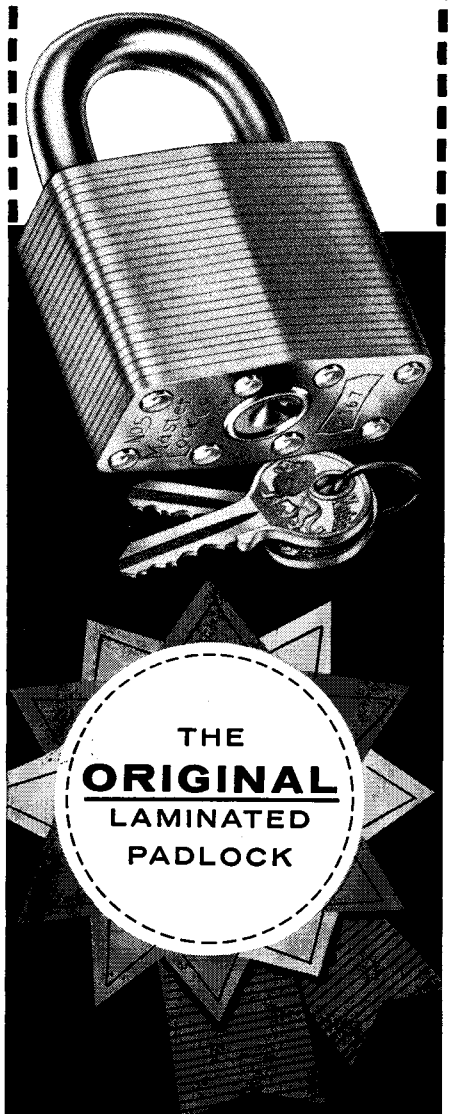

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Keeping Posted

The Long Arm of Coincidence

Clarence Budington Kelland relates that one day a friend named George Gillespie handed him a *Post* dated April 29, 1916, which had Kelland's name on the cover. It was one of a stack of old *Posts* that Gillespie had found in an abandoned gold mine south of Fairbanks, Alaska, during a trip last summer. The finder gave the relics to a roadhouse proprietor, who put them on sale as antiques for one dollar a copy—and they sold like hot cakes. What Gillespie didn't know until the astounded Kelland told him was that by miraculous chance his gift contained the very first Kelland story printed in *The Post*. Today, almost forty-four years later, Bud Kelland is marching right along with his serial on page 43. To update some incidental intelligence printed here in 1956 when he was seventy-five: Kelland's incomparable *Post* record is now fifty-three serials, 134 stories and six articles! Bud broke into *The Post* by sending editor George Horace Lorimer three stories and a serial simultaneously. Lorimer bought the whole batch, which, Kelland vows, rendered him unconscious for a week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. [illegible] by Benj. Franklin
APRIL 29, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY
In This Number
Samuel G. Blythe—Will Irwin—Irvin S. Cobb—George Pattullo—Emerson Hough
H. G. Wells—Clarence Budington Kelland—James H. Collins—Earl Derr Biggers

Very Military Family

Author Moore, Maj. Gen. T. E. de Shazo and, below, Mrs. Drew Pearson, Moore's sister. Another sister, Mrs. Evan Kemp, is not shown.

In the nearby picture **Lt. Col. Dan T. Moore Jr.,** USAR, the author on page 26, is being made an honorary member of the Ancient Order of St. Barbara, the patron saint of artillerymen. But the main purpose of this occasion was to dedicate a plaque at Fort Sam Houston honoring the late Colonel Moore Sr., who in 1911 founded what now is called the United States Army Artillery and Missile School. In 1908, when the United States had no artillery school at all, the senior Moore was sent to Europe by the War Department to study the crack schools there. This sort of thing seems to run in the family, for papa Moore's grandfather, Gen. Daniel Taylor, was sent to Europe in 1828 to try to ferret out information on secret new artillery tactical systems—which he did. Incidentally, *his* grandfather was Gen. Israel Putnam of Bunker Hill fame. Returning down the family tree to the man in the picture, Dan Moore Jr. was a paratroop officer in World War II and headed up some counterintelligence operations in the Middle East. Nowadays he makes about 100 appearances a year on the lecture platform—"I was a talker before I was a writer."

Tales of the Authors

Roul Tunley, who describes the poverty-ridden state of West Virginia on page 19, thinks that it needs a spiritual lift to help solve its economic, social and cultural problems, and he wants to suggest one. "The state has long suffered from being just a broken-off piece of Virginia; it is not drawn together by geography, by tradition or by a hero; it needs an entity of its own to stimulate an *esprit de corps*." What the state should do, suggests Tunley, is change its name; and for a logical and inspiring new name he proposes Lincoln. The author points out that in a sense the state owes its existence to the great President; he signed the paper that gave it statehood during the Civil War—1863. Tunley concludes, "The ideal time to start a fresh new era with a name of its own would be in 1963, when the state holds its centennial celebration."

Thomas Fall (page 22), whose novel, *The Justicer*, was published by Rinehart in October, says that he and his wife have a summer place in New York State's Shawangunk

Thomas Fall and his wife.

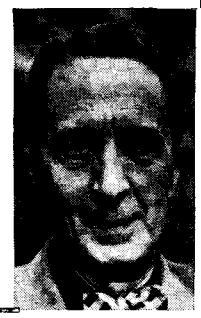
Mountains, but in mid-July they hustle home to Brooklyn to harvest the abundant fruit from their apricot tree and make preserves. He would like to know if anybody else in New York City has a bearing apricot tree.

In 1955 Miss Vera Josephine Green, then of Chicago and now of Wilmington, Delaware, sold *The Post* a story. Recently *Mrs.* Vera Josephine Green, same address, sold us the story on page 37. This was pretty confusing until Mrs. G. explained she had decided that if her daughter could make *The Post*, so could she.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Adventures as an Illustrator"

Norman Rockwell, famous and beloved painter, at last tells his own story.



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